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DAILY BREAD

By Josephine Preston Peabody

When the long gray day is done,
Spent at weary seams,
Homeward comes my Heart to me
With the flock of dreams.

"And what tidings, ruddy Heart?
Shall we ever share,
Hand in hand, the sun and wind,
Seeking all that's fair?"

"Not to-morrow, Dear-to-me!
Ours are parted ways;
Thine the spinning, mine to seek
Fortune of the days."

O, and it is cold without
My own Heart to sing;
O, and it's a lonely way
My Heart goes wandering!

But I fold the web, at dusk,
As a maid beseems;
And my sun-burned Heart comes home,
With the flock of dreams.

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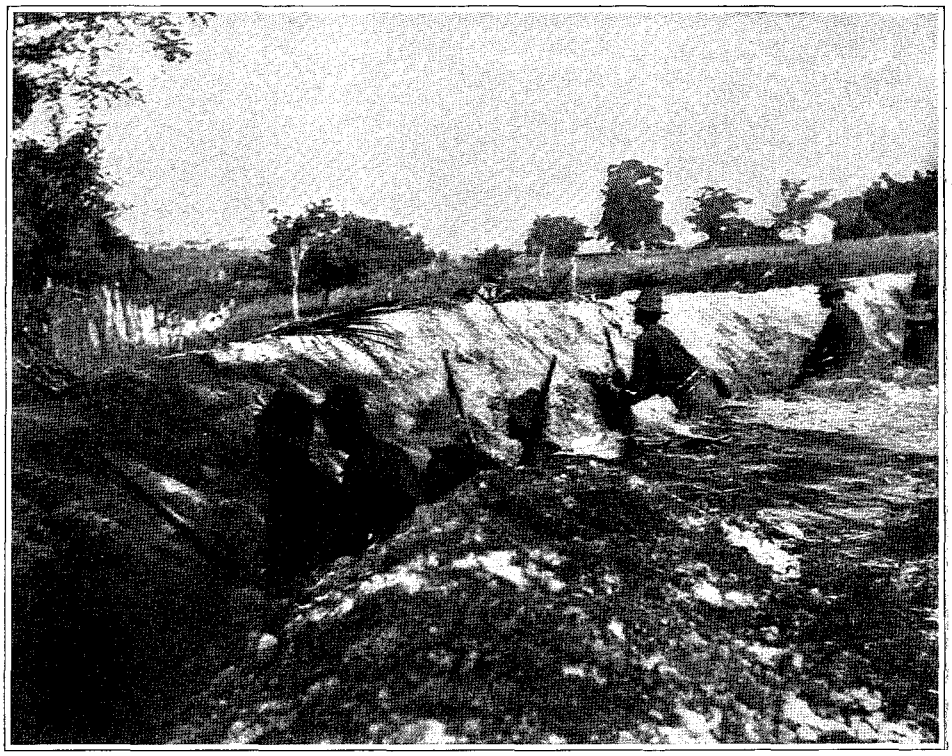

United States Troops in the Trenches Before Santiago.

IN THE RIFLE-PITS

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

THE position of the regulars immediately after they had taken the San Juan hills was painfully suggestive of Humpty-Dumpty on the wall. They did not suggest Humpty-Dumpty at the time, but now one sees that their attitude then was quite as precarious as his and almost as absurd.

Along the top of each hill were tiny groups of not more than from a dozen to fifteen soldiers. They were sprawling on their backs, panting for breath, or sitting with their elbows on their knees and panting for breath. By some miracle they had arrived at this supreme elevation, and they found themselves suddenly in complete possession of several block-houses and rows and rows of abandoned rifle-pits. Three hundred yards below them, in the valley that stretched between Santiago and the hills on which they crouched, thousands of Spanish rifles were spluttering furiously and shrieking with rage and disappointment, making the crest of hills behind which our men lay absolutely untenable. At their feet were the sunny slopes up which they had just climbed, and which were still swept by fierce and sudden showers of falling bullets. They could neither retreat nor advance, and they were so few that to one coming up the hill they suggested Sunday groups of workmen picnicking on the hills of a city park. They were so few in number, so utterly inadequate to the extent of hills they had captured and were supposed to hold, that their position was like that of a man clinging to a church steeple and unable, without breaking his neck, to slip down on any side; but who still proclaimed to the air about him, "See how I

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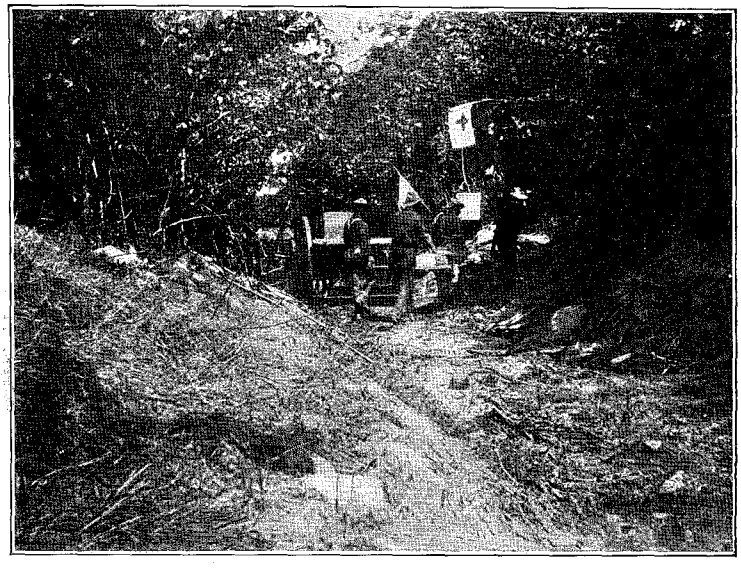
hold this steeple!" Their own point of view and sense of relief and surprise were thus best expressed in the words of Stephen Crane's trooper, who sank upon the crest of the hill, panting, bleeding, and sweating, and cried: "Well, hell, here we are!"

Making Observations while Under Heavy Spanish Fire.

I watched the cavalry take the hills they captured from a place on the trail about three hundred yards behind them, near a ford of the San Juan stream, which was later picturesquely called the Bloody Bend, because so many men were hurt there, and because it was used as a dressing station for the wounded. General Wheeler was seated at this ford at the foot of a great tree, and gathered about him were different members of his staff—his son, and Captain William Astor Chanler, and Captain Hardie, who was, much to his disgust, in command of the General's body-guard, and so could not storm the hill with his regiment. I told General Wheeler that the cavalry had just reached the top of the hill, and I think from his answer that this was the first information that he had received of the fact that the hills were captured. At the same moment an aide rode up and said, "General Wheeler, we have taken the San Juan block-house. It is now possible for you to come up to the front." General Wheeler at once rose and walked on up the three hundred yards of trail to the hill; but about half an hour before he reached it I saw General Sumner riding over the hills with his aides, Captain Howse, Lieutenant Harmon, who was wounded, but who still sat in his saddle, and Lieutenant Andrews of Troop G, Third Cavalry, who had lost his horse, but who trotted along beside Sumner on foot. I mention this, because in General Shafter's general order congratulating the troops on the victory of San Juan, he gave the entire credit for the



General Hospital of the First Division.

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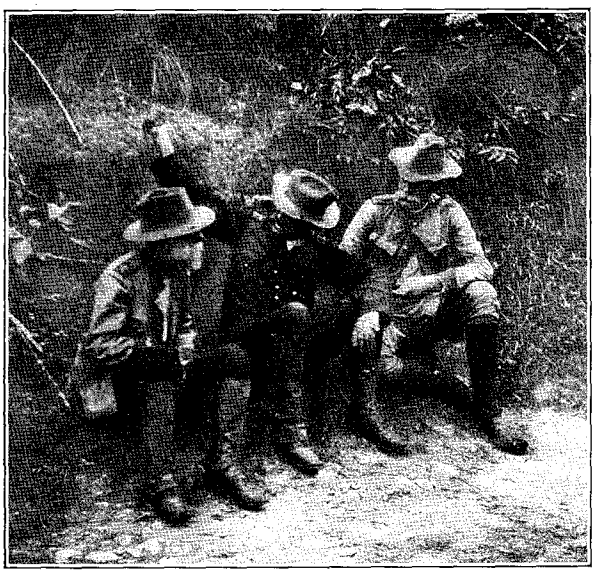
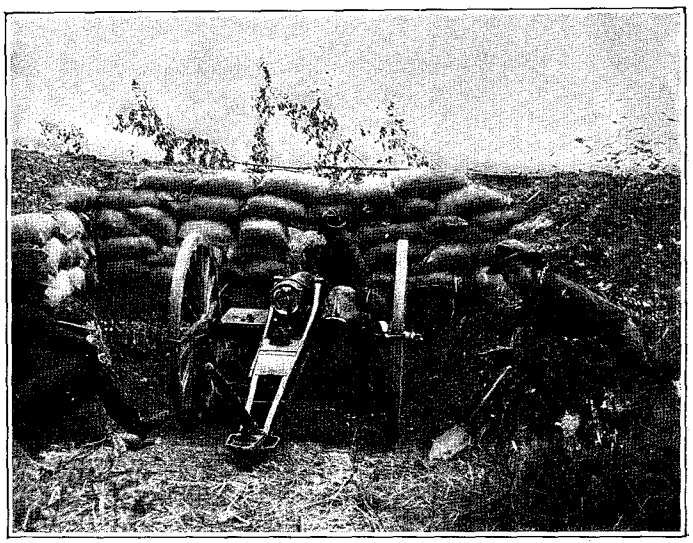


Generals Wheeler, Chaffee, and Lawton in Consultation.

work of the cavalry division to General Wheeler, speaking of him as leading the dismounted cavalry at the front. He did not mention General Sumner at all. As a matter of history, General Sumner bore the heat and brunt of the day, and was in command of the cavalry division long after the hills were taken, until about four o'clock, when General Wheeler reassumed command. General Wheeler has won so many laurels in the Civil War, and again in this last war, that he does not need honors which belong to another. General Kent, who was also mentioned in the same general order for the good work of his infantry, was most magnanimous, and at the time of the fight gave the credit of the advance to his brigade commander, General Hawkins. In the minds of the army of the rifle-pits this disclaimer on his part did not so much help General Hawkins, who had distinguished himself before the eyes of all, as it added to the great popularity of General Kent. Later General Shafter corrected his original error, and in his final report states that Sumner, and not Wheeler, commanded the cavalry at the battle of San Juan.

During the days while the armies camped in the rifle-pits it was necessary to pass frequently over the trail from the Bloody Bend to the foot of the hill on which stood the San Juan block-house, and I now know that the distance between those two points is not over three hundred yards. But on the morning of the first of July, when Mr. Campbell, the *Herald* artist, and I followed on the footsteps of the regulars it seemed to stretch for many weary miles. It was so long that morning that at about every fifty feet we found it necessary to sit down and rest. We were generally overcome with fatigue wherever there was a tree. There were few trees large enough for our purpose, and they were all occupied.

Everyone had been under fire for five hours; but at no place or time dur-



Artillery Entrenched.

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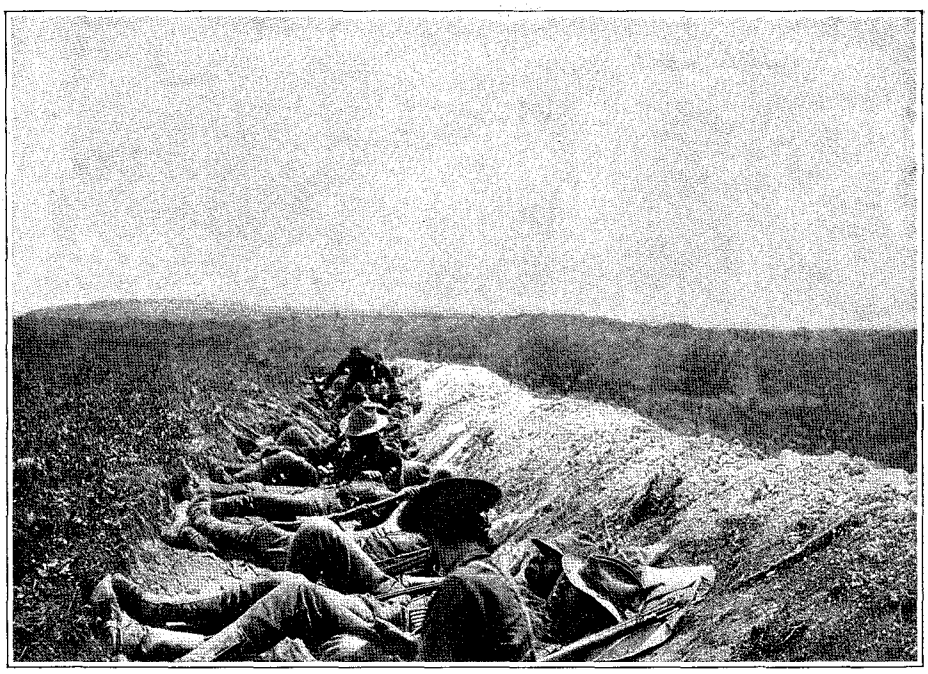

Looking Toward Santiago from the Trenches of the Colored Troops.

ing the entire war did the fire of the enemy seem so unpleasant as it was that morning along that trail. Bullets passed without giving a moment's respite at several different heights, and while doing so made a most demoralizing amount of noise. They struck the trees overhead, the ground underfoot, and cut holes in the air on every side. Sometimes a shrapnel shell burst and tore the men it hit into ribbons of flesh. Dead horses and the bodies of the regulars lay all along the trail, and no one who was not wounded, or supporting wounded, passed down it from the front. It was interesting to observe the pressure which men put upon their nerves suddenly slip from them, and to see them flying panic-stricken for a tree, or dropping on their knees and sliding along the ground. It showed that a man when he is alone can only bear a certain amount of danger, as he can only stand a certain amount of physical fatigue. You would see a soldier walking along the trail quite boldly for a little way, and then a bullet would come too close to his head, or too many of them would whistle by at the same moment, and his nerves would refuse to support the strain any longer, and he would jump for the bushes and would sit there breathing heavily until he mustered up sufficient will-power to carry him farther on. It was hardest for the wounded who had just fallen during the charge up the hill. They had paid their dues, and felt that they deserved a respite ; but the bullets pursued them cruelly all the way down the trail, following them like live things, and driving them as with whips to efforts far beyond their strength. There was one big tree which everyone who was at San Juan will remember, and which stood on the left of the trail just between the two streams. It was the rest-house for many men that morning, and it apparently served them well, for a few days later we counted forty-two bullet holes in its trunk. Two officers who were making maps on little boards which hung from their shoulders like a pedler's tray made for this tree, and three regulars and Campbell and I joined them. It was as though we were seeking shelter from a hailstorm. One of the regulars was crowded out to one side, and he suddenly rolled over on top of us, crying, "I've got it, I've got it," in such a cheerful tone of delight that we did not believe him, and told him to sit still and not spoil our formation. But he showed us where the bullet

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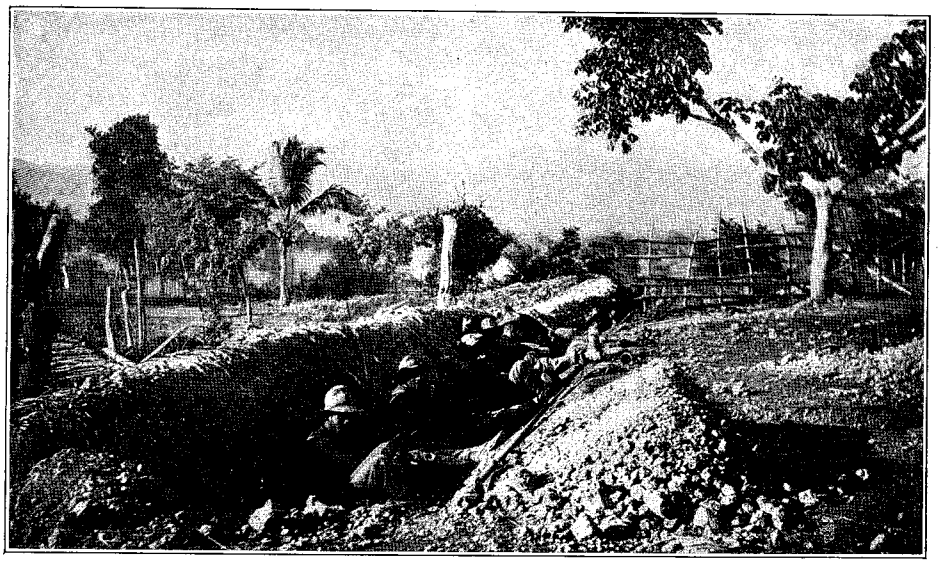
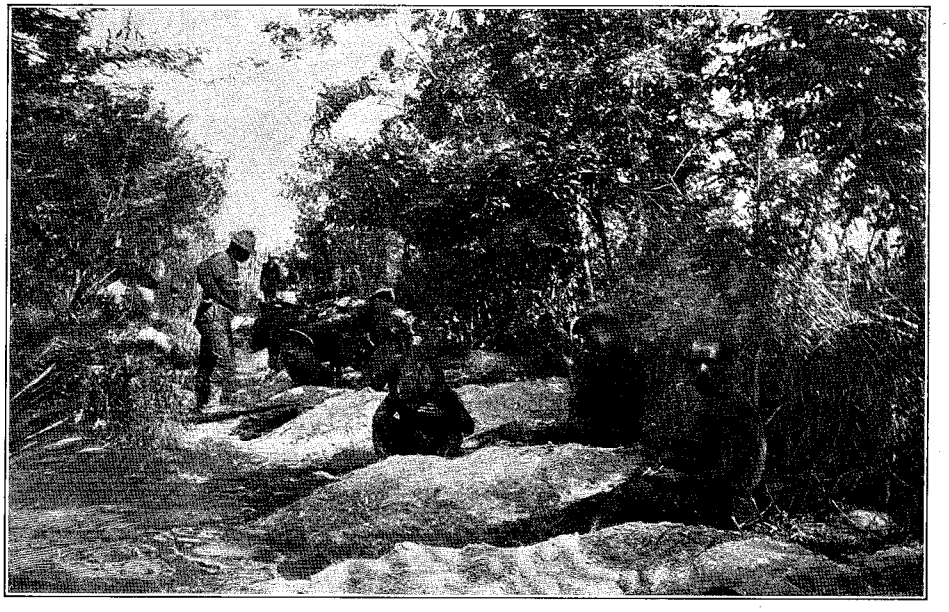


Trench to Right of San Juan Block-house Occupied by American Troops. These troops are under a constant fire but reserving their ammunition.

had entered his shoulder. We might have been under that tree yet had not General Kent ridden by at a gallop, sitting up very stiff in his saddle and, as it were, looking the bullets straight in the eye. He made the group behind the tree feel uncomfortable, so the officers with the drawing-boards and the rest of us scrambled to our feet and went up after them. We found our men lying on their backs along the hills just below the crest. They were still panting after their climb, and were not at that time making any effort to return the fire of the enemy. To have done



Outside Trenches of the Second Infantry.

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so would have been inviting death, for bullets from machine-guns and Mausers were clipping the crest of the hills unceasingly.

I believe Campbell and myself were the first of the correspondents to climb the hills, and we only did so after they had been taken. About an hour later Stephen Crane and John Hare, of *Collier's*, came up, and later John Fox, of *Harpers'*, and James Whigham, the golf champion, who was acting as the correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, and Sir Bryan Leighton, a correspondent of the New York *Journal*. These were the only correspondents I saw that far up on that day, although several others who had been in the Caney fight arrived later.

To reach the crest of the hill I had to pass through a company of infantry which had been sent up in skirmish order to support the artillery during the three minutes in which it was engaged. These men were lying on their faces about fifty feet below the crest, and as I passed among them on my way back I noticed that they wore in their hats the silver badge of the Seventy-first New York and I suppose the regiment below in the block-house from which I had just seen these men detached was the remainder of the Seventy-first. In my despatch to the *Herald*, which I wrote immediately, I mentioned the fact that the Seventy-first was at that writing holding the crest of the San Juan hill. In this I was mistaken, for the company I had seen, with one other, were the only companies of the regiment that took part in the charge. I believe the one on the hill was Company F, under the command of Captain Rafferty. When the newspapers arrived from New York, it appeared from their accounts of the battle that the hills of San Juan had been taken by the Rough Riders and the Seventy-first New York. One paper even said, "Inspired by the example of the Rough Riders, the Sixth and Ninth Regulars charged the hill with undaunted courage." This injudicious praise was as distasteful to the Rough Riders as it was unfair to the regulars. The Rough Riders were no better than the regulars, although they behaved just as well; but when Colonel Roosevelt, in his letter to the Secretary of War, boasted that they were five times as good as any other regiment of volunteers, he was in my opinion far too modest. They were many times as good as any other volunteer regiment that I ever saw in action and out of action, which is also the same as saying that any regiment of regulars is many times better than any other regiment of volunteers.

After the withdrawal of the artillery General Wheeler came up and established head-quarters in a cut between two of the hills. He remained there, and never left the rifle-pits until Santiago fell.

It was now about four o'clock in the afternoon, and our men were by this time greatly in need of food, and especially of water, for a battle is the most thirst-creating of all experiences. About the same hour the ammunition wagons came up and halted above General Wheeler's head-quarters, and men from the hills were sent to bring back cartridges. The colored regulars of the Tenth were the first to come down after the ammunition, and seemed overjoyed at the fact that the wagons held cartridges and not, as some supposed, rations. The negro soldiers established themselves as fighting men that morning, and chuckled as they shoved the cartridges into their belts. About five o'clock the Spaniards rallied and poured in a furious fire, which it is now believed was intended to cover the retreat of a large number of their comrades in the direction of Santiago. Only a few of our troops replied to this outburst of bullets, the remainder retiring lower down the hill, and allowing them to expend themselves in the wood below. When the sun sank that night the situation was not encouraging. The enemy was still firing with unabated enthusiasm, and our men were returning his fire with equal desperation. They were seldom more than a company at any one spot; and there were bare spaces from 100 to 200 yards apart held by only a dozen men. There was no sleep that night for any of the soldiers, and many were kept at work digging fresh defences. This work was inspired by General Wheeler, who sent to the rear for entrenching tools, and encouraged the brigade generals to make every effort to strengthen the position already won. In the morning Lawton's division, after a cruel night march from beyond El Caney, arrived at the rifle-pits and capped those

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hills farthest to the right. The firing continued viciously all that day; but our losses were small, while, as we learned later, the enemy's losses were exceedingly heavy. One of the Spanish prisoners said they amounted to over 1,000 in killed and wounded. When our men advanced up the trail on the morning of the battle they had been ordered to put their blanket rolls and haversacks in different places along the line of march, and details were left behind to guard these belongings. But a few hours later, when the wounded came straggling to the rear, the surgeons ordered these men who were on guard to help carry the wounded to the field hospitals, and so the two miles of ponchos and blankets and rations were abandoned along the trail, and every one who passed up and down it helped himself to whatever he happened to need, and the Cubans to as much as they could carry. The result was that on the 2d of July the greater number of the men were still without shelter of any sort, and with almost nothing to eat.

That evening the now celebrated conference of the Generals was held at El Poso. The moonlight and the random firing which punctuated the silence of the night gave the meeting a dramatic and picturesque interest. Shafter lay on a door which had been taken from the El Poso farmhouse, and the other Generals stood around him whispering together. At some distance from them were their aides, and still farther removed were the men of General Shafter's cavalry escort, leaning with their elbows on their saddles, and wondering, as we all did, as to what the conference might bring forth. Those who took a part in it now say that the question of retreating from the position on the hills was discussed that night, but not seriously considered; but if it was not considered then, it was the one topic of the following morning.

After a tour of the rifle-pits, where I learned what the different commanding officers thought of the situation, I wrote a long despatch to the *Herald* in which was set forth the serious nature of our position. This despatch was criticised later, on the ground that it had given information of our condition to the enemy. It was stated that the despatch which appeared on July 7th in the New York *Herald* had been recabled to the Paris *Herald*, that from Paris it was forwarded to Madrid, and that the next day, on July 8th, the authorities in Madrid communicated its contents to General Toral—so giving the garrison in Santiago increased confidence and hope, and encouraging it to hold out longer against us. It was even suggested that the writer should be shot for treason. It is most unpleasant to be accused of treason, and perhaps I may be allowed to point out now that on July 8th the garrison at Santiago offered to surrender the territory which they occupied. So if the despatch ever reached Santiago, so far from giving the garrison hope and confidence and inspiring it with a desire to hold out longer, it either had no result whatsoever or a result exactly opposite from the one it was suggested it would produce.

After Cervera's fleet was destroyed on the 3d the strain was perceptibly relaxed, the firing ceased, and we entered into a more cheerful state of existence under the white flag of truce. The rifle-pits from this time on were divided against themselves into two parties, one of which, without meaning to reflect upon it in any way, might be called the faction of the Alarmists. These gentlemen were peace-at-any-price men, and at one time their anxiety to finish off the campaign was so great that they seriously threatened the honor of the army and of the country by wishing to accept the original terms of General Toral's offer of evacuation. President McKinley's message, ordering them to accept nothing less than unconditional surrender, came to them like a sharp slap in the face, and filled the hearts of the younger officers and men with the greatest possible amusement and relief.

The days that followed July 3d were filled with innumerable visits to the Spanish lines under flags of truce. To the men in the pits, who knew nothing of the exigencies of diplomacy, these virgin flags were as offensive as those of red are to the bull. The men had placed their own flags along the entire line of trenches; and though they afforded the enemy a perfect target and fixed our position as clearly as buoys mark out a race-course, the men wanted the flags there, and felt better at seeing them there, and so there they re-

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mained. The trenches formed a horse-shoe curve five miles in length, and the entire line was defiantly decorated with our flags. When they fluttered in the wind at full length and the sun kissed their colors, they made one of the most inspiring and beautiful pictures of the war. The men would crouch for hours in the pits with these flags rustling above them, and felt well repaid for their service; but when they saw crawling across the valley below the long white flag of truce, their watchfulness seemed wasted, their vigilance became a farce, and they mocked and scoffed at the white flag bitterly. These flags were sent in so frequently that the men compared them to the different war extras of a daily paper, and would ask, "Has that ten o'clock edition gone in yet?" and, "Is this the base-ball edition coming out now, or is it an extry?"

One of the regulars said to me in great perplexity, "I can't make out this flag of truce gag. It reminds me of two kids in a street fight, stopping after every punch to ask the other fellow if he's had enough. Why don't we keep at it until somebody gets hurted?"

One of the cowboys of the Rough Riders expressed the same idea in professional phraseology: "Now that we got those Mexicans corralled," he said, "why don't we brand them?"

We extended Toral's time so frequently that it reminded Major-General Breckinridge of a story. General Breckenridge as Inspector-General, who represented the Commander-in-Chief at Washington, was never ruffled or bored or indignant, but, instead, was always politely amused and content. He told many stories, and told them exceedingly well. The stories were good in themselves, and it was invariably the case that you discovered later that they had summed up the situation in a line.

"A drunken man," so General Breckinridge related, "once considered himself insulted by John L. Sullivan, and, without recognizing who Sullivan was, gave him three minutes in which to apologize. Sullivan appreciated his opponent's condition and said, 'I don't need three minutes, I apologize now. What more will you have to drink?' and departed. When he had gone the barkeeper said to the man, 'Do you know who that was you wanted to fight just now?'

"The drunken man said he did not know, nor did he care.

"'Well, that was John L. Sullivan,' said the barkeeper, 'the champion pugilist of the world. Now what would you have done if he hadn't apologized in three minutes?'

"The drunken man gave the question a few moments' brief consideration. 'I guess I would have extended his time,' he said."

I lived in the rifle-pits from July 3d to 15th, after both sides had appointed Peace Commissioners and the surrender was a fact. Mr. Akers, of the London *Times*, and Mr. Roberts, of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, for a part of that time also lived on the San Juan hills. The remaining sixty correspondents lived at El Poso, or at Shafter's head-quarters, three miles in the rear, or at Siboney, thirteen miles in the rear. At head-quarters they were just as uncomfortable as we were in the trenches and in much greater danger, as it was much easier to keep out of range on the hills than when approaching or leaving them along the trail. But the life in the rifle-pits was much more interesting than was that at head-quarters. You were in constant sight of the enemy who was not more than three hundred yards distant; you could keep in better touch with our own men, and the different parleys and peace negotiations took place under your eyes.

The most interesting event which passed in view of the rifle-pits was the return of Lieutenant Hobson. Hobson had been a prisoner for six weeks. On some days we were told he was dead, but at last we were assured he was alive. We could see the walls of his jail from our pits; and he could see our five miles of fluttering flags crowding closer and closer to him every evening, and signalling him silent messages of hope and encouragement. Between his iron bars he could watch our men moving along the yellow trenches or peering toward him through a field-glass, and the sentries—those tall gaunt regulars who had taken the hills with their blood and who were now creeping up on him by night nearer and nearer, winning the ground between him and themselves, by the sweat of their brows. And late

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one afternoon, in the sight of thousands of the enemy and of his own countrymen, he rode out a free man and into his inheritance. Few men, certainly very few young men, have ever tasted such a triumph. The men who had made it possible for him to leave his cell and to breathe free air again had waited for his coming for many hours, crouched by the hundreds along the high banks of the narrow trail through which he must come. They were not of his branch of the service, they were not even brother officers, their attitude toward him was one of attention and salute, they were the men who had been gathered from every point of the Union to be drilled and hammered and fashioned into the thing called a regular. They were without local or political friends or conditions, they had no staff of artists and reporters at their heels to make them heroes in spite of themselves; but they were the backbone of the war—the professional fighting-machines, the grumbling, self-respecting, working regulars. Hobson rode down into this mob in fresh white duck, pale with the pallor of the prison, and touching his cap with grave gratitude. And they dashed at him with a roar of ecstacy, with a wild welcome of friendly cheers. As brave men they honored a brave man; and this sun-tanned, dirty, half-starved, fever-racked mob of regulars danced about the educated, clever engineer as though the moment was his, and forgot that at the risk of their lives they had set him free, that the ground he rode over had been splashed with their blood.

The kind and the degree of discomfort which our men endured in the rifle-pits was variously understood by those at home. These latter appreciated the conditions which existed on the San Juan hills according to whether they themselves had ever roughed it on hunting trips or in camp. Some said, airily, that such hardships were the lot of every soldier; others, with less experience and with hearts more tender, regarded the life on the hills as a month of torture. One mother in Richmond refused to leave that city during the heat of the summer because she could not bear to think that she was cool and comfortable while her son was sweating in the tropics; and you hear of others who fasted from the good things of the table because some relative before Santiago was without them. In Philadelphia a group of wealthy young women, each with a husband or brother at the front, stoically gave each other luncheons composed of bacon and hardtack, forgetting that the sauce of appetite and life in the open air makes bacon and hardtack as palatable as White Mountain cake. As was developed later, when the fever raged in every regiment, the life on the hills was not a healthy one; but the constant excitement and the unusual nature of our surroundings at the time made up for many things. The men themselves grumbled at this but little; and when they did grumble, it was not that their condition was so hard, but at the fact that so many of the evils of that condition were quite unnecessary. Of the necessaries of life, or what seemed necessaries when at home, both officers and men were quite destitute. They were like so many Robinson Crusoes on a desert island. The Spanish rifle-pits in front and the devastated country in the rear afforded them as few comforts as a stretch of ocean. For three years the land back of us toward Siboney had been successively swept by Cuban insurgents and Spanish columns. There was, in consequence, not a cow to give milk, or even a stray hen to give eggs. The village of Sevilla, which one of the Boston papers described as having been taken by our troops with no loss of life, consisted of the two ruined walls of one house. The rest of the village was on the ground, buried under trailing branches and vines. There was not even a forgotten patch of potatoes or of corn. Mangoes (which the men fried, or ate raw, and by so doing made themselves very ill), limes, and running water was all that the country itself contributed to our support. Money had no significance whatsoever. For a Cuban pony, which in time of peace one can buy for $15 gold, I offered $150 a week rent, promising to return the pony when the campaign was finished, and to throw in a McClellan saddle as well; and though this offer was made many times to many Cubans, I could not get the pony. Later, when everybody began to steal everything that the owner was not sitting upon at the time and guarding with a gun, it was possible to buy a horse for less money. In the trenches a match was so precious a possession that, when you

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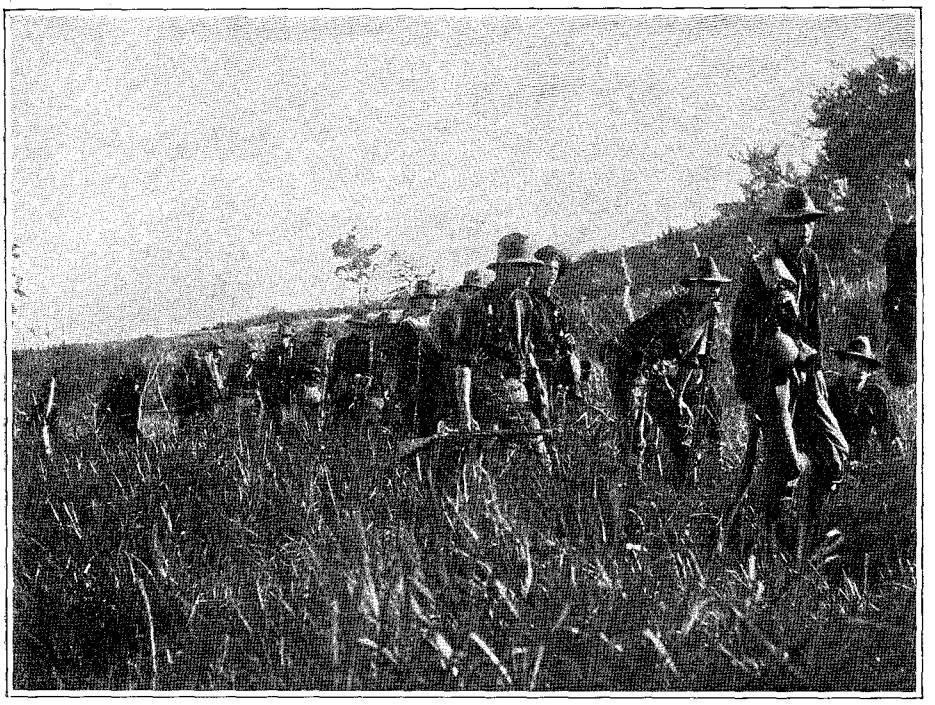

A Detachment of the Seventy-first New York Volunteers just Before Going into Action.

saw a man light his pipe with one instead of at the cooks' fire, you felt as though you had seen him strike a child. Postage stamps were, of course, unknown; and those who could not write "soldier's letter" on their envelopes had to give up corresponding. Writing-paper at one time became so scarce that orders and requisition papers were made out on the margins of newspapers and on scraps torn from note-books and on the insides of old envelopes.

The comic paragraphers found much to delight them in my cabled suggestions that the officers and men were suffering from want of a place to bathe and for clean clothes. Of course, bathing is an effeminate and unmanly practice, and the American paragrapher is right to discourage cleanliness wherever he finds it; but cleanliness is an evil, nevertheless, which obtains in our army, and those of the officers who were forced to wear the same clothes by night and by day for three weeks were so weak as to complain. One officer said, "I do not at all mind other men's clothes being offensive to me, but when I cannot go to sleep on account of my own it grows serious." This is not a pleasant detail, but it describes a condition which existed. The personal belongings of the officers had been left behind on the transports, and, as the pack-trains were sorely needed to bring up the rations, they never saw razors and fresh linen again until they purchased them in Santiago. A tooth-brush was the only article of toilet to which all seemed to cling, and each of the men carried one stuck in his hat-band until they appeared to be a part of the uniform. Nothing seemed so much to impress the foreign attachés as the passing of company after company of regulars, each with a tooth-brush twisted in his hat band.

I lost my saddle-bags for three days, but they were found and returned to me by one of the Rough Riders. "There was nothing in the saddle-bags to identify you as the owner," he said, "but somebody told me you had lost yours, so I brought these over." His blue shirt happened to be unbuttoned as he spoke, and on the undershirt he wore I read "R. H. Davis." I pointed out this strange fact. "Davis," he cried, beseechingly, "there was fifty dollars of yours in those saddle-bags, and bacon and quinine, and we never

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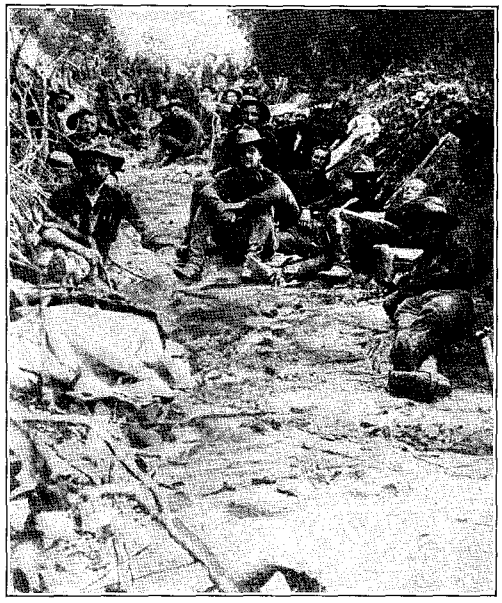
San Juan Block-house—American Troops in Trenches.

touched them. We gave them all back, but that clean undershirt I had to have. I'm only human. I will part with my life before I give you back that shirt." There was another story which illustrates the value of tobacco when it has ceased to exist. General Sumner owned a box of very bad Jamaica cigars. He was the only man in the Fifth Army Corps, except young Wheeler, who had any, so he was a marked man. In those days no one wore much insignia of rank; one of General Wheeler's stars was cut out of a tin cup, and Roosevelt's acorns were hammered from a leaden spoon. On the 30th of June, Sumner was sitting by the trail without his blouse, in a blue shirt, and with no sign of rank about him, but he was smoking. He spoke rather sharply to a line of regulars who were hurrying forward.

"Who was that man spoke to you?" one of them asked the other over his shoulder.

"I dunno," said the regular. "But he's a general for sure. He was smoking a cigar."

During those days there was constant danger that a storm might set in and drive the transports out to sea and destroy the trails and cause the streams to overflow their banks and so cut off the army from its base of supplies. There was a bridge across each of the two streams near the hills, but one was only an old gate which some one had found and thrown across the stream from bank to bank, and the other bridge was made of bamboo. The story was that when the Thirty-fourth Michigan arrived at this stream on their way to the front one of them who was a lumberman offered to throw a bridge across it in order to save the regiment from the wetting which would ensue if the



Looking to the Left Down the Trench of the Second Infantry.

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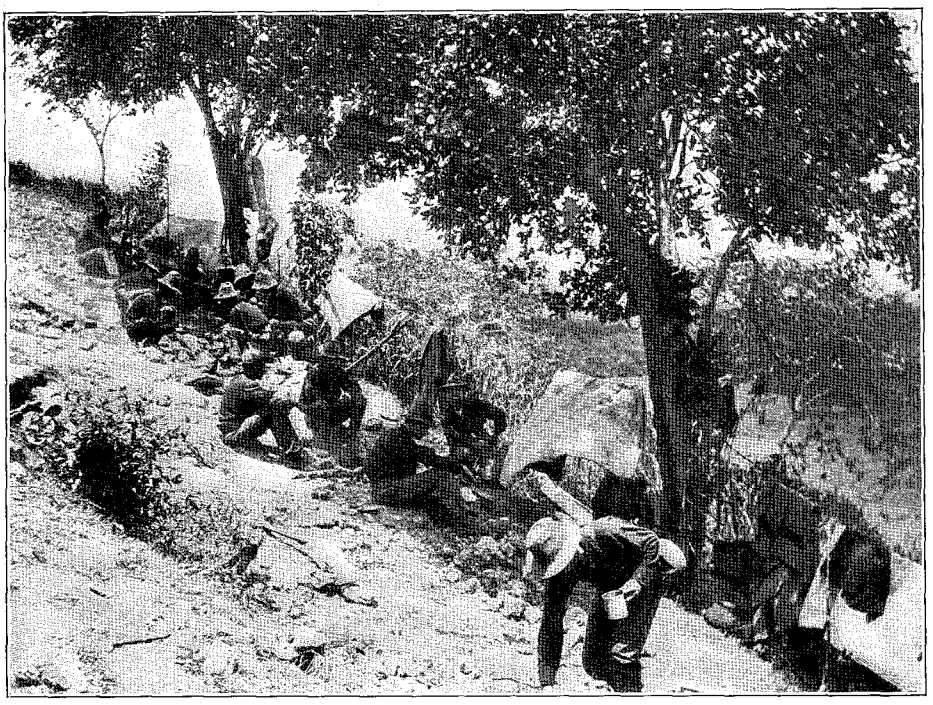

Looking Toward Santiago from the Trenches in Front of the San Juan Block-house.

The Trenches of the Fourth Infantry.

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men waded across it as every one else had been doing for a week. This bridge of the lumberman was considered to be rather a joke on the Engineers, but they denied the truth of the story and claimed that they had built the bridge themselves. But as for seven days they had neglected to build any bridge over this stream, which was not more than ten feet wide, it does not much matter who did bridge it eventually. The absence of a bridge at this stream was very important, because fording it kept the men in a constant state of dampness which helped bring on the fevers which followed later. The heavy storm on the morning of the 13th swept away the gate and the bamboo bridge, and the swollen stream overflowed its banks, delaying the pack-train with the rations, and Captain Treat's artillery, and cutting off all direct communication with the transports. I am positive that there was no bridge until the 7th of July, for it was being built late on the afternoon of the 6th when we rode with Hobson to Siboney. The men working on it then told him it was not yet strong enough to bear the weight of his horse.

Lieutenant William Tiffany.

I wish to speak of one of the Rough Riders whom I knew but slightly, but whom I saw constantly about the camp and on the march, and whom I admired more as a soldier than almost any other man in the regiment. This was Sergeant Tiffany, who, by tradition and previous environment, was apparently the least suited of men to perform the work he was ordered to do. But he played the part given him as well as it could have been played. He was the ideal sergeant, strict in discipline to himself and to others, doing more than his share of the day's work sooner than leave the work ill-done, never stooping to curry favor from his men, but winning it by force of example and smiling with the same cheerful indifference when an intrenching tool made his hands run with blood, or a Spanish bullet passed through his hat, as one did when he charged the block-house at San Juan. He stood at salute and took his orders from men with whom for many years he had been a college-mate and a club-mate, recognizing in them only his superior officers, and there was not a mule-skinner or cow-puncher in the regiment that did not recognize in him something of himself and something finer and better than himself. When Roosevelt promoted him to a lieutenancy for bravery at the battle of San Juan, I heard him say:

"Tiffany, I am especially glad to give you this step, because you are about the only man who has never by sign or word acted as though he thought he deserved promotion. There are some who are always very busy whenever I pass, and who look at me as though they meant to say, 'See how humble I am, and how strictly I attend to my duties. You who know how important a person I am at home will surely recognize this and make me an officer.' But you have never acted as though you expected to be anything but a sergeant all your life, and you have done your work as though you had been a sergeant all your life, and so I am glad of this chance to make you a lieutenant."

Death, which had so often stepped back to let Tiffany pass forward with his men, touched him when it came with that same courtesy which he had always shown to

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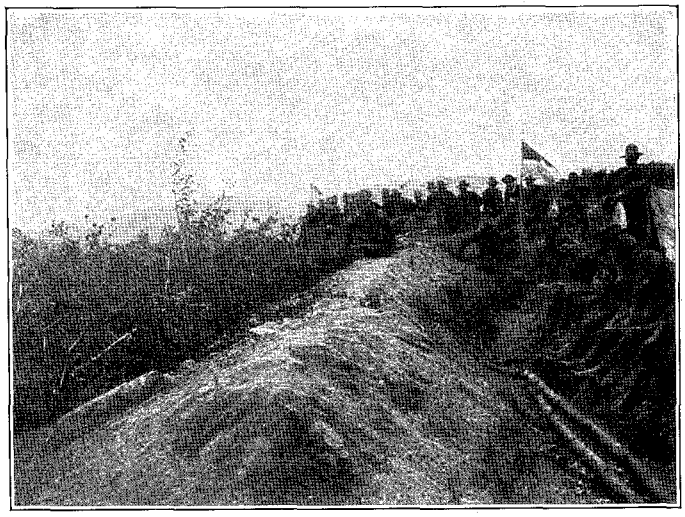
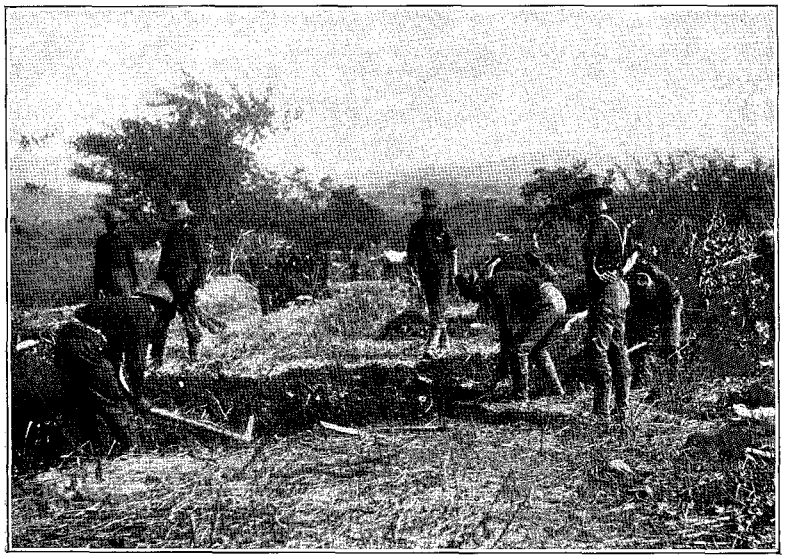
others, taking him when those nearest to him in heart were near him in person. But his life was given to his country as much as though he had lost it in the cactus of Guasimas or on the hill of San Juan, or in the rifle-pits when he stood for hours behind his quick-firing gun. He was a gentle and brave man, an obedient sergeant and a masterful officer, a soldier who never "shirked a duty, nor sought an honor."



Trenches of the First Cavalry Before Santiago.

I did not see the ceremony of the raising of our flag over Santiago. The surrender itself had become an accomplished fact, and as the campaign in Porto Rico promised better things, I left the rifle-pits when General Miles sailed for Juanica. In consequence I missed the entrance into Santiago, but I was so fortunate as to be one of the only two correspondents who landed with the army in Porto Rico.

The life in the rifle-pits was a most interesting and curious experience, and one full of sad and fine and humorous moments, but on looking back at it now the moments, which one remembers best and which one will remember the longest are, I think, those which came at sunset when the band played the national anthem. The men would be bending over the fires cooking supper or lying at length under the bomb proofs stretching limbs cramped with two hours' watch in the pits, the officers would be seated together on a row of wooden boxes, and beyond the moun-



Seventy-first New York Volunteers Digging Trenches Before Santiago, about July 10, 1898.

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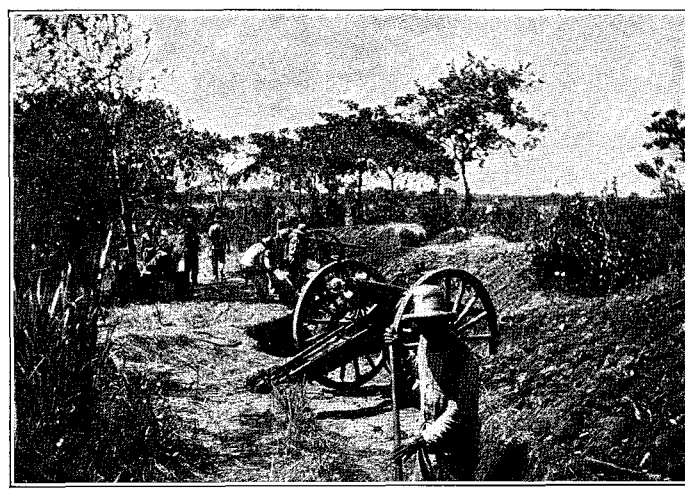
tains the setting sun lit the sky with a broad red curtain of flame, and then to these tired, harassed, and hungry men would come the notes of the Star-Spangled Banner which bore with it something of a call to arms and something of a call to prayer. Those who have heard it and who have cheered it in the hot crowded theatres, in the noisy city streets, cannot really know or understand it. They must hear it very far away from home with great palm-trees giving it an unfamiliar background, with a listening enemy a few hundred yards distant, with the sense of how few of your own people are about you, and of how cut off they are, and how dependant upon one another. As the instruments beat out the notes each night the little discomforts of the day cease to exist, the murmurs of the rifle-pits, which were like the hum of a great bazaar, were suddenly silent, and the men before the fires rose stiffly from their knees, and those in the gravelike trenches stood upright, and the officers stepped from their tents into the sight of the regiment. On every hill as far as one could see, rows and rows of motionless figures stood facing the direction from which the music came, with heads uncovered and with eyes fixed on the flags that rose above the hills where their hands had placed them.

When the music had ceased, the men pulled on their hats again and once more began to fry a piece of hardtack in a layer of grease and fat, but for a moment they had seen the meaning of it all, they had been taken outside of themselves and carried back many miles to the country for which they fought, and they were inspired with fresh courage and with fresh resolve.



Cubans Working in Artillery Trench.

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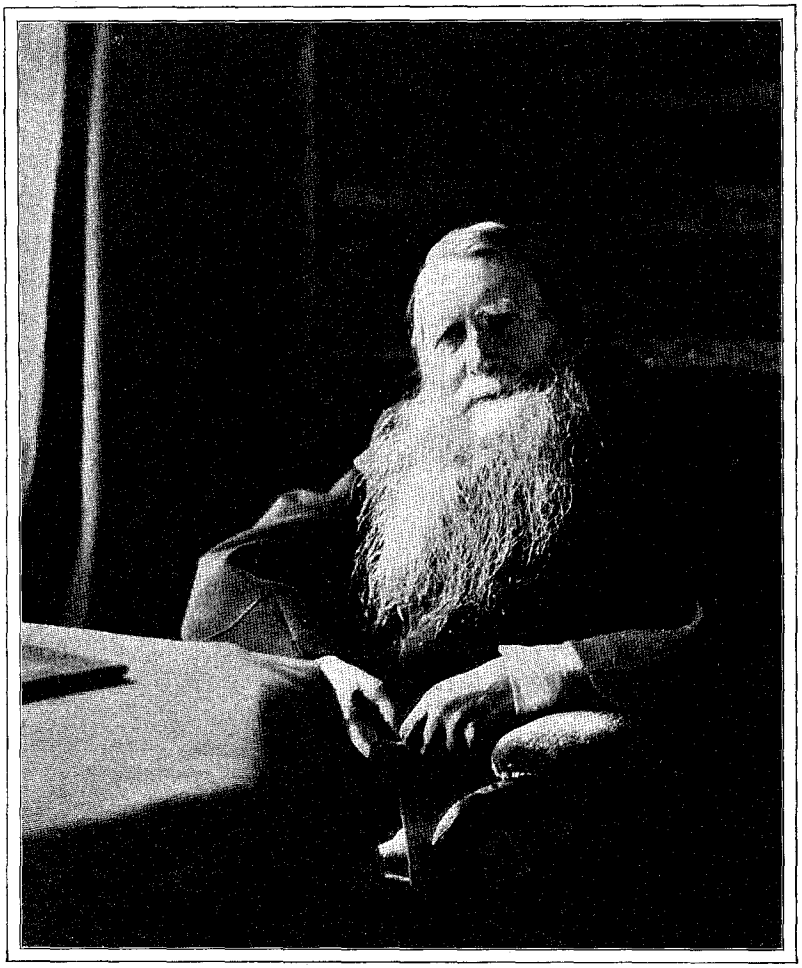

John Ruskin.

From a copyright photograph taken by Mr. J. McClelland, July 17, 1897, and here published for the first time.

JOHN RUSKIN AS AN ARTIST

ILLUSTRATED FROM HIS PAINTINGS AND SKETCHES (MANY UNPUBLISHED)

By M. H. Spielmann

WHEN, in the course of a lecture upon Michael Angelo, Sir Edward Poynter turned fiercely upon John Ruskin and rent him for failing to appreciate the great Florentine, he impatiently dismissed the critic as one "ignorant of the practical side of art." Now "amateur" is the word which the artist who adopts painting as a profession flings at him who does not sell his work. He rarely stops to ask himself whether or not the amateur has had a training as severe and thorough as his own, or whether it may not be due to a sense of modesty, or, generally, to his abstention from the usual exhibitions, and not from incompetence, that the outsider has failed to conquer public recognition. That recognition it

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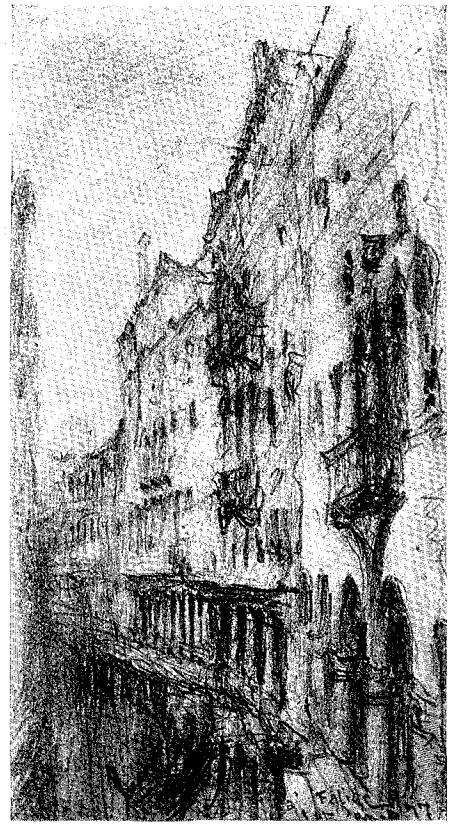
was never Ruskin's ambition to obtain; his love of art was too passionately disinterested to draw public approval upon his own performances. His mission in life, he held, was to proclaim the beauties in the works of others—not his own. He had, according to his lights, to make reputation for some painters and upset that of others who were in unjustifiable enjoyment of it; and to equip himself for the task—but in nowise to exalt himself—he placed himself under the best masters of the day, and, by dint of hard work and intense application, he became a draughtsman of extremely high accomplishment. His limitations as an artist are clear and well-defined, but his merits are not less obvious, striking with astonishment every visitor to the University Gallery of Oxford, and silencing every hostile critic, who, as at the Turner Exhibition at the Fine Art Society's Gallery (London, 1878), could see his drawings hanging, not unworthily, beside those of the mighty landscape-painter himself.



Rapid Sketch—for "Placing" Subject on Paper. (To be compared with early precise work.) January 1, 1877.

By permission of Mrs. Arthur Severn.

I do not mean to claim too much for Ruskin as an artist, for his limitations were not only those of temperament, but equally of material. Oil-color he never worked in. His experiments in that medium convinced him that he did not care for it in his own practice, and that for his purpose in art—whether as exercises in pure and subtle color or as a means of record—aquarelle came more naturally to his hand and to his taste. His temperament was not one to be bound by "the oily medium;" its daintiness required a method more delicate in handling and more rapid in effect, and what Alfred Hunt used to call the "witchery of water-color" suited alike his pleasure and his needs. I have always thought that Ruskin, who was too much of an artist to be a complete philosopher, was too much of a philosopher to be a complete artist. Yet, though not an oil-painter, Ruskin has proved his ability at once as a painter in water-color, as a sketcher, a draughtsman with the point, and an etcher, and in all but the last has shown a proficiency of which it may be said that, in certain respects, he has rarely been excelled.

It was by no late study in life that John Ruskin became an artist; through no tardy determination to reinforce his art-writing and base it upon a practical knowledge of his subject. From his early youth, his four great accomplishments were exercised and acquired simultaneously, and, as he grew, his knowledge of drawing, literature, architecture, and mineralogy grew also, the study of any one being always reflected in or influenced by the other three. A glance at his course of study—somewhat irregular though it may seem—will prove better than any argument how far Ruskin's education fitted him to be an artist, and how far his claim, advanced in "Modern Painters" (Preface, first edition) may stand, that "the writer is no mere theorist, but has been devoted from his youth to the laborious study of practical art."

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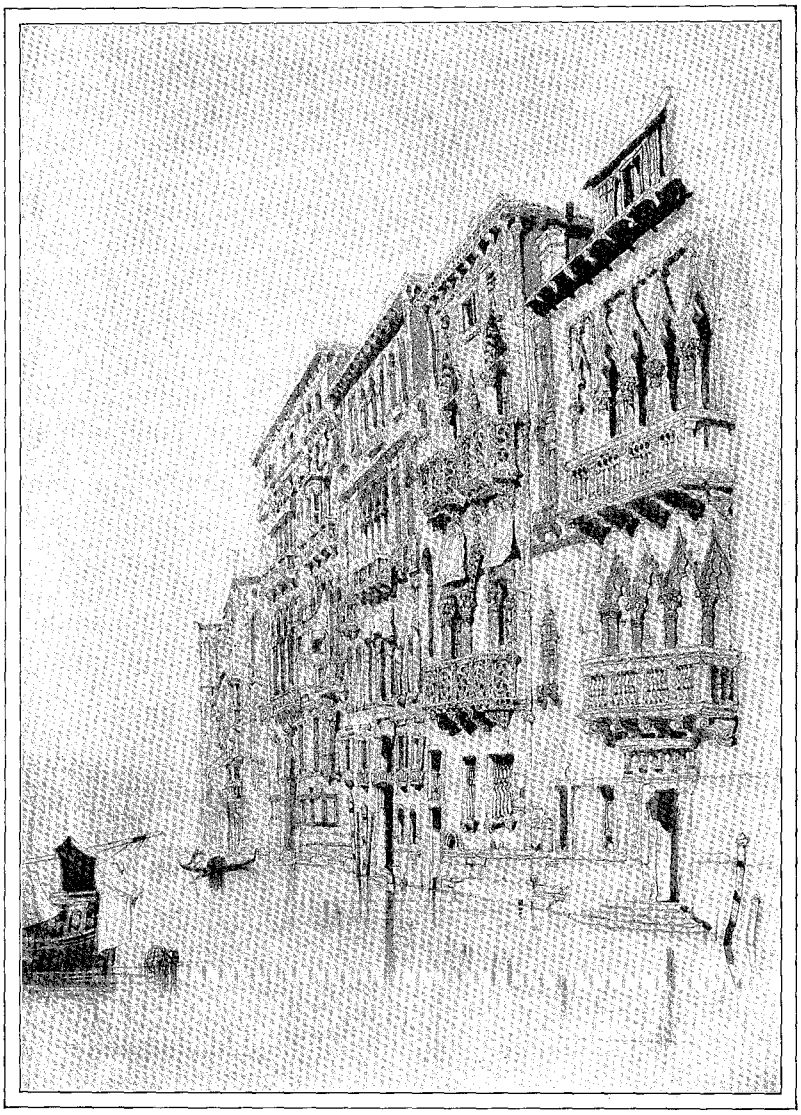

Casa Contarini, Venice. (Traces of Prout-like manner in details. Pencil touched with sepia.)
By permission of the University of Oxford.

When a boy, still in frocks, is asked by an artist what the background of his portrait shall be, and answers "blue hills" (instead of "gooseberry bushes," as, with humorous pride, Ruskin himself expresses it), it may certainly be deduced that, in the baby breast, there is implanted a love of landscape little common among our infant population; and when the child, besides loving to hearken to descriptive passages from Walter Scott, devotes himself to the copying of prints and of the most beautiful forms of typography on which he can set his hands, he may fairly be credited with a taste for nature and art, with strong leanings toward execution. Such was the case with Ruskin. He was no more than eleven when, with a success hardly less surprising than his patience, he copied with a pen, line for line and dot for dot, the wonderful etched illustrations to "Grimm's Fairy Tales" by "the immortal George" Cruikshank. By such study and application he even thus early began to learn the

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Study of Wood and Sky. (Winter scene. Study in sepia and pencil.)
By permission of Mrs. Arthur Severn.

value of line, both for its own sake and as an expression of form, and to appreciate the relative qualities and characteristics of the pen and the etching-needle, and, furthermore, to acquire that insistence on the use of the point, as means for early training, as against that of the brush, which, in accordance with the theory of Mr. Herbert Spencer, the School Board for London preferred to adopt. In the following year, 1831, he was rewarded by being placed under Mr. Runciman, the drawing-master, who taught him the "Harding manner;" that is to say, the soft pencil used boldly, conventionally rich and showy in general effect—a method not at all agreeable to the boy, who was even at that early time opinionated on matters of art. Perspective was more to his taste, for it enabled him to gain an insight into the representation of architecture, and he forthwith set about drawing cottages and working out the elevations and masses of the castles of Dover and Battle. He was already topographical and diagrammatic in his artistic treatment of buildings.

A posting-journey to the Alps, undertaken in 1832, did much to develop the artistic faculties of the boy, who devoted himself to making sketches in the manner of Samuel Prout, to please his father; but the love of Turner, whose illustrations to Rogers's "Italy" had set him all aflame, now filled his youthful heart. Indeed, he tried to make a book of the kind for himself, reproducing what he saw, in picture, prose, and verse. The practice was excellent, and he was not deterred in the self-imposed task by his very lively sense of the humorous aspect of undertaking such a monumental task at such an interval of ability and age. Turner and Prout were now his models; sometimes he imitated the one, sometimes the other, occasionally both together, until he developed into Ruskin the artist, with the stupendous aims of the one, and the precision, accuracy, and local truth of the other. By both these great men was fed his love of architecture, not only in its artistic but in its constructional character; and how thoroughly he understood it, and how earnestly he had practised the rendering of it, may be seen in the remarkable drawing of the Scala Monument, executed in 1835—a really wonderful achievement, in its complexity of drawing and perspective, which he afterward repeated in color. In the

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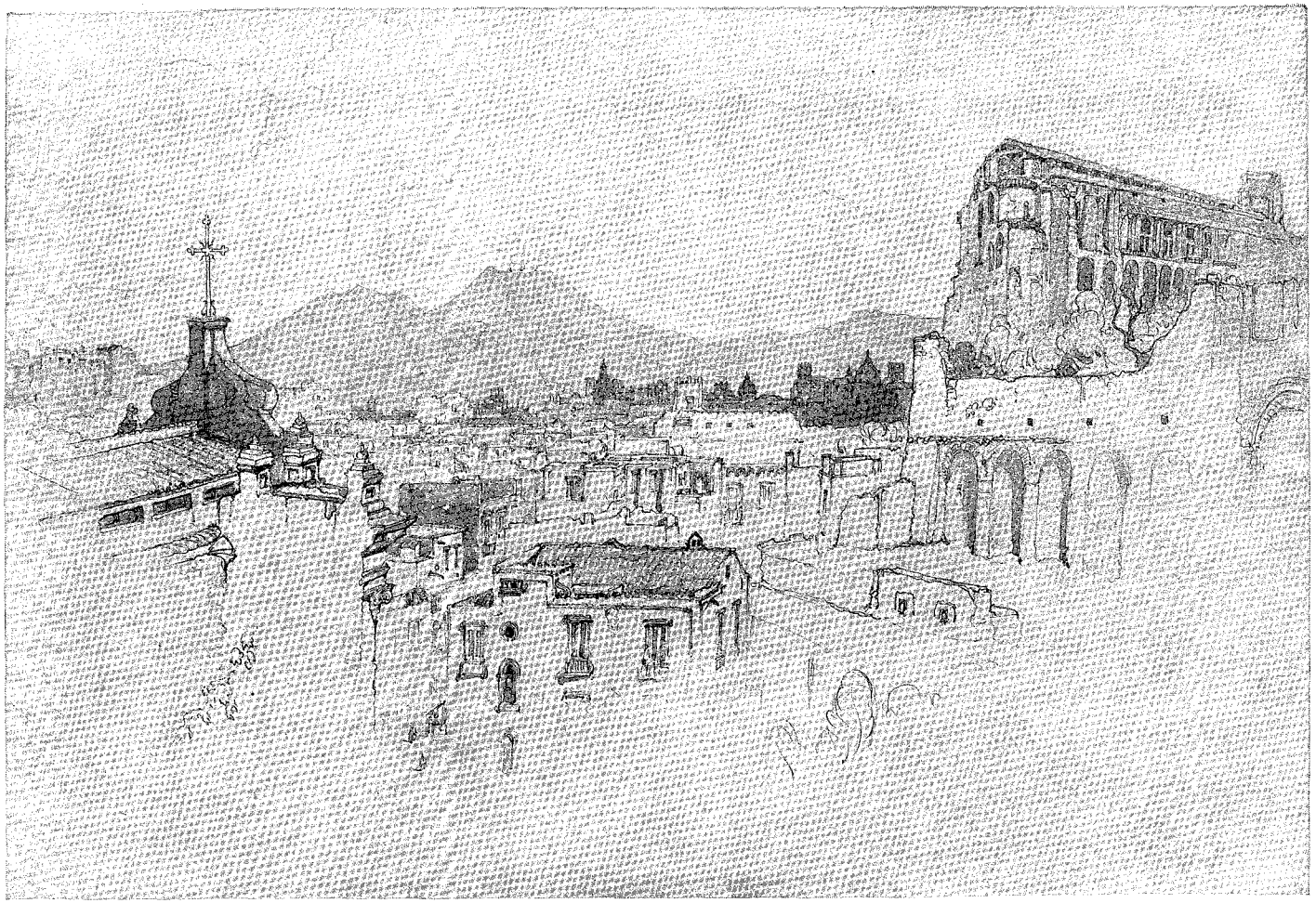

Vesuvius, 1841.

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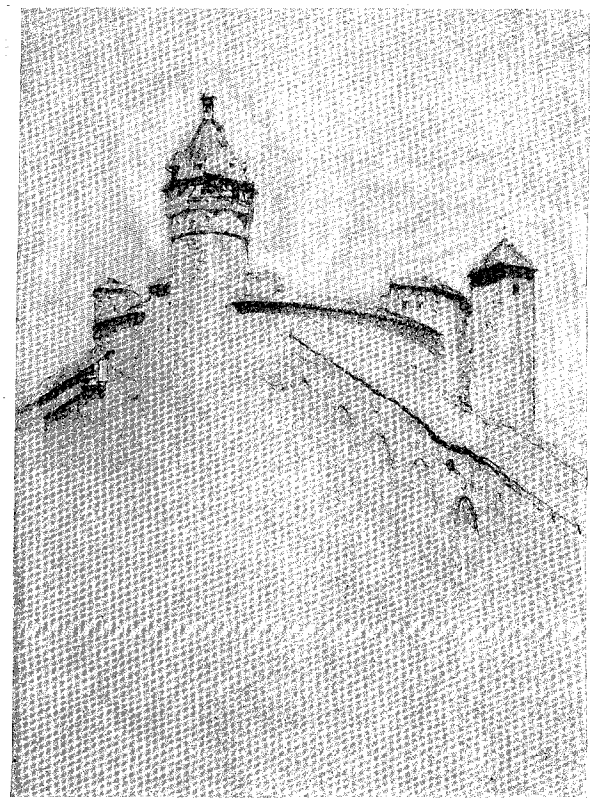
same year he obtained special leave (for he was not yet a boy of fifteen) to study in the Louvre, and he applied himself to copying Rembrandt, attracted by his tremendous mastery of light and shade, and not yet repelled by the æsthetical considerations which led him, years afterward, to denounce the great master of the Netherlands.



Turrets of Castle—Sketched in Lucerne.

From the collection of Professor Charles Eliot Norton.

But Ruskin was never an artist, pure and simple. He was in fact a Nature-worshipper; and the complete student of Nature must needs be at once an artist, a man of science, and a thinker; that is to say, a humanitarian. Ruskin was all three, and probably paid his tribute to Rembrandt chiefly for his lessons in light and color, just as he loved a rocky foreground partly for the sake of its geology, and architecture for its perspective and, generally, for its demonstration of the laws of construction and of optics. Indeed, no sooner was Rembrandt copied with searching analysis than another turn was given to young Ruskin's mind by his love of mineralogy and botany, and landscape now absorbed his whole attention and stamped his character and future career.

After partial recovery from an attack of pleurisy, Ruskin once more went abroad, taking with him, among his art materials, a "cyanometer," a device which he invented to test the scale and depth of blues of the Rhone and of Alpine skies. In his pencil-work, in drawing and sketching alike, he again adopted the manner of Prout as being more easy of reproduction. He generally outlined his work on gray paper, in pen or pencil, and touched it with body-color in avowed imitation of the lithographs by Prout, Nash, Haghe, and others who, popular already, were to found a new era not only in the decoration of books but in the art-education of the day. He could now draw thoroughly well, all but the figure; and his father, a water-color amateur of the Girtin school—an example of whose clever, formal work Mr. Ruskin to this day accords an honored place in the very midst of the superb collection of Turner's works, in his bedroom at Brantwood — determined to place the youth in the hands of Copley Fielding for "finishing." Fielding was at that time the President of the Water-Color Society, and his talent and teaching-power were appraised as second only to those of Turner himself. But he was of little use to one of Ruskin's individuality and strength of character; and when the young student, whose application to his art was so earnest and sustained that his health was more than once on the point of breaking down, visited the Royal Academy and saw that the works of Turner echoed the sentiments in his heart, with enough of poetry and science to satisfy his double passion, the seed that germinated into "Modern Painters" was planted then and there.

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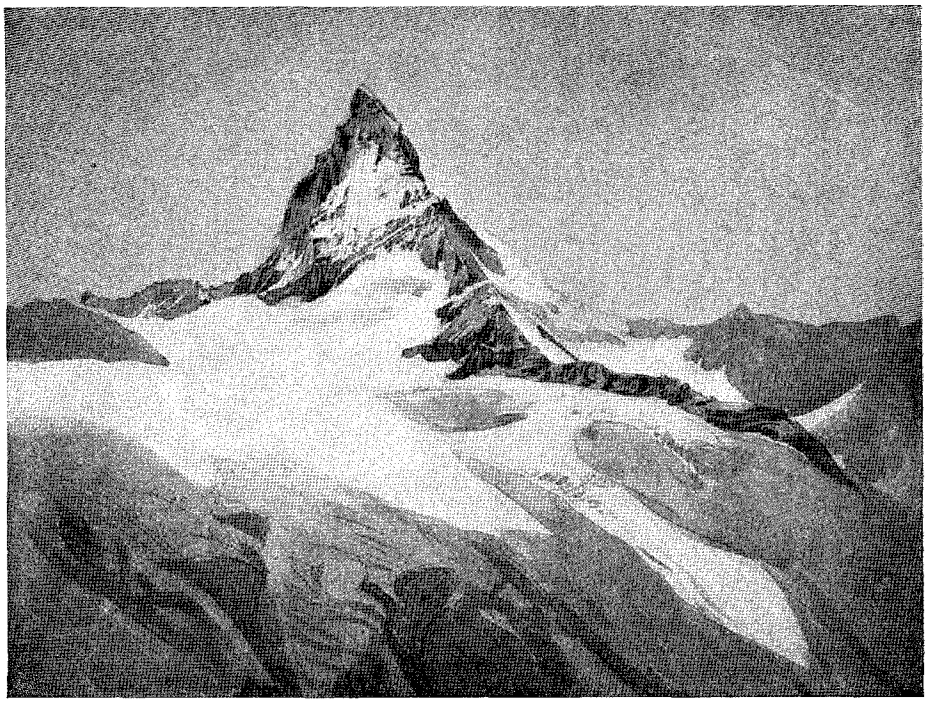

The Matterhorn, August 7, 1849. (Ruskin Museum.)
The central portion of this is engraved in "Modern Painters."

But he did not take the new direction all at once. The drawings of the following year (1837), the result of a tour in the north of England, are extremely Prout-esque in method, although they lean as much toward the feeling and execution of Turner. Even when he studied in Rome, sketching there in 1840 and 1841, his work was still "partly in imitation of Prout, partly of David Roberts"—that Scottish painter of cathedrals whose art in later years he was so severely to criticise. Ruskin admitted that his own work was at this time full of weaknesses and vulgarities; but he had not yet made the little drawing of an ivy branch—his first drawing of leafage in actual growth—that changed the course of his whole art-life and emancipated from conventionalism his whole art-thought.

This event occurred in 1842. He had been taking lessons from J. D. Harding, whose spiritual view of art and nature corresponded with his own, but whose general principles formed an efficient antidote to the exaggerated admiration for the tricks as well as for the art of Turner which, after first enlightening, now began to disturb Ruskin's artistic outlook. Harding had taught him to generalize leafage; but one day, as Mr. Collingwood has recorded, sitting down to draw a tree-stem with its clinging ivy, Ruskin saw, while studying it, how he obtained a perception of its beauty—inherent, and of arrangement of design—by following it with reverent accuracy-instead of losing it by the broad generalizations that were in vogue. Thenceforward unflinching thoroughness was the young man's guiding principle in art, the cause of his championship of the Preraphaelite School, that was to follow six years later, and the origin of his famous behest ("selecting nothing") that has since been so misapplied, misunderstood, and misquoted against him. But Ruskin employed the services of Harding still, for the sake of the sympathy that was between them; but while the master was swiftly brushing in his brilliant drawing of a whole countryside, bathed in the sidelong rays of a sun half obscured by threatening storm-clouds (or some such fervent artificial subject of his), he would laugh at the rebellious pupil who, devout in his new art-religion, would "pore into foreground

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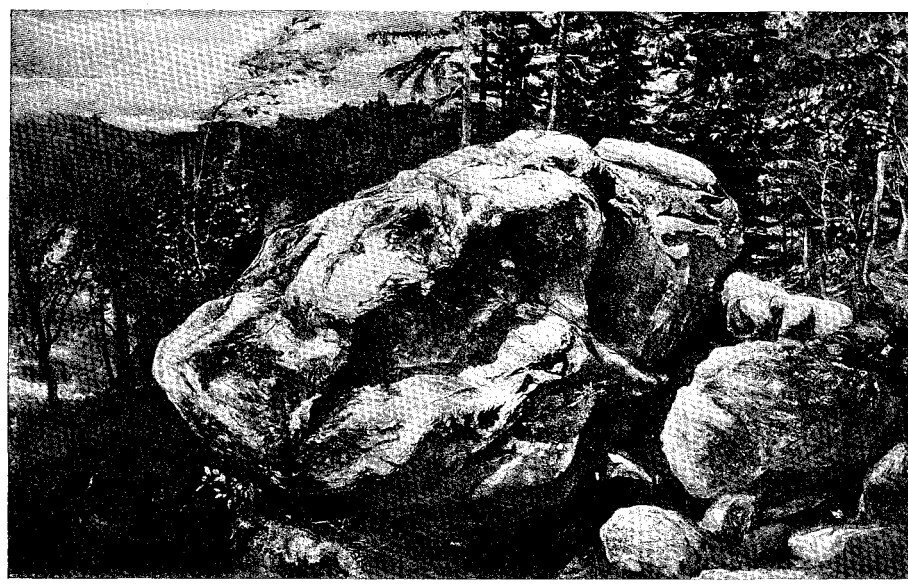
weeds" and find his subject there. His drawings of the Alps were no longer attempts at effects; they were careful studies of rock-formation; his street-drawings were less for architectural picturesqueness than for accurate free-hand rendering of the structure and enrichments of the houses. Yet he did not give up his painter's study of the Old Masters; but in 1844, after another visit to the Louvre, he finally realized which was the road that destiny had pointed out to him, for he could not walk on two at once; and he thenceforward gave up geology, so far as æsthetic study was concerned (though not at all as a subject for general cultivation, and for the special purposes which are so brilliantly displayed in "Modern Painters"), and threw himself into the study of the history and criticism of art. He studied the works of the Old Masters, from the emotional side, as earnestly as Morelli did later from the material; for man's, rather than the technician's, interest in art was his guide, at this time, in his attitude toward his subject.



Rock and Trees.
From the collection of Charles Eliot Norton.

Meanwhile, Ruskin proceeded with the education of his hand and eye, but not with the brush alone. He had shown a command of the point and of water-color in scores of drawings, notably in his exquisite representation of the Chapel of St. Mary of the Thorn, at Pisa, soon to be torn to ruins—a work that would be notable coming from the hand of any man; and now, to illustrate "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," he turned his attention to etching, which he practised with more success than might have been expected from one of his mercurial temperament. During the next year, 1850, he made drawings for "The Stones of Venice," as exquisite and delicate as the plates that were engraved from them. Thus, for twenty years—to carry the examination no farther—we find Ruskin an enthusiastic, continuous, and indefatigable worker in the arts; and yet men who do not share his artistic views, but who on matters of fact should be better informed, seek habitually to dismiss his theories and set aside his conclusions on the ground that "Ruskin is an amateur," because, forsooth, he never painted for money.

I come now to one of Professor Ruskin's principal limitations and its effect. This defect was concisely formulated by my friend Professor Herkomer when he said that "Ruskin never finishes his work to the edges." There is deeper and wider truth in the assertion than Mr. Herkomer, at the moment, had probably any immediate notion of. It is not in art alone that

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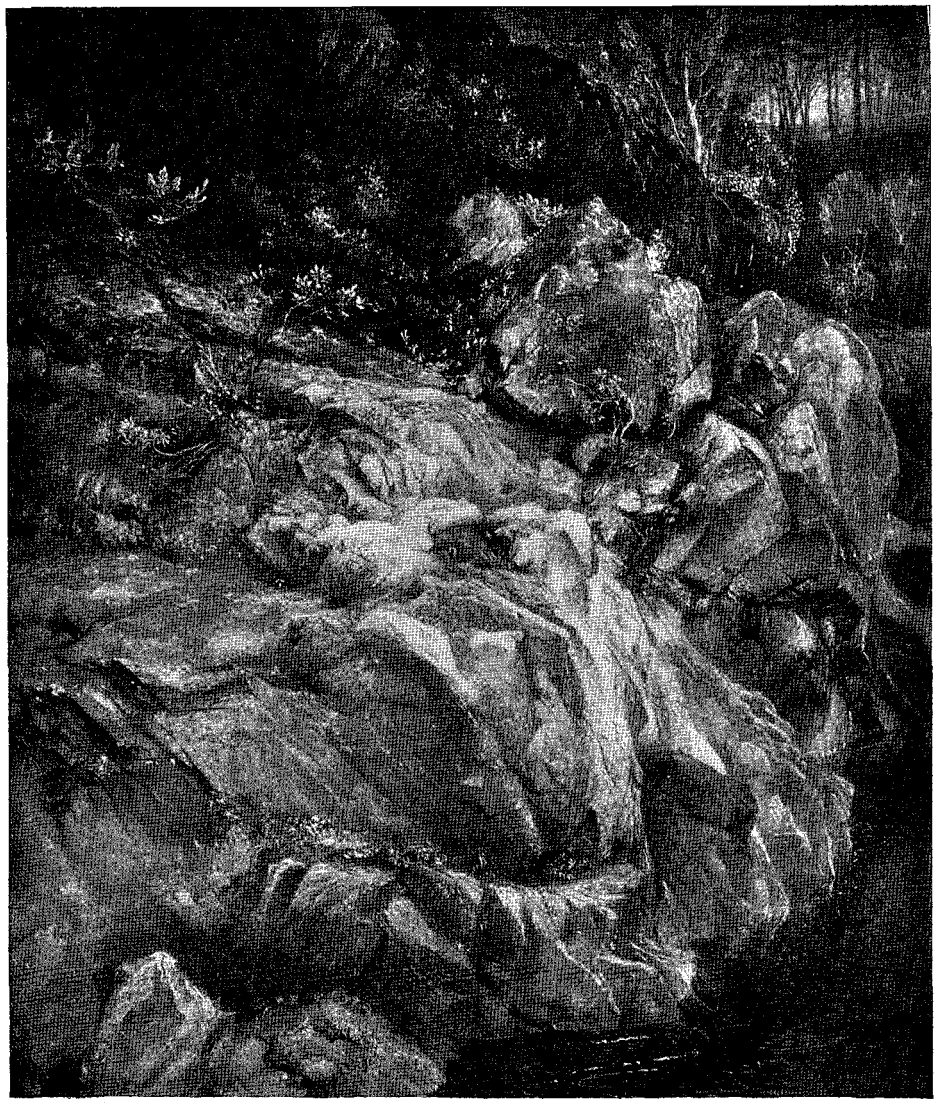

At the Falls of Glenfinlas. Water color—study of rock and flora—(when Millais was painting his portrait beside the Falls, 1854).

By permission of Mrs. Arthur Severn.

Ruskin has not finished his work "to the edges." We see it in the books he has left incomplete—in the synthetic schemes and series, literary and social, that have been left half done. As an artist, like the philosopher he is, he is profound and analytical rather than complete, having spread himself over everything, interested himself in everything, and always been anxious to deal with a next subject as soon as it has cropped up. There are among his drawings exceptions, of course, numerous and notable, to this unfortunate characteristic of "unfinishedness;" but they are not numerous enough to destroy the rule. And this rule, it must be confessed, is the stranger, inasmuch as to Ruskin the complete artist represents the complete Man—perfect in his sense-functions, in his mentality, and his morality in its broadest signification, in his refinement and culture, self-restraint, and industry; in short, in all the virtues and the majority of the graces.

Now, this tendency to incompletion

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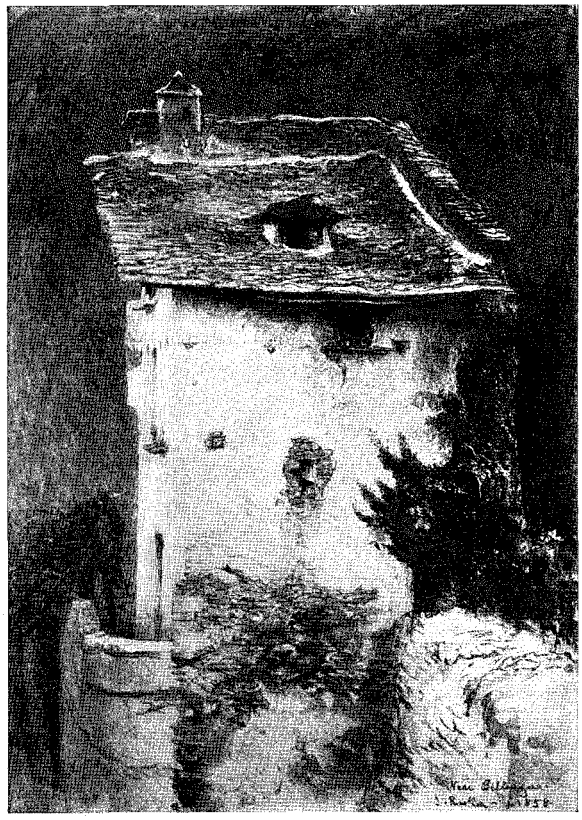
arises from two causes: the first, the natural impatience of temperament, and the second, the scientific basis on which the main tenets of his artistic creed are founded, colored though they may be by ethics, poetry, or romance.

Indeed, although he would recoil before no trouble, before no expenditure of pains or care, once he obtained the main object of this work Ruskin would be content to leave the rest unfinished. To a friend who asked him why he did not complete a landscape of which only the middle was elaborated, he quickly replied: "Oh, I've no time to do the tailoring." He had command of infinite patience for the working out of the details that interested him in the scene before him, but rarely, if ever, had he sufficient, once those details were secured, to draw in the complementary skies or what not. Not that skies lacked interest for him. On the contrary, we heard as an "aside" when he was delivering his lecture, "The Storm-Cloud of the Nineteenth Century," that for many years he had kept an illustrated diary of the sky as seen from Brantwood—"bottled," as he himself expressed it, "as my father bottled his sherries." But there were other things that interested him more; and when he was not making drawings of cloud-forms for a distinct practical purpose—such as his chapter in "Modern Painters"—he cared less for them when considered only for their purely pictorial effect.



Old House near Bellinzona, 1858. Unpublished.
Original in possession of M. H. Spielmann.

In truth, although Ruskin admitted that "art was not meant to teach science," Nature, the scientific phenomenon that involves the whole world, absorbed his faculties even when, if half unconscious of it, he reared upon it his theories of morality. His art is record rather than creation, and his aim, broadly speaking, scientific in its essence rather than artistic. He has declared, in one of those moments of clear introspection which illumine his character with so bright and exquisite a light, "I am no poet—I have no imagination." A poet he was and is; but imagination or invention of the higher pictorial sort he had not. He did not realize the truth at first, but sought to restrain much play of imagination in others as harmful. To Sir Edward Burne-Jones, who loved to realize his invention and ideals, not only in the figures in his pictures, but in every sort of accessory, he would say, "Ned, Ned, go to Nature;" and only in later days did he regretfully recognize his limitation, as conveyed in the pathetic words spoken to me years ago—"I might have made such charming records of things!"

From the first, with an interval given to a somewhat morbid leaning to fanciful exaggeration, he preferred "*records* of things," often making even his most exquisite drawings savor somewhat of the diagrammatic. There is always some

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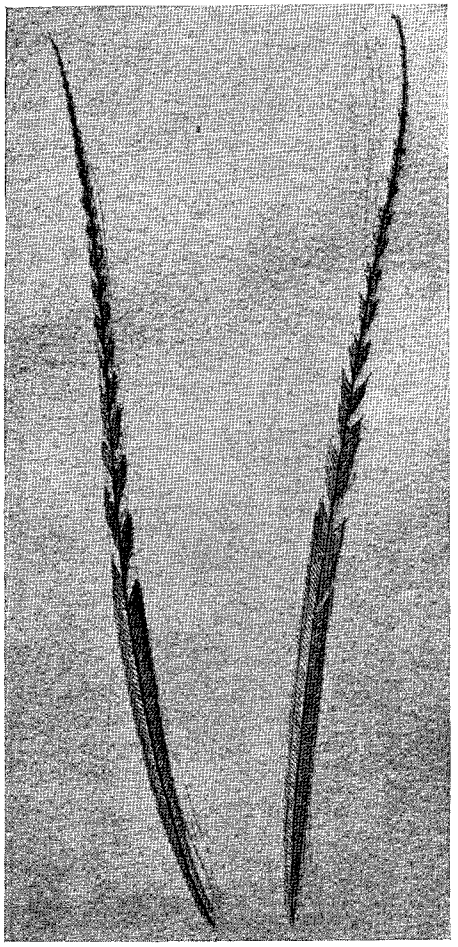
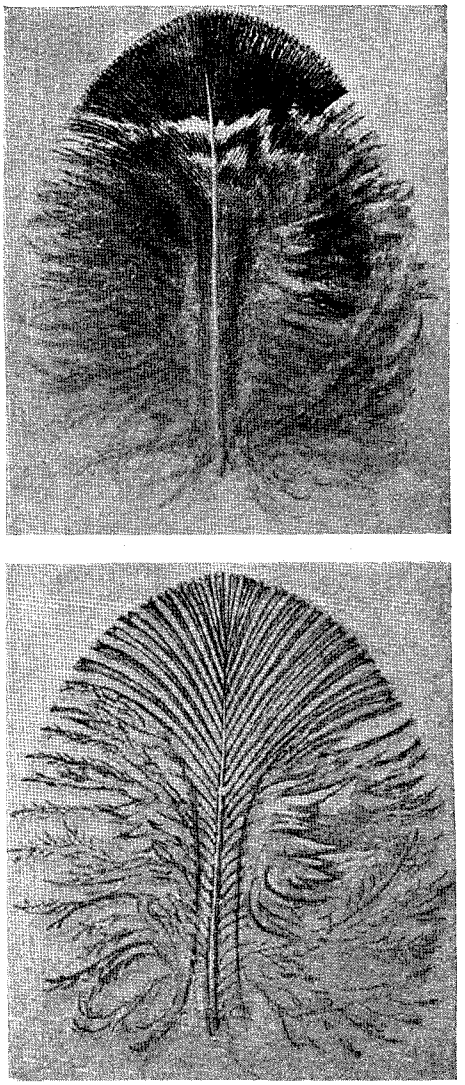


Study of Two Rays of a Peacock's Feather, Magnified Five Times. (Ruskin Museum.)

object beyond the beauty of the drawing to be produced, the drawing itself never being the finality in the painter's eyes. If it be of a mountain, it is to show the beauty of that mountain, but not the beauty of his own handiwork; and if color, to show the beauty of the color which God has given us. This is Ruskin's humility throughout—not his skill, but the loveliness of creation, it is his object to display. The artist in him will present a perfect suggestion of a scene, but the scientist insists on working out the details of that in it which interests him most (not necessarily the most delightful position), and he leaves the rest in remonstrance of the spectator's unapproved interest in the other parts. Whether in his studies of banks and mosses, in the manner of William Hunt, of plants or ferns, of glaciers or clouds or mountain forms, deliberate accuracy has been the main inspiration—manifest testimony to the belief that science is at the root of nature, and reverential nature, with the love and praise of God, at the root of all true art. Thence Ruskin deduced his final axiom, "All great art is praise;" textually repudiating, however, the saying forced upon him, that none but good men can



Two Studies of a Dorsal Plume of a Peacock—One for Anatomy.

Engraved in "Laws of Fesole." Ruskin Museum.

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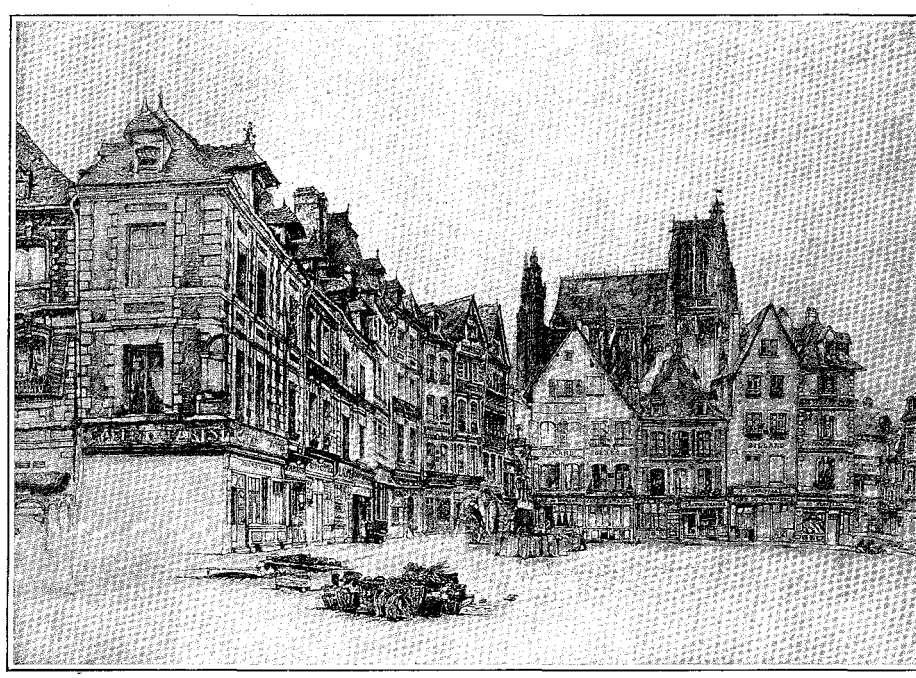
produce good art. And so, despising the finishing of a drawing for the sake of effect, of mere sensual enjoyment, or what he calls "amusement," he has always preferred to devote himself to the bit that best illustrated a theory, that offered the greatest difficulty and severest self-discipline, or that presented some delight apart from "objectless" artistic display.

How much this scientific aspect lost him artistic power others can judge as well as Ruskin, or better. A rigid self-training in botany, geology, tree and cloud and mountain forms, all reproduced with equal degree of accuracy, for their own sake, led him to accord equal and unvaried importance to a seaweed and a sunset, to a bit of quartz and to Mont Blanc, to a dead leaf and a forest, or a sculptured fragment and a cathedral, to a coin or a ruined capital and a statue or a Gothic tomb; and not until 1858, when studying the noblest works of Titian and Veronese, did he learn the full relation between line and color. After that time his "topography," whether simple or Turnerian, is as far as possible laid aside, and the imaginative or poetical essays begin to take precedence over the historical or imitative. But middle age is too late to change a long-fixed habit of thought and practice, and although Ruskin in later years made rapid artistic sketches no longer "tight" (of which one is reproduced on page 656), which would have been impossible to him in his earlier years, the neat and careful hand may be traced in them down to the very end.



Market Place of Abbeville. (Pure pencil.)

By permission of the University of Oxford.

This respect for fact often betrayed Ruskin into the Nature-mirror theory of art; the belief that because a thing "was there" in a landscape, therefore it must be shown there in the drawing too. The duty of the artist, if something "is there" that militates against the composition, is to remove it or to modify it. That Ruskin did not do so, but preferred sometimes to throw upon Nature the responsibility of some discordant element in his picture, is all the stranger, inasmuch as no one was more appreciative of composition in the works of others—"the quality above all others," he says somewhere, "which gives me delight in pictures." And so for many years

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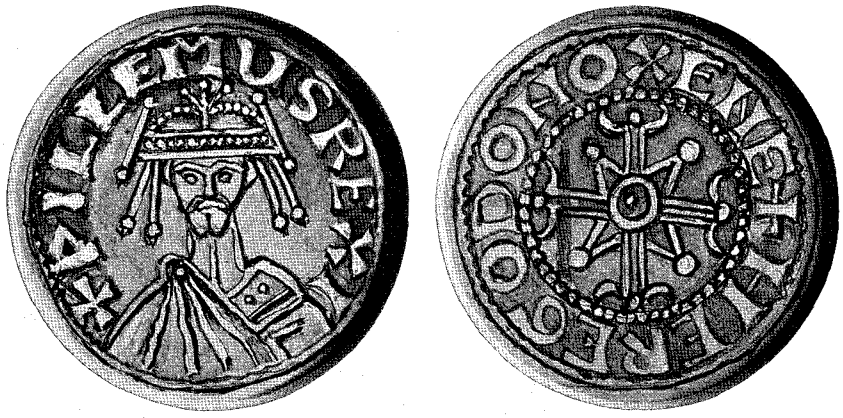
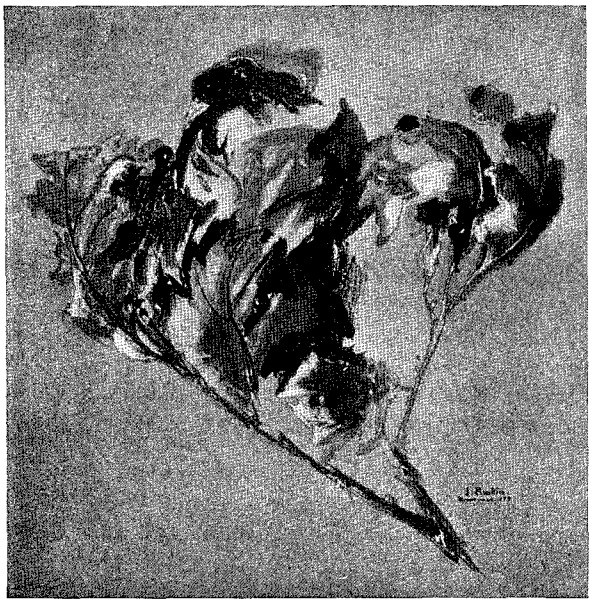


Diagrammatic Enlargement of a Silver Penny of William the Conqueror. (Ruskin Museum.)

this desire to regard drawing as a means to an end, and that end *record*, or the realization of a well-defined sentiment, reduced his Art from the position of Mistress of the Imagination to that of Handmaiden to Fact. It will, I think, be recognized that his flowers are poetic botany, his skies poetic meteorology, his rocks poetic geology, and his architectural arabesque forms poetical geometry, the love of science underlying all his exquisite handling of the point, the wonderful delicacy of elaboration, the purity and vivid color of his transparent washes, and the delightful though rather peculiar quality of his body-color. It is all poetic fact arbitrarily and exquisitely set down.

Ruskin's other chief limitation as an artist is dependent on his having failed to study the human figure, which gave Sir Edward Poynter the opportunity of declaring "Of beauty of form he seems to have no perception whatever." This appears to me to overstate the case completely, for Ruskin's knowledge and keen appreciation of architecture and architectural and sculptural forms, as well as of nearly all forms of animal life, is based upon the liveliest sensitiveness to "the round" and particularly to "style." But Ruskin's view of art was always less Greek than Christian, and less Latin than Gothic; and the study of the nude—that is, the *human* form—had no place in his artistic ambitions. The human figure, indeed, was the one form of nature which he did not worship. He both spoke and wrote against the study of the nude, objecting to "the undressedness of it" in modern hands and in northern lands. But the result on his own art, while leaving him all his elegance, daintiness, refinement, and grace, with all his other merits, is to rob it of the vigor which one feels it lacks. One recog-



Rapid Sketch of Dead Oak Spray (1879). (Ruskin Museum.)

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Monochrome Study (Sepia) of Carpaccio's "St. George and the Dragon." (Ruskin Museum.)

nizes the truth of the German professor's reply to an English student who came to him to learn landscape-painting: "You must draw nothing but the skeleton and the figure; there is no other way of painting landscape." Yet Ruskin could *copy* the figure admirably, with full intelligence of its construction, and his portrait of himself shows what he might have done in this section of his art. So much it was needful to say for the full understanding of Ruskin's artistic achievement, of his extraordinary excellence in some directions, and of his weakness in another. These delimitations made clear, there is still left enough warmly to applaud in his work, and to justify the claim that when that work comes to be more widely known a place will be found for the artist among the most brilliant executants with the pencil, the most sensitive and delicate of sketchers, and most dainty and exquisite of colorists.

Taking, then, the view that the visible beauty of the world is the beauty of nature, that nature is mainly represented by the landscape, and that the beauty of landscape is therefore the demonstration of God, Ruskin devoted himself mainly to this section of art alike with pencil, brush, and etching-needle. With the pencil he for some time followed Prout, his neighbor at Denmark Hill, whose work appealed to him as a link between the sister arts of architecture and water-color; of this, examples may be seen in drawings here published. Later on, greater delicacy and less elementariness refined his pencil in the direction of Turner's most delicate architectural manner; and later, as in the "Market Place of Abbeville" (page 666), or the views on the Grand Canal of Venice (page 657—in which, however, there are still some reminiscences of Prout), there are elegance, firmness, and exquisiteness of which Maxime Lalanne might have been proud. Of these drawings a very considerable number are in existence, some of those among the hundred and more at Oxford, measuring between two and three feet wide, a number in pure pencil, and others heightened by, or drawn entirely in, color. These are remarkable for the success with which texture, material, and reflected lights are rendered. Not Mr. Alma-Tadema himself could surpass Mr. Ruskin in this direction, in this medium. And at the same time in this work there is usually a breadth which those who only know the microscopic power of Ruskin's eye—which Madame Rosa Bonheur once referred to as "*son œil d'oiseau*"—would be unprepared for. And all the while his color is pure, clear, vivid, and delicate. In this section of his art he studied William Hunt, the figure, fruit, and flower painter of his adoration, but his work was more refined and less robust, in exact proportion as Ruskin was more intellectual and cultivated and less vigorous than the other. When he was a boy twelve years old, Ruskin said he "saw nature" with the eyes of Turner, who was then sixty years of age; but in his "forty years of happy work between 1830 and 1870" his precocious and individual talent "found itself" in due and early course.

In the first place he lost his "drawing-master method"—the method acquired by studying other men's styles—and evolved a manner of his own. At one time this seems to have had some affinity with the process of Rossetti, as is shown by some of his unfinished water-colors. When not aiming at pure transparent tints, he would lay in flat colors, and then work

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them up with body-color to the characteristic tones and degree of opacity he desired. But although he sometimes used it, and even praised J. F. Lewis's employment of body-color in the famous "Frank Encampment in the Desert," Ruskin feared it for its loss of transparency, just as Sir Edward Poynter denounces it for the opportunities it offers for "dodging" that accuracy at the first touch, such as is absolutely necessary with pure wash. For that reason, too, Ruskin protested against Fred Walker's "semi-miniature fresco, quarter-wash manner," in spite of the beauty of the completed work. Even in his most successful architectural drawings, in which he showed such appreciation of the strength of material, of mass and construction, and a thorough knowledge of the art-science, both as to ornament, shadow, texture, and light and shade, he obtained all his effects simply and without effort by simple wash.

Following out these drawings, and bearing in mind that, roughly speaking, up to 1863 chiaroscuro was the basis of Ruskin's study, and after 1868 the truth of local color (as, I think, is also affirmed by Mr. Collingwood), we see how in due order Ruskin studied color, drawing, perspective, curvature, light and shade, and the quality and play of sunlight; we observe how breadth of effect is destroyed by his fulness of detail; how he gradually learned the "placing" of his subject on the paper; how he refined the work until his rendering of natural objects became so delicate and dainty as to be almost inimitable, and for nineteen artists out of twenty, even of the skilfullest, unattainable.

In his etchings, whether original or translations of Turner's drawings, Ruskin is somewhat elementary; nevertheless, he succeeded in suggesting both light and shade and color. They show a delicate but not a firm or confident hand; the touch is often scratchy, and the biting unequal and inadequate, yet Turnerian still. But in beauty of mountain-drawing upon the plate Ruskin is nearly, if not quite, unsurpassed. His soft-ground etchings to the first edition of "The Seven Lamps of Architecture" were far better than he was willing to admit. No one, moreover, knew better than Ruskin how to work for the engraver, not even Turner himself. Some of the exquisite plates in "Modern Painters" and in "The Stones of Venice" were made by the skilful engravers whom he had trained, from sketches as summary and skilful as artistic short-hand can be, though later on he provided drawings for the purpose as delicate and exquisite as the subsequent plates themselves.

To the drawings here reproduced from those in the collections of the Ruskin Museum at Meersbrook Park (by consent of Mr. William White, curator), the Oxford University Gallery, Mrs. Arthur Severn, Mr. Ruskin, and my own, I need not refer in detail, but I may say that they have been chosen in not a few instances with a view to illustrating frankly not only the strength but the limitations of the artist's powers. We have here examples of his brush, pen, and pencil, from the sketches of withered oak-leaves (page 667), which he was fond of drawing as studies for his Oxford pupils—[when I was in his old nursery (1897) at Herne Hill—the little top room, in which he would sleep when he came to town from Coniston—there was hanging up just such a dead oak-branch, which had been on its nail since it was placed there years before]—to the drawing of "Vesuvius" (page 659) reproduced from "Studies in Both Arts." Not only in them, but in the silver penny (page 667) and a peacock's dorsal plume (page 665), we see the equal strenuousness of the painter and his equal respect for artistic beauty and scientific fact. But it must be remembered that Ruskin's greatest characteristic is his color, and that main charm printers' ink is, unfortunately, powerless to present. Nevertheless, we have Ruskin the artist here, and the reader can judge him as a draughtsman as completely and dispassionately as we can estimate the economist and the man of letters. The man himself helps us to form the judgment, for self-revelation, involving all his virtues and all his foibles, is as much a passion with him as it was with Jean Jacques Rousseau. That judgment cannot fail to place him high among the draughtsmen and natural colorists of his time as a man of extremely great accomplishments, who cared more for his subject and for honest labor than for effect, who sacrificed æsthetic emotion to the poetry of fact, and his own reputation for his country's good.

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RECENT DEVELOPMENTS OF POLICY IN THE UNITED STATES

AND THEIR RELATION TO AN ANGLO-AMERICAN ALLIANCE

By the Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain

British Colonial Secretary

IN the course of the last few months a great and noteworthy change has come over the relations between the United States and Great Britain. It is not due to the action of Governments, and does not follow from any formal treaty or from any change of policy on either side.

It is a quickening of popular sentiment and a growth of mutual appreciation, which, in suddenness and strength, may, without exaggeration, be compared to an explosion.

No great gift of imagination is required to foresee the far-reaching and beneficent consequences that may result in the future from a cordial understanding between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race. It is, therefore, with something more than curiosity that the civilized world is asking whether this change will be lasting, whether it will be fruitful, whether it will lead to common action for common ends; or whether it is a mere evanescent burst of emotion which will die away as soon as the cause which has excited it has been forgotten in some new sensation.

There is no doubt as to the answer which the people of the United Kingdom would wish to be given to these questions. The sense of kinship and the desire for closer union has been steadily growing throughout the last thirty years, and during the whole of that time the sympathy of the vast majority of our people has been given to the United States in all the developments of their national growth and prosperity; while we have steadily refused to believe in the possibility of a breach in these good relations, on the maintenance of which we are convinced that the interests of civilization depend. Even the occasional harshness of despatches from the State department, or the rejection of Treaties of Reciprocity or Arbitration by the Senate, have failed to disturb our confidence, or to shake our permanent goodwill. At no time in this generation have Englishmen consented to speak of Americans as foreigners, nor has it been to the interest of any English newspaper or politician to use unfriendly or disparaging language about American institutions or the American people.

It cannot be said that this attitude has been always reciprocated. It is true that in private life an Englishman in the United States has never failed to find the greatest courtesy and the most lavish hospitality; but the press has, in the past, given frequent expression to scornful criticism and unfavorable judgment of all things English, while politicians in search of a cry have been too ready to court popularity by twisting the lion's tail.

England, as painted by American artists —themselves, in most cases, the descendants of Englishmen, and inheriting the failings as well as the virtues of the race— has been represented as tyrannical, selfish, blustering, and cowardly. In Ireland, India, and Egypt she has been depicted as the oppressor of subject races rightly struggling to be free, while at home her people have been caricatured as tamely submitting to all the abuses of aristocratic and privileged government.

It is instructive to recall all this in order to mark the greatness of the transformation. No complaint can justly be made now of either press or politician. Our ef-

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forts are appreciated, our difficulties are fairly recognized, even our faults and our failures are regarded with a friendly eye. It is seen that the two nations are inspired by the same general ideas of policy and legislation, and that more than a hundred years of separation have left both of them still dominated in all essentials by the same guiding and fundamental principles.

The quickness with which this new attitude of mind has been adopted suggests a conclusion which, if confirmed, will go far to dispel any doubts as to the permanence of the change. May it not be that the tone of the past, which sometimes seemed so bitter and unfriendly, was not the expression of permanent aversion, but the pride and coyness of the maiden waiting to be wooed? The conviction of the depth and sincerity of English feeling has at last struck root in the American mind. The old suspicions have been dispelled, and room is left for the display of a sentiment all the deeper because it has long been suppressed. "Can this be true?" says Beatrice in the play,

> Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
> Contempt, farewell! . . .
> If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
> To bind our loves up in a holy band.

It is to be noted that even when the misrepresentation and unkindly criticism to which reference has been made was most prevalent some of the greatest American statesmen looked forward hopefully to the removal of all misunderstanding, and to the growth of a sense of unity based on community of interest and sentiment. The last state paper written by President Lincoln before his assassination was the reply drafted by him, and subsequently read by President Johnson to the British minister on his presentation, and it contained these words: "The interest of civilization and humanity require that the two Nations should be friends. I have always known and accepted it as a fact, honorable to both countries, that the Queen of England is a sincere and honest well-wisher of the United States; and have been equally frank and explicit in the opinion that the friendship of the United States toward Great Britain is enjoined by all the considerations of interest and of sentiment affecting the character of both."

And similarly General Grant, writing from his death-bed the concluding passages of his Memoirs, leaves as a legacy to his countrymen this expression of his opinion. "England and the United States are natural allies and should be the best of friends. They speak one language and are related by blood and other ties. We together, or even either separately, are better qualified than any other people to establish commerce between all the nationalities of the world." And then he goes on to say, in words that have a special interest and application at the present time, "England governs her own colonies, and particularly those embracing the people of different races from her own, better than any other nation. She is just to the conquered but rigid. She makes them self-supporting, but gives the benefit of labor to the laborer. She does not seem to look upon the Colonies as outside possessions which she is at liberty to work for the support and aggrandizement of the Home Government."

If these and many similar utterances from leading statesmen and public writers did not bear immediate fruit, it was because there existed, unfortunately, in the minds of the American people, a deep-rooted conviction that England was unsympathetic and even hostile to the ideals of the United States; and it required the unmistakable evidence afforded by the attitude of Great Britain during the recent war to convince them that this suspicion was unfounded, and that whatever may have been the sentiments of our ancestors after the Revolutionary War—or even of the generation which watched, with mingled feelings, the gigantic struggle that threatened the existence of the Union—the England of to-day is almost unanimously proud of the spirit which has been shown by the American people, of the successes of the navy and the courage and endurance of the soldiers, and, not least, of the humanity of the victors. While approving the neutrality imposed upon their Government, so long as the conflict was confined to Spain and the United States, it has been impossible for the British people to conceal their sympathy with the objects for which the war had been waged, and their satisfaction at the promptness and the completeness of the results. The

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old saying that blood is thicker than water has not been a platitude of after-dinner oratory; but the expression of the settled and unchangeable belief that the complete agreement of the two kindred nations will make for the advantage of both, and be a potent and even an irresistible factor in promoting the peace and the civilization of the world.

If the sincerity of these sentiments has now been clearly recognized by the United States we may look forward, with some confidence, to our future relations; and it may be that the most momentous and beneficent, as well as the most unexpected, result of the war for the liberation of Cuba will be the new understanding between the two great English-speaking nations.

Doubtless there will be in the future, as there have been in the past, conflicts of interest and divergences of opinion; but when they arise we are entitled to expect that they will be approached in a different and more conciliatory spirit, and that even if a settlement is not always arrived at, we shall find it possible henceforth to agree to differ. It will be an immense gain if, in all such cases, each nation should approach the consideration of the action of the other with an inclination to think well, and not ill, of the motives by which it has been prompted.

Having arrived at this point is it unreasonable to allow our imagination to carry us still onward? How far will this development of international feeling lead us? What are the limits which the traditional policy of the two countries will necessarily impose? Is it visionary to speak of our ultimate alliance, or has the dream of a league of the English-speaking people been suddenly brought within the region of sober and practical statesmanship?

So far as the United Kingdom is concerned, it may be taken as a fact that the British nation would welcome any approach to this conclusion—that there is hardly any length to which they would not go in response to American advances—and that they would not shrink even from an alliance *contra mundum*, if the need should ever arise, in defence of the ideals of the Anglo-Saxon race—of humanity, justice, freedom, and equality of opportunity.

It must not be supposed, however, that in accepting an alliance as a possible and welcome contingency, anything in the nature of a permanent or general alliance is either desirable or practicable.

The warnings of Washington's Farewell Address are still applicable to any such proposal. "It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world;" and again, "it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves by artificial ties in the ordinary vicissitudes of her (Europe's) politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities." *Mutatis mutandis*, the advice is as sound for Great Britain as it was and is for the United States. It would be impossible to foresee and to define the innumerable cases to which a general alliance would apply, and in regard to many of which the obligations of such an alliance would be onerous, unnecessary, or unpopular. There are, for instance, the cases in which neither of the contracting Powers would need or desire the aid of the other; the cases in which one Power alone is seriously or directly interested; and last, not least, there are the cases in which the interests of the two Powers might differ.

Any attempt to pledge the two nations beforehand to combined defensive and offensive action in all circumstances must inevitably break down and be a source of danger instead of strength. All therefore that the most sanguine advocate of an alliance can contemplate is that the United States and Great Britain should keep in close touch with each other, and that, whenever their policy and their interests are identical, they should be prepared to concert together the necessary measures for their defence.

It is to such a course of action that Washington seems to point when he says, "Taking care always to keep ourselves, by suitable establishments, in a respectable defensive posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies."

Since Washington's day the States of the Union have increased from thirteen to forty-five. The Government has acquired Louisiana and Alaska by purchase, it has absorbed a large part of Mexico by right of conquest; it has annexed Hawaii,

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and now it is in a position to decide the destinies of Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines.

Its population has increased from four to seventy millions, and its wealth in still greater proportions. Meanwhile, the immense improvement in communication has brought the country into close contact with all portions of the habitable globe; and the United States stands in the very first rank among civilized nations, in touch and active competition with every one of them. It is probable, to say the least, that the extraordinary emergencies of which Washington spoke will be more numerous, and the need of temporary alliances more urgent in the future history of the United States than in the past; and if the good feeling, the sympathy and the friendship, which now happily exist between Great Britain and the United States, continue, it may safely be predicted that these occasions will arise more frequently in the relations between the two kindred nations than in any other.

The situation is well summarized in the recent speech of Mr. Davis, the Chairman of the Committee of the Senate on Foreign Relations, in which he said: "The conviction heretofore only imperfectly felt, and only partially, infrequently, and fitfully acknowledged, is now clearly operative, and is openly and spontaneously expressed, that one hundred and twenty-five millions of English-speaking people, who have established representative government and secured personal liberty in all parts of the world, whose civilization is still progressive, who have taken no step backward in an expansion of influence and empire without comparison in history, are amicably approaching each other under the pressure of a great human evolution."

The influences which are working to bring us together are not merely those of kinship, language, literature, law, and history, although these are powerful factors which exist in our case and in that of no other two great nations of the world. But there is another element, in part resulting from all these and more potent than any, which is, that in the consideration of every subject, whether political or religious, social or moral, we start from the same standpoint; and although we may not always come to the same conclusion, our processes of reasoning and the root principles from which we proceed are identical. It is only necessary to study the comments which are made by the press, the politicians, and the ministers of religion of the two countries on any great public event, such, for instance, as the massacres in Armenia, the Dreyfus trial, the struggle for influence in China, or the attempts of governments to deal with the greater questions of social reform, to be conscious of the gulf which separates the ethics and logic of the English-speaking people from those of the rest of the civilized world.

Another illustration is to be found in connection with the recent war. When the people of the United States decided that the condition of things in Cuba was shocking to humanity and could no longer be tolerated by a liberty-loving nation in close proximity to the scene of so many outrages and of such terrible misery, the great Powers of the Continent of Europe were alarmed and suspicious. They imputed to the United States motives of selfish aggression, only transparently cloaked by a hypocritical pretence of humanity and disinterestedness.

Great Britain alone, basing her judgment on her own feelings and experience, sympathized with the national sentiment in America, and, believing with Mrs. Browning, that

> —a nation may act
> Unselfishly—shiver a lance
> (As the least of her sons may, in fact),
> And not for a cause of finance,—

sought for the springs of action, not in the excesses of jingoes or the greed of interested individuals, but in the great moral forces which move a free people in the presence of injustice and wrong, perpetrated against helpless men and innocent women and children.

The natural sympathies which have thus been proved to exist must tend to bring about that close union which, if accomplished, will be the most important event that the coming century has in store for us.

Although, however, sympathy and sentiment are among the strongest forces that move the world, considerations of interest must not be forgotten. Those who wish well to this movement are bound to discourage everything in the nature of mere hysterical and transient emotion. If, when

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the present excitement should pass away, it were found that the expression of feeling on either side had no solid basis of mutual advantage, no sensible man would be able to anticipate any lasting or practical result.

In this connection it is interesting to recall the comments of the foreign press when the sympathy of England with the United States was first manifested, and the possibility of an alliance was in the air. These disinterested friends of both parties warned us that, on the one hand, the love of America for England would come to an end with the war, and on the other, that England would expect to be paid for her good-will, and would strive to draw America into her personal quarrels.

It is to be hoped that there is as little foundation for the first statement as there is for the second. England does not ask the aid of anyone in difficulties which may result where her own interests alone are concerned. She is not a weak power, obliged to sue for protection "with whispering breath and bated humbleness." Never before in her history, and in time of peace, has her strength on the sea been so predominant, and if the need should arise once more to defend her existence against a world in arms her sons throughout the Empire would show themselves not unworthy of their ancestors.

Neither is England—any more than the United States—a wantonly aggressive nation, likely to seek for causes of war in order to gratify a military ambition. If she enters upon alliances, it will be to secure peace and not to provoke war.

Yet it is easy to imagine cases in which the co-operation of the two English-speaking nations might be the only means of obtaining peacefully results equally desired by both.

When, three years ago, the Armenian massacres aroused intense indignation in the United Kingdom, the English Government found that active intervention would place them in a position of complete isolation, even if it did not arouse the active hostility of Europe. The risk of interference was too great and the probability of success too small. But if, at that time, the United States, whose moral support was assured, had been prepared to join in serious representations to the Porte and, if necessary, to allow her fleet to co-operate with the British navy, it is almost certain that the other Powers would have held aloof, in presence of such a combination, and a great and bloodless service might have been rendered to humanity.

In this instance there would have been no material interest to serve, but we may easily suppose a case of a different kind. The recent collapse of China has opened up one of the greatest questions of our time. Is this vast country, with untold mineral and other resources, and with a population of four hundred millions of frugal, industrious people, to be partitioned among European nations? Is the greatest potential market of the world to be permanently closed to general trade, or is it to remain open, with its incalculable possibilities, to all nations on equal terms? The interest of the United States in the decision is the same as that of Great Britain. If it should ever be necessary to enter into negotiations, in order to secure to all the world an equal opportunity in regard to this commerce, it cannot be doubted that they would be infinitely more influential if backed by the joint action of the United States and Great Britain, than if either of these Powers held aloof.

It is under the influence of these and similar considerations that we are now called upon to contemplate the possibility of new developments in the policy of the United States, leading to an expansion of territory and the creation of responsibilities and interests outside the present limits of the Republic.

Hawaii has been annexed, and in adding a tropical colony, unsuited to permanent occupation by white men, and already inhabited by a large native population, to the territories of the United States, the first step has been taken toward the establishment of a colonial empire. At the same time the recent war has made the American people the arbiters of the destiny of some of the richest tropical islands in the world. The fate of these territories is still undecided, and it would be presumptuous and indiscreet for an outsider to offer any opinion on the subject. There may well be considerations affecting it which can only

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be properly estimated by an American, and which may determine the special issue without, in any way, prejudging the abstract question of territorial expansion.

There are, however, influences at work which make it doubtful whether the United States will be able permanently to hold aloof from that struggle for the control of the tropics in which other nations are actively engaged; and it may therefore be allowable for an Englishman to offer some general considerations on the subject of colonial expansion which are the result of English experiences, and which are entirely independent of the immediate situation.

In a recent essay on "The Control of the Tropics," by Mr. Benjamin Kidd, the well-known author of a work on "Social Evolution," the conditions of the problem now presented to the English-speaking peoples are stated with great force and lucidity, and the whole essay may be studied with advantage by all who, either in the United Kingdom or the United States, are interested in the subject.

Mr. Kidd reminds us that the temperate regions of the earth are now practically appropriated, and that, owing to the improvement of transport and communication and to the diffusion of technical knowledge, the competing nations in these countries already possess little advantage one over the other, and are likely in the future to possess still less. The one great sphere of commercial activity which remains lies in the interchange of products between the tropics and the temperate regions; and it is this inheritance which is now the subject of the rivalry of nations.

Even at the present time the total trade of Great Britain with the tropics is thirty-eight per cent. of its whole trade with the rest of the world, excluding the English-speaking peoples; and the tropical commerce of the United States is forty-four per cent. of its trade with the rest of the world, with the same exception. Yet the larger portion of tropical territory has not been touched at all, or only superficially, and there is practically no limit to the potential results of the effective opening up of these countries to the white man's energy and enterprise. It is evident from this that the interest of all countries in this prospective commerce is very great, but, unfortunately, of the present competitors for it, Great Britain alone undertakes responsibility, as a trust for civilization at large, and opens all the markets which it controls to the citizens of other nations on exactly the same terms as it offers to its own subjects. Wherever other states have hitherto gained a footing they have made it their business, as soon as possible, to secure special and preferential advantages for their own citizens, and have endeavored to exclude all other trade. If England, therefore, had refused to pursue a policy of expansion, both she and the United States would have ultimately been shut out from participation in the vast and constantly increasing trade of the tropics; while if England, resenting this unequal competition, were ever to alter her own policy and to adopt preferential rates, the United States would be isolated, and her manufacturers would have to be content with the crumbs from other men's tables.

It is the conviction that such a state of things is not impossible that has, in recent times, materially altered the colonial policy of the United Kingdom, and has silenced the voices which, thirty years or more ago, were loud in favor of strictly confining the Empire to the limits it had then reached, and were even raised occasionally to urge their reduction.

It appears to be the belief of most foreigners that the British Empire, as we know it to-day, is the product of the Machiavellian astuteness and unscrupulousness of British statesmen, accompanied by an almost unparalleled tenacity of purpose.

Nothing can be further from the real facts, and it would be much more true to say that we have simply blundered into most of the desirable places of the earth. While our Governments have held back, oppressed with "the craven fear of being great," and have discouraged colonial extension in every way, individual explorers, traders, and missionaries, pressing forward under every difficulty, have forced their hands and made them, unwillingly, the rulers of the greatest empire the world has ever seen. It is only in the present and last stage of a shifting policy that either government or people have clearly recognized the character of the forces by which they have been unconsciously driven for-

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ward, or the true nature and value of the work which they have thus been impelled to undertake.

In the first period of this eventful history the territories acquired by conquest or discovery were treated as possessions to be exploited entirely for the advantage of the occupying nation, and little or no thought was given to the rights or the interests either of the original inhabitants, or of the colonists who had dispossessed them. This view of the relations between a state and its outlying territories continued more or less throughout the eighteenth century, although the War of Independence in America did much to modify and dispel it. The success of the Revolution not only destroyed the hope that colonies could be made tributary to the mother-country but led ultimately to the conclusion that, since they would never be a source of direct revenue, we should be better without colonies at all. Assuming that an entirely independent and separate existence was the ultimate destiny of all our possessions abroad, and believing that this consummation would relieve us of burdensome obligations, we readily conceded self-government to the colonies in the temperate zones, in the hope that this would hasten the inevitable and desirable result. We found, not without surprise, that in spite of hints to this effect, our kinsfolk and fellow-subjects resented the idea of separation and, fortunately for us, preferred to remain, each "daughter in her mother's house and mistress in her own." Influenced by the same idea, we elaborated constitutions by the score for every kind of tropical dependency, in the vain expectation that the native population would appreciate forms of government evolved in our own civilization, and would learn quickly to be self-supporting and to develop for themselves the territories in which we began to think we had only a temporary interest. We were disappointed, and we have had to recognize the fact that, for an indefinite period of time, the ideas and the standards of our social and political order cannot be intelligently accepted or applied by races which are centuries behind us in the process of national evolution. The experience of Hayti and Liberia under independent native government, of many of the South American Republics, of Egypt and of India, and the stagnation of all tropical countries, in regard to matters dependent on local effort, make it evident that wherever the white man cannot be permanently or advantageously acclimatized, and wherever, therefore, the great majority of the population must always be natives, the only security for good government and for the effective development of the resources of the country consists in providing this native population with white superintendence, and with rulers and administrators who will bring to their task the knowledge derived from the experience of a higher civilization; and, constantly changing, will be always under the influence of the standards and ideals which they have been brought up to respect.

This is the root idea of British administration in the tropics. At the same time we have abandoned forever any desire to secure tribute from these possessions, and we no longer seek any direct or exclusive advantage.

We find our profit in the increased prosperity of the people for whose interest we have made ourselves responsible, and in the development of, and access to, markets which we open at the same time to the rest of the world. Our primary obligation is to maintain peace, the safety of life and property, and equal justice for all irrespective of race or class. Subject to these conditions, we interfere as little as possible with native religions, customs, or laws; and under this system we are successfully administering the affairs of hundreds of millions of people of almost every race under the sun, with trifling cost to the British taxpayer, and with the smallest army of white soldiers of any of the powers of Europe. In India, where three hundred millions of people acknowledge the Queen as Empress, the total white garrison is only 70,000 men; in Egypt, with a population of nine millions, the normal white garrison is 3,500 men; while in Ceylon, the Straits Settlements and protected States, the West Indies, and West Africa not a single white regiment is stationed for the maintenance of our rule, which is secured entirely by colored soldiers and police under British officers.

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Our experience should at least go far to satisfy the objections of those Americans who anticipate that the occupation of tropical countries would involve the retention of vast numbers of American soldiers in an unhealthy climate, and would lay an intolerable burden on the American treasury.

An Englishman, accustomed all his life to the idea of a vast empire enjoying peace and prosperity under British rule, but who has seen the great machinery working so silently and smoothly that he is only occasionally made aware of his obligations—when, for instance, a cyclone devastates some West Indian island, or a famine, such as in former times, depopulated whole districts in India, has to be fought and conquered by the energy and devotion of British officials; or when a savage tribe in Africa rises against the restraint imposed on barbarous practices; or disturbances break out in the mountain fastnesses of the wild people of the North West frontier—finds it difficult to understand the fear excited in the minds of many distinguished and patriotic Americans by even so small an expansion of the national mission as the recent occupation of the Hawaiian Islands. He knows the comparative ease with which his own gigantic task has been fulfilled, and he is unwilling to believe that the American, with greater resources, equal intelligence, and equal energy, will fail where he has succeeded.

The objections which are urged from the American standpoint are, in many instances, the same as those which have already been refuted by the results of his own experience. Thus, it is said that such a development of American policy will involve responsibilities which the country is unfitted to undertake, and will divert the attention of the nation from its domestic affairs and from the pursuit of its own material and moral interests; and especially that it will interfere with its special mission as the type and example of republican institutions. The Englishman believes, on the contrary, that nations, like individuals, cannot remain isolated without deterioration. The man who pleads the claims of his family as a reason for refusing all public work and repudiating all charitable obligations is not usually a better husband or a better father than the good citizen whose purse is open and whose leisure is freely given to the service of the community in which he lives; and the nation which elevates selfishness into a virtue and shirks its responsibility to the other members of the human race is wanting in one of the principal elements of greatness. The absolute devotion of any people to its domestic politics narrows the issues of public life, gives to them a partisan and personal character, and tends to a provincialism of sentiment and aspiration. Greatness does not consist in growing rich and prosperous, and it is only by incurring responsibilities, by struggling with obstacles, by confronting dangers and by conquering difficulties that men or nations justly win respect.

But we are told that the Constitution of the United States and the practice of its politics make it certain that any extension of its rule over inferior races, to whom it would be impossible, for an indefinite time, to come to apply its own institutions in their completeness, would, in the words of Mr. Carl Schurz, "result in a fearful increase of profligacy and corruption." Mr. Schurz's authority is so great and so widely established that it may appear presumptuous to plead against it; and, indeed, if his forecast be accurate, and if the acquisition of new territory by the United States is to be followed by an immigration of bosses and caucuses with all their consequences, *cadit quæstio*, the United States would be well advised to leave these countries strictly alone, for their last state would be worse than the first. But a true friend to America may be excused for hoping that the prediction is too pessimistic, and that it is not altogether impossible that a colonial service may be developed as single-minded, as pure, and as free from party bias and personal greed, as is the similar service in the United Kingdom, or the naval and military service in the United States. There was a time in English history when corruption was rife in politics and in the public service; but, with the extension of empire and the increased sense of responsibility, the conscience of the nation was stirred against the scandal, and both at home and abroad public life has been freed from this blighting pest. For many years past there has been no instance in which a public servant of any standing has misused

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his position to his own advantage, or in which the little patronage which still remains to Ministers has been used corruptly or to the injury of public interests. A Secretary of State in the present day would be puzzled to tell the political opinions of five per cent. of the gentlemen in his office, or of those in the public service abroad. The former are appointed after examination, through the Civil Service Commission, and the latter rise from the lower ranks by merit to the highest posts.

It is not unimportant, perhaps, to add in this connection that the occupants of positions of great responsibility, such as the Governors of Colonies and Dependencies, have salaries which would be considered very high according to the American scale. Thus the Governor of Ceylon has 80,000 rupees per annum; of the Straits Settlements 38,800 rupees and entertainment allowance; of Jamaica, £6,000; of the Gold Coast, £4,000; and of Lagos, £3,500 and allowances; while in all cases long service entitles to a proportionate pension on retirement. It would be the worst economy to fix these salaries so low that good men would be unwilling to accept them, while bad men would be tempted to make them up by illicit gains at the expense of the people governed.

It has been already pointed out that these general considerations are not directed to the special problem which now immediately confronts the United States; and that there may be reasons, arising out of the circumstances under which the war was undertaken, or connected with the peculiar conditions of the territories concerned, or derived from the actual political situation in the United States, which may properly influence the American Government, and which it is beyond the province of the present article to discuss. The object of the writer has been to point out the general nature of the forces which are at work and which tend to draw the United States, sooner or later, into a share of the great work of controlling and civilizing the Tropics; and to state the grounds for the belief that, when that time comes, they will perform the duty worthily and with honor and advantage to themselves.

It only remains to consider how far such a development would affect the relations between the United States and Great Britain, and especially in what way it may influence the prospects of a closer union between the English-speaking countries.

It can hardly be necessary to say that the British nation will cordially welcome the entrance of the United States into the field of colonial enterprise, so long and so successfully occupied by themselves. There would be no jealousy of the expansion of American enterprise and influence; on the contrary, every Englishman would heartily rejoice in the co-operation of the United States in the great work of tropical civilization. From the nations of the Continent of Europe he has nothing to learn except what to avoid. Their system, their objects, and their ideals are entirely different from his; and, as he thinks, inferior. Their success from any point of view has not been apparent, and it is not likely that England will be tempted to imitate them. But we are confident that the aims and aspirations of the American people will be the same as our own, and we shall watch their efforts with sympathy and interest, hoping to learn something from their example, as well as to teach much from our experience.

We think it probable that in the course of this great experiment, the United States will be brought to appreciate more correctly the difficulties of the task that we have undertaken, and the character of the motives that have guided us. The pursuit of a common mission will gradually bind us together and lead to a better understanding. We shall find that our interests are identical and, while we shall prosecute them separately, we shall inevitably be drawn into closer union if they are threatened or endangered. And in this way may yet be fulfilled the aspiration of the poet:

> When closer strand shall lean to strand,
> Till meet, between saluting flags,
> The eagle of our mountain-crags,
> The lion of our Motherland!

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THE FALL OF MANILA

[August 13, 1898]

By Captain T. Bentley Mott, U.S.A.

Aide to General Merritt

A FEW days before the beginning of the operations which ended in the fall of Manila, General Merritt detached me from his staff, and directed me to act as aide-de-camp to General F. V. Greene, as the latter was very short of staff officers and the heaviest work of the campaign was falling upon his brigade. It was while acting in this capacity that I saw the events which I am about to describe.

When I joined General Greene, toward the end of July, his brigade was encamped along the Calle Real, the main road from Cavité to Manila, between the road and the beach, and about two and one-half miles from the Spanish Fort Malate. Up to this time our outposts were thrown forward merely as a protection to the camp, the insurgent lines being between us and Manila; but on July 28th General Merritt directed General Greene to take possession of a line from the road to the beach, just in front of the insurgents' advanced position, in order that the operations for the reduction of the place might begin. This was done at once.

For three days our men worked away at their trenches with almost no molestation from the Spaniards, though they had a strong line of breastworks not more than 1,000 yards in front. Occasionally a bullet would whistle over the work; but no one was hurt, and the troops soon paid no attention to these noises.

About eleven o'clock on the night of July 31st, however, things took a different turn. The Spaniards opened a furious infantry and artillery fire upon our line, which they kept up for about two hours. Fort Malate, with five guns, Block House No. 14, with two guns, and the infantry trenches connecting them brought a concentrated fire upon our short line of breastworks which was extremely trying. The night was as black as pitch, the rain was descending in torrents, and the trenches knee-deep in mud and water; for the ground is so flat and the soil such as to make drainage impossible.

The Tenth Pennsylvania and four guns of the Utah batteries occupied the line, with two batteries of the Third (foot) Artillery in reserve. The latter, without waiting for orders, were brought up with great gallantry under a galling fire, and, taking position on the right, replied so effectually to the flanking fire which the Spaniards were able to deliver as to subdue it entirely.

Meantime calls for ammunition and reinforcements came to General Greene. The whole camp was already under arms, the regiments standing expectantly in the pouring rain. The First California was ordered forward by battalion; and when I delivered the order to Colonel Smith and the bugle sounded the advance, the whole camp sent up a tremendous cheer, showing that neither rain, the darkness of the night, nor the unseen foe could dampen the involuntary delight of the men at the idea of at last getting at their enemy.

The ground over which these troops had to advance was perfectly flat, open, and unprotected, and it was swept by shell and the long-range fire of the Mauser rifle; but the men advanced with perfect steadiness, reinforced their comrades, and checked the Spanish fire.

Having sent up reinforcements and ammunition, General Greene went forward to the trenches. It is impossible to picture the dreariness of those lines. It was so dark that no man could distinguish the comrade at his elbow, and officers had to announce themselves by name that their men might know who they were. The ground was trodden into deep mire, alternating with pools into which one sank to the waist; cold gusts of wind came from the bay, chilling our wet bodies to the bone; many of the men were going through the setting-up exercises or the bar-bell exercises with their rifles, in order to get up circulation; the wounded were being carried back in carametas, an abominable species of native cart, not much bigger than a baby carriage, and drawn by the most wretched little beasts that ever wore

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bridles; every condition was present which can chill the ardor of soldiers in a fight; but our men were calm and even cheerful, complaining only of the impossibility of getting at the enemy through the intervening swamps and bamboo jungle. Our loss this night was ten men killed and about thirty wounded. We learned later that the Spanish loss was much heavier.

Most of the men killed were shot in the head; in other parts of the body the Mauser bullet makes a small wound which does not seem to bleed at all. Captain Hobbs, Third Artillery, was shot through the thigh about midnight; the blow knocked him down, but, getting up, he rubbed his leg, said it was nothing, and went on. He remained in the trenches all night; and it was not until eleven o'clock the next day, while undressing, that he discovered the nature of his wound.

During the week succeeding this fight the Spaniards made three more of these night attacks, killing and wounding eight or ten of our men, and the soldiers in camp began to grumble a good deal. General Merritt had given most positive orders that the Spanish fire should not be returned, unless the men could see something to shoot at, or the Spaniards were plainly advancing in the open to take our works. The fleet lay quietly at anchor up at Cavité, except the Raleigh, which was anchored off our camp.

Why did not the Admiral send ships up to shell the works that gave us so much annoyance? Why would not General Merritt let the men reply to a fire that was killing them nightly? The average soldier could see no sense in it. But even before Manila was taken with so little loss, the wisdom of the General's order became evident; for after our men had lain silent in the trenches for one or two nights, disdaining any reply to the Spanish fire, and wholly unharmed, the night attacks ceased; and even in the day the work of strengthening the line went on unmolested. It really looked as though it was agreed that both sides should make all their preparations without annoyance, until the day came when a final trial of strength would settle who was to hold Manila.

As a matter of fact, neither the fleet nor the army was at this time ready for a general engagement. The army did not have, all told, enough ammunition for more than one day of hard fighting, and only a part of this was in camp. The terrific storm which had prevailed for more than a week made the landing of the ammunition impossible; while only a small portion of General McArthur's brigade had gotten ashore from their transports, and this with the greatest difficulty and at the sacrifice of most of their supplies in the heavy surf. As for the fleet, the Monterey, it is true, had arrived and was ready to match her 10- and 12-inch guns against the 9½-inch Krupps of the enemy; but the bay was so rough that our fleet would have fought at great disadvantage. It was none too well supplied with ammunition, and the Admiral very wisely desired to keep enough in reserve to use on the Germans in case of necessity. The German Admiral had acted with such insolence during this whole crisis that, had we attacked and failed to take Manila, there were good grounds for believing that he would have carried his interference to the point where Admiral Dewey's forbearance would cease and his guns be brought into play.

There was thus every good reason for delaying the decisive blow.

On August 11th, however, affairs assumed a more promising aspect. The storm had abated so that the troops on the transports could be landed, and the sea was smooth enough to insure good shooting by our ships; supplies of food and ammunition had been landed in the little creek at Parañaque, and were being transported to camp by every conceivable primitive conveyance.

The diplomatic preliminaries had also been attended to by Admiral Dewey and General Merritt. On the 7th they sent a joint note through the English Admiral and Consul to the Captain-General, announcing that he was given forty-eight hours in which to remove the women and children from Manila, and that at any time after the expiration of the said forty-eight hours the city was likely to be bombarded. This note was acknowledged in a letter of great politeness and some pathos by the Spanish commander. He said the position of his women and children was very hard, as he had no ships in which to send them out from the city, and to send them out by land was to put them into the hands

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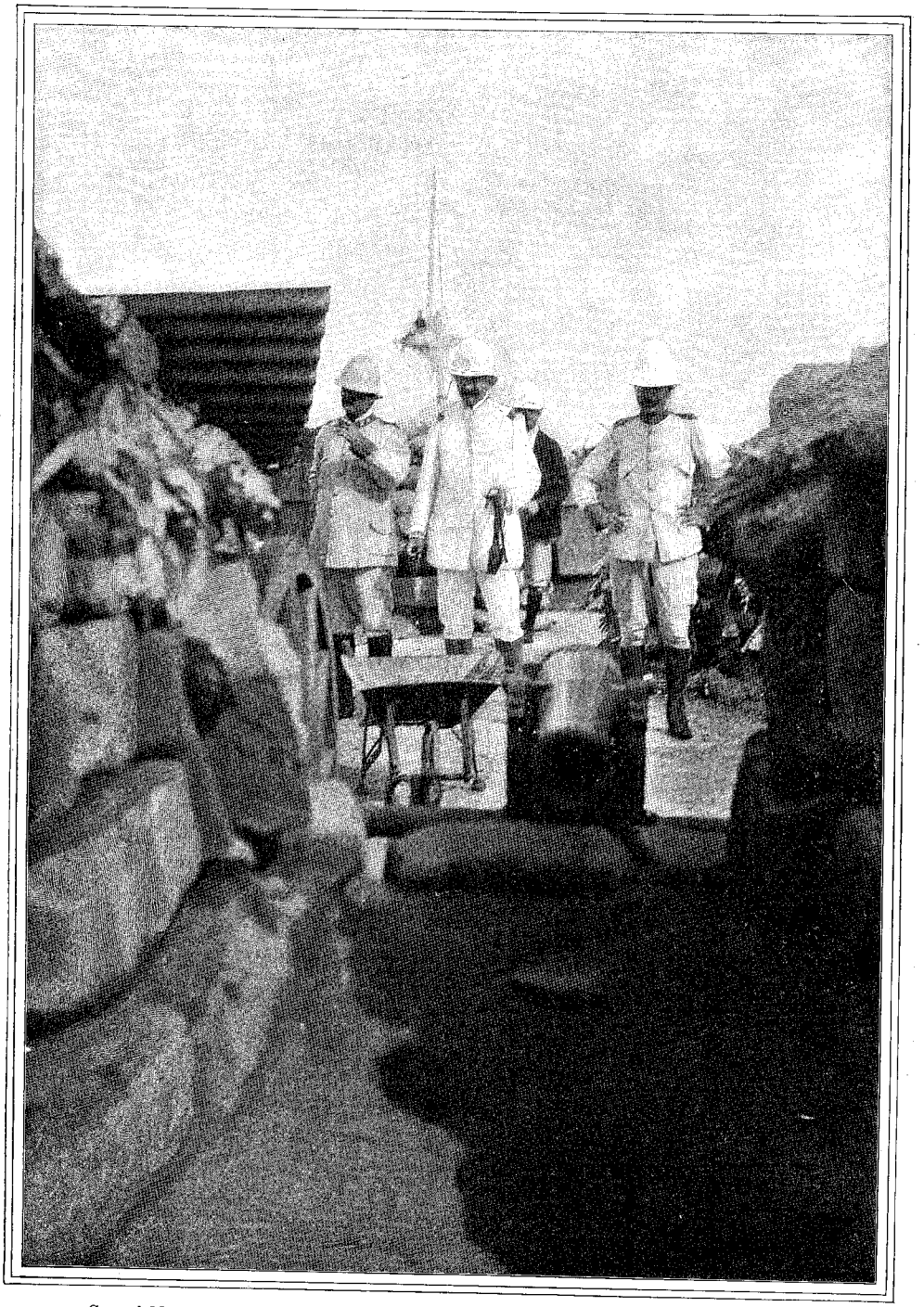

General Merritt and General Greene Taking a Look at a Spanish Field-gun on the Malate Fort.

[This gun had the range of our trenches to a yard during the night attacks, and caused us severe loss.—T. B. M.]

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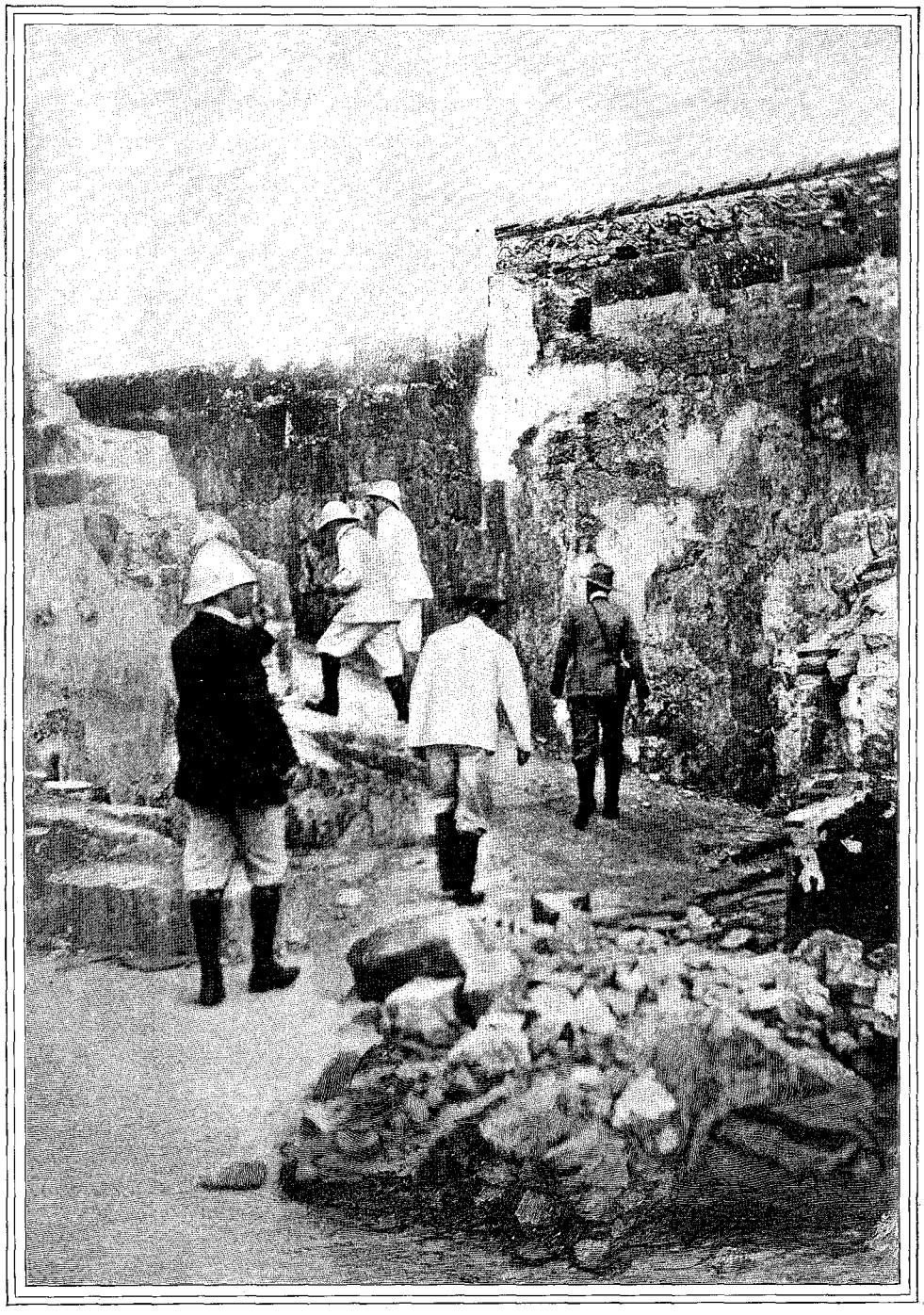

General Merritt and General Greene Climbing the Ramp of the Malate Fort.

[This glimpse of the interior of the Fort shows the work of the Navy 8-inch shells with their delay-action fuzes—which did not explode till they had nearly penetrated the wall.—T. B. M.]

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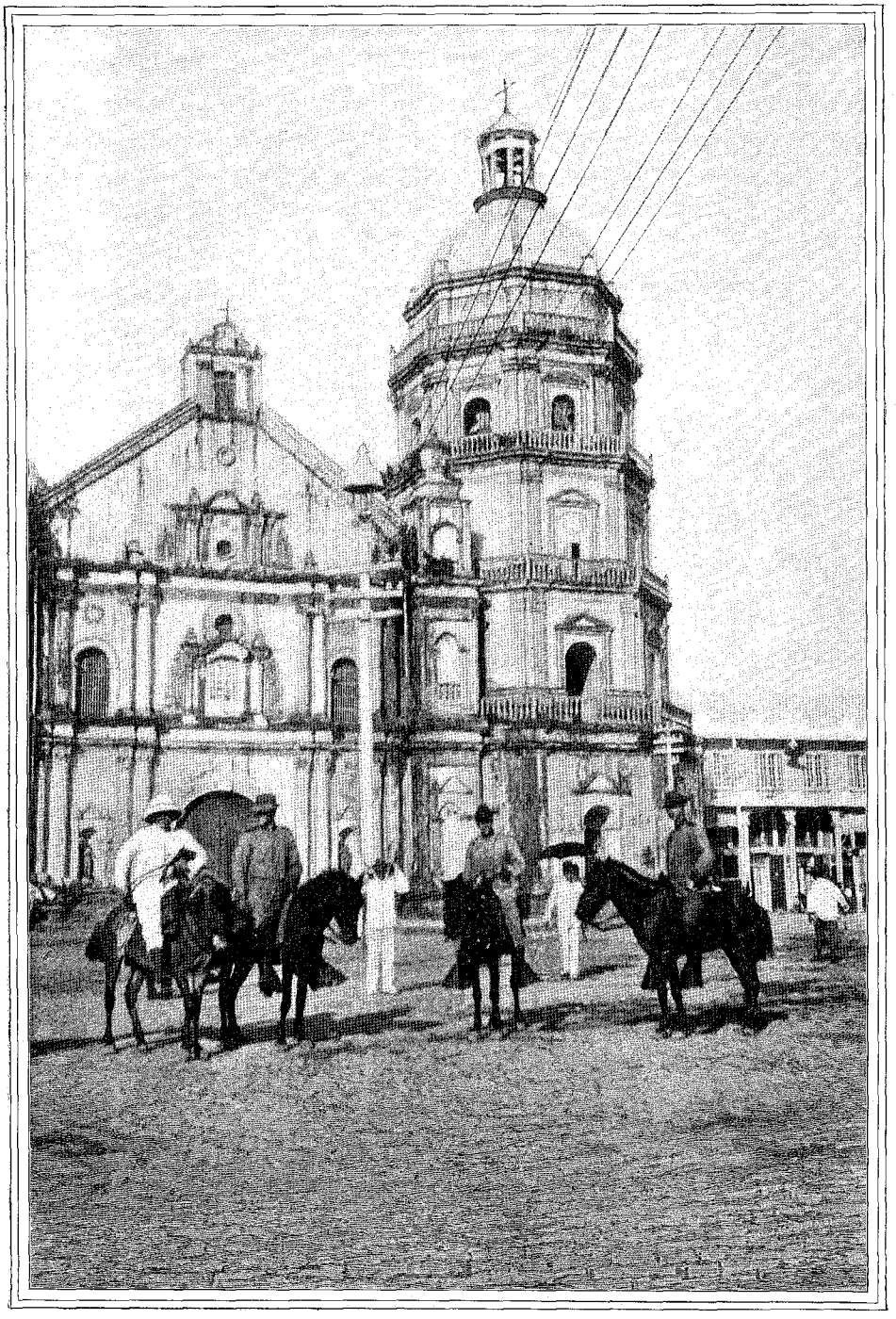

Church in the Plaza Calderon de la Barca.

[In the foreground are several American officers mounted on ponies captured from the Spanish Cavalry.—T. B. M.]

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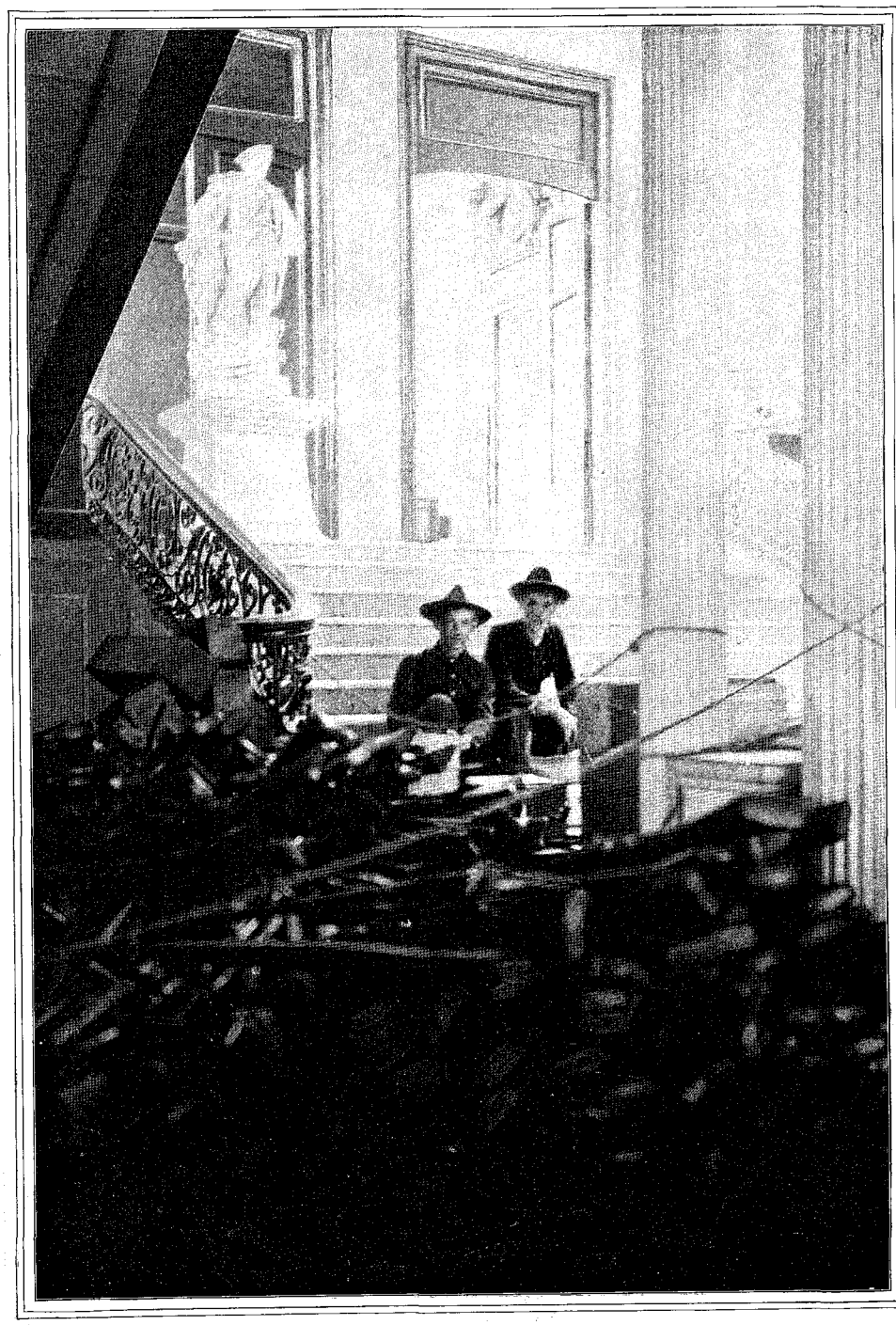

In the Court of the Ayuntamiénto or Municipal Building, After the Surrender.

[The statue at the head of the noble staircase is of Sebastian Cabot. In the foreground are piled the muskets and ammunition delivered up by the Spaniards on the afternoon of the surrender.—T. B. M.]

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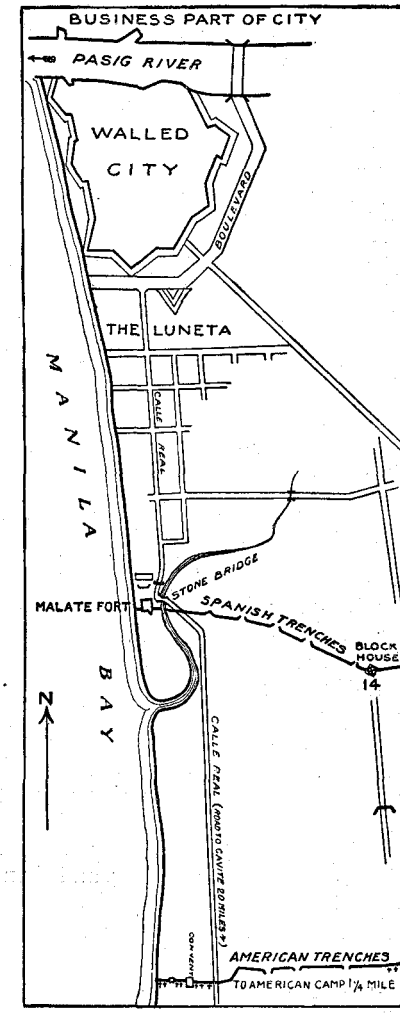
of the insurgents. Nevertheless, he thanked the humane commanders for this notice, and in conclusion kissed their feet, etc. Upon the expiration of the forty-eight hours' notice—that is to say, at noon on August 9th—another joint note was sent by our General and Admiral, representing the hopelessness of resistance in view of our strength on land and sea, and formally demanding the surrender of the city, that the life and property of defenceless inhabitants might be spared the destruction which must inevitably ensue if we were obliged to bombard and storm the city. To this the Captain-General replied by requesting that the proposition might be referred to Madrid. This proposition was refused, and all correspondence thus ended.

On Thursday morning, the 11th, General Merritt called together Generals Anderson, McArthur, and Greene, and explained to them the plan of combined attack arranged by himself and the Admiral. These verbal instructions were supplemented with a written memorandum.

On the morning of the 13th the camp was astir at four o'clock. Breakfast being over, haversacks and canteens filled, the troops fell in, were inspected, and the march began to the front. Everybody was glad to leave the soggy camp, where we had spent weeks in the mud and rain; no one wanted to return, and no one expected to return. The rain soon began, and the road turned into a slough. It poured for two hours, and carrying orders along the line meant wading to the knees.

By the time the troops were in position, the rain ceased and the air cleared, and all felt elated that nothing was likely to postpone the attack. Presently the ships could be seen moving up the bay; and at a quarter before ten a shot from the Olympia went crashing toward the Malate fort, and we all knew that the ball had begun. The shots came very slowly at first, and it was evident the ships were trying for the range. Soon the rapid-fire and machine-guns began to speak out, and General Greene ordered our own artillery to fire a few rounds. Our gunners had the range down to a fine point—it was only 1,050 yards—and nearly every shell could be seen taking effect on the black walls of the old fort the men had stared at in silence so long.

The Olympia, the Raleigh, the Petrel, and the captured gun-boat Callao were the only ships that shelled the enemy's lines; the others lay farther north, ready to attack



the heavy land-batteries as soon as they should open. We all watched the Monterey, and listened for the deep boom of her 12-inch guns; for, as some man had said, he "bet there would be a new street in Manila every time she fired a shot." The Spaniards must have believed this, too, for they did not fire at the fleet; and the Admiral did not care to ruin the city with shells unless necessary to silence the fire of land-batteries.

Our field-guns continued very deliberately to clean off the crest of the Malate fort, but only one shell was fired in return.

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It soon became quite evident that the Spaniards had left their works in our immediate front, where the shell-fire had fallen thickest, and General Greene ordered the First Colorado forward. Two companies jumped over the parapet and went in extended order across the swamp between the Calle Real and the beach. Two other companies advanced in column up the beach, through a path in the bamboo fringe they had cut the night before. These troops soon had to halt and lie down, for the ships either could not see our signal, "Cease firing," or the blue jackets were unable to restrain their desire to have a few more shots at the enemy. At last, however, the ships slackened their fire, the second battalion of the First Colorado went over the parapet to support their comrades, and both lines went forward rapidly, the line to the right firing volleys at the Spanish trenches to cover the column advancing along the beach. The latter column forded the creek in front of the Malate fort, advanced by rushes to the breast-works surrounding it, entered the fort, and swarmed to the top only to find it deserted. The Spanish had only gone as far as the little breast-work and house directly in rear of the fort, and from there kept up an annoying fire on the Colorado troops, killing one man and wounding others.

As soon as our men got possession of the fort, we could see someone (it proved to be Lieutenant-Colonel McCoy, of the First Colorado) climbing up the flag-pole and tearing down the Spanish flag, and then a moment later the Stars and Stripes floated out from the staff amid the cheers of the whole army and fleet. This flag had been given to Adjutant Brooks, of the First Colorado, by General Greene, with orders to raise it over Malate; and I saw him carrying it tied around his waist as the regiment went forward.

Meantime the four companies of the First Colorado, which had advanced across the fields, entered the Spanish trenches, crossed the bridge, and moved on up the road. The Spanish fire at this time was all coming at long range from the northeast, and did little or no damage. The third battalion of the First Colorado now came up. The whole regiment was formed in column, and advanced boldly along the Calle Real into the city. Their band had come up with this regiment and, taking post in some old Spanish trenches, played for the regiments of the reserve, which were advancing in column up the beach with flags flying. From where we now stood under the walls of the old fort, this was a really beautiful sight; and after the exhausting work of the morning, the music, the sight of our colors in the Spanish lines, and the thought of victory were exhilarating.

When the left attack on the Malate fort was seen to be succeeding, General Greene ordered the Eighteenth Infantry and Third Artillery Battalion to move forward on the Spanish trenches in their front. This they did over most difficult ground, and in the face of a determined fire from the enemy. Why the fire did not take effect I cannot understand, for the bullets came in very thick; but not one of their men was hit. General McArthur's brigade extended through the woods and swamps to the right from the Third Artillery line, and this advance was much more severely contested.

The Astor Battery behaved in most gallant fashion at this end of the line, dragging their guns along with the infantry firing line and using them very effectively. They lost their first sergeant and two other men killed. The Twenty-third Regular Infantry and the Thirteenth Minnesota were also obliged to do their work under a very severe fire, which fortunately was not too well directed. This brigade reached the city some time after General Greene's brigade, and did not advance farther than the outskirts, where they received the news that the city had surrendered, and where they were ordered to halt and protect that part of the town from the entrance of insurgents. In the day's fighting we lost six men killed and forty-three wounded.

At this writing the Spanish loss is not known; but I saw four dead as I rode over the Spanish trenches—evidently all killed by one shell—and in the fort two more dead were lying in casemates. Their loss under the attacks of General McArthur's brigade in the vicinity of Block House No. 14 must have been considerable.

When our troops, advancing along the Calle Real, came out upon the Luneta, a white flag was seen flying from the western bastion of the walls, and word was at once brought to General Greene, who was a few blocks in the rear. He sent me to order

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up immediately the rear regiments of the brigade to the Luneta; and when I returned to him after performing this duty, the sight which greeted me as I rode across this famous parade ground, execution ground, and pleasure ground—this Luneta—was a marvellous one to meet American eyes. The dark walls of the old seventeenth-century fort stood boldly up, surrounded by its girdle of moat and demi-lunes and covered way. Directly in front of the causeway, that leads with many a precautionary draw-bridge and face-cover through the main sally-port of the fort, was massed, in column of companies, one half of the American army, with their colors flying in the stiff breeze. Everything was expectantly still. Presently a handsome carriage with men in livery came over the bridge, bringing General Babcock, General Merritt's Chief-of-Staff, with the news that General Merritt was with the Governor-General arranging the preliminary terms of surrender.

While our troops were cautiously advancing under a desultory musketry fire through the streets of the city, the Belgian Consul had gone out in his launch to Admiral Dewey with the news that the Captain-General was ready to surrender the city. This was at once communicated to General Merritt, who, with two officers, went ashore with the Consul, the white flag having meantime been hoisted.

General Greene at last received information that he could move his troops on into the main city, which he did by following the broad boulevard along the moat, crossing the bridge, and entering the Plaza de Calderon de la Barca. Battalions were at once sent out to guard each of the main bridges and approaches to the city proper against the entrance of armed insurgents, many of whom had tried to come into the city on our heels for the purpose of looting. Such as got in were disarmed and sent back, and the others were kept out by our men. There was practically no looting by the native Filipinos of the city, for sentinels were posted in every quarter; and very few complaints have come in of such outrages, even in the far districts.

It was now six o'clock, and by seven our men were distributed at their new posts, for the most part occupying public buildings or porticos. Most of them were too tired to do anything more than make a meal from their haversacks, and lie down on the deserted sidewalks to rest and sleep, knowing that their turn at sentry duty would soon come.

Every shop and house in the place was closed, and one noticeable thing was the prevalence of the British flag. Every Chinaman's house and every Chinaman's window displayed this emblem of protection, so that the business part of the city looked as if it were dressed for a British holiday. The Spanish inhabitants, the officers, and soldiers gave not the slightest token of hostility or displeasure. The prevailing feeling in the atmosphere on all sides was one of *relief*—relief that the strain of war, of hunger, of uncertainty was over. General Merritt sent for General Greene about eight o'clock, and I accompanied the latter to the Governor-General's palace in the old walled city, where we found General Merritt and his staff seated at a comfortable dinner, which the late Governor-General's people were serving. The entrance to the palace is a large marble-paved court, with a fine statue of Sebastian Cabot between the two broad flights of stairs which lead up to the state apartments. This court was piled head-high with captured muskets, equipments, and Mauser cartridges, while a company of soldiers were sleeping on the floor along the walls. Outside, strings of surrendered cavalry horses were tied to the trees of the garden, and the whole place suggested the picturesque side of war.

It is needless to say that everybody was in good humor and good appetite; but it seemed unutterably strange to see a group of officers in the uniform of the United States, stained with mud and belted with revolvers, sitting about and smoking their cigars with a comfortable air of proprietorship in these lofty rooms of viceroyalty, hung with splendid old portraits of Spain's weak rulers and Spain's bold robbers. The weather-beaten face of one old fellow in a casque seemed to look upon us with a stern eye, and I said to myself, "If that old sixteenth-century buccaneer had been in command to-day, there would have been more American soldiers left dead upon the fields of Malate."

MANILA, August 16th.

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MRS. H. HARRISON WELLS'S SHOES

By Jesse Lynch Williams

LINTON had written a very pretty accidental drowning story (a father and two young children), a half-column about a suicide-for-love, and part of the big story on the first page about the absconding-bank-cashier-Sunday-school-superintendent. So having done his full day's share of uplifting and moulding the public mind, he should have been well pleased with himself the next morning when the paper came out. But he was not.

He was up early this morning, on his way to the Seventh Judicial District Court, at Third Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street, and he was very glum and discontented. It was bad enough to get out of bed at nine o'clock—for a morning-paper man. But he wasn't thinking about that; it was what he had to do when he arrived there: watch a woman—who happened to be a very nice woman—in a lawsuit with a shoemaker; have a talk with each of them, get both sides of the matter, and write a good story, with facetious, satirical touches in it, for New York to smile over the next morning at breakfast. He knew the woman. She knew him. She would see him there. She would know that he was watching her. She would know that he had written what *The Day* published about her and her shoes. He felt like resigning.

It had sounded like such a good story the afternoon before when the smiling City Editor was talking that he had jumped at it. But the moment he left the hot, excited atmosphere of the City Room, it all seemed a very different business. This morning he had cooled down still more; and he could not understand how he had agreed to take such an assignment.

He had been at this work long enough now not to mind going up into tenements and talking to people there about their souls or their family quarrels, or their daughters who had killed themselves, or the reason for it. But when it came to making unpleasant publicity for refined people, it seemed a different thing. And yet, as he now reminded himself, it ought not to be considered a different thing. So he told himself it must be that he was afraid of being seen and known as a reporter by nice people, and this made him hurry up the Elevated steps, two at a time, to show that it was a mistake.

But whether it was foolish or not, he did not like the idea of being seen on this assignment, and he made up his mind on the train to keep out of her way; he could cover the story well enough without having a talk with her.

But you see there was no dodging the great fact that this woman was a first cousin to the girl uptown, who seemed to him to be what a girl ought to be, and who believed in him. That was what had kept him awake during the night.

Whether the girl ever knew it or not, yet he would always know that he had deliberately gone to work and made a near relative of hers the subject of a newspaper article for the town to talk and gossip about. It would not be a pleasant thing to remember about himself.

All the old repugnance and loathing for this thing of reporting came upon him worse than ever, and he pictured himself, as he often had before, going back to the office and telling the City Editor what he unreservedly thought about the whole dirty business.

"I'll go back and say, 'See here, White' (I won't call him 'mister'). 'What do you take me for? What do you take me for? Do you think I am going to do this sort of thing? Well, you're mistaken. I'll tell you, once for all, I'll be damned if I do.'" And he became quite hot and excited telling himself how little he would care at being discharged, and how much better offers he had had to do better things, etc., until the "L" guard called out his station.

Then he got out and wiped his brow, and reminded himself that he had no intention of making any such fool of himself as that. He had often felt like resigning before, and had always been glad he hadn't.

"All I'll have to do," he remarked to

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himself, "is to fall down on this assignment and one or two more as badly as I did last week, and I'll be allowed to resign fast enough without any grand-stand remarks."

Meanwhile, he would have to get the facts of this story because he couldn't very well resign over the telephone, and, besides, there wasn't time to send up another man, and it wouldn't be square to let the paper get beaten on the story.

"But there are two chances," he said; "either the case has been settled out of court to avoid publicity—I should think it would be—or it will be adjourned; cases generally are. Very likely, Mrs. Wells won't be there, anyhow."

He entered the court-room and found he was mistaken in all these suppositions, and there sat Mrs. H. Harrison Wells in the front row, with a lot of beautiful tailor-made clothes on, looking refined and out of place in the stuffy little court-room, which was filled with bad air and hard faces.

"Well," thought Linton, backing out again, "I'll have to keep out of her sight some way," and just then somebody slapped him on the back.

It was a young man named Harry Lawrence. He was an old class-mate, so he greeted Linton cordially, wanted to know what in thunder he was doing up there, and seemed excited about something.

Linton said he was a reporter for *The Day*.

"That's so; I forgot," said the young lawyer. "Are you going to write an article up here? What about?"

"They want me to find out about Mrs. Wells's shoes or something."

"You don't say so! Why, I'm her counsel," Lawrence said, sententiously. "I'll be glad to give you all the help I can, Jim. I'll introduce you to her, if you like."

"Oh, no, you won't, though," thought Linton. "Is she going to stay during the trial?" he asked.

"Yes, of course. It's a civil suit, you know. She'll have to testify." The young lawyer hadn't tried very many cases before, and he was feeling important. "Excuse me a minute," he said. "You wait here, Jim."

But Linton did not. He went out of the door before Lawrence reached his client's side, and he meant to stay out until he heard the clerk call out: "Hawkins against Wells." And then he was merely going to get the bare facts and go down to the office and resign. He was sick of this business.

A few minutes later the door opened and Mrs. Wells came out of the court-room, unaccompanied, and started for the stairs, her skirts rustling luxuriously.

"She's probably stifled by that air," thought Linton, "and Harry's busy with briefs and things. But she oughtn't to walk about here alone; I suppose I must ——" He had started to take off his hat, but stopped his hand midway and scratched his chin instead, for Mrs. Wells had looked into his face and out the other side, and then hurried on down the stairs, without knowing he was there.

"It wasn't necessary to do that," he said to himself. "Harry probably asked if she wanted to talk to me, and she probably decided that she did not. She had a right to, I suppose, but it wasn't at all necessary to do that."

He watched her stepping carefully down the dirty stairs, and said to her back, "You needn't think I want to talk to you." He had never experienced anything like this before and he tried to laugh, but it didn't seem very funny; so he stopped laughing and became normally angry instead, and cursed Harry Lawrence for a snob.

To be sure he had only seen Mrs. Wells twice since the commencement week when he had seen a good deal of her, and that was some time ago, and he was dressed in a flannel coat and duck trousers then. Besides, she was to be a defendant in a lawsuit in a few minutes, and that might have preoccupied her, but he did not stop to think of that. He was thinking of many other things. One of them was her cousin.

He was still standing by the window in the hall, hot with indignation at her and angry and sneering at himself for minding it, when Lawrence suddenly appeared and took him by the arm. "Come on, old man, you can talk to Mrs. Wells. Mr. Wells is here, too, now, and——"

"No, no," said Linton, backing off and bristling all over.

"Come on, man, what's the matter with you? Thought you'd quit being a woman-hater." Then he whispered, "Turn around; here they come."

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Linton turned around and there they came. Mrs. H. Harrison Wells was smiling at him. It was her regular smile, the one she used every evening. Whether she had cut him before or not she meant to allow him to speak to her now. She held out her hand, condescendingly, it seemed to Linton, who was hating her, hating Lawrence, and hating himself.

The husband did not shake hands; he merely said "How do," and looked like a prosperous, self-satisfied New Yorker. Linton hated him, too, and took out his handkerchief to wipe his brow, which was wet; and Mrs. Wells said, "I did not know that you had taken up journalism. What paper do you write for? It must be very exciting. Do you like it?"

She was an interesting looking young New York chaperone, but she had the hard, sharp look about the eyes that is bound to come when a woman thinks a good deal about being "a leader;" and she was automatically putting the young man at his ease.

Linton did not like people to put him at his ease, but he answered that he enjoyed some things about his work, and that *he* called it reporting, and laughed foolishly and perspired some more because she thought he was embarrassed at talking to her.

But she was smiling vaguely now and not paying attention to what he said. He had a notion to make her, and at the same time show that he was not rattled, by telling her that he had already taken mental note of her dark green street-dress and the Paris hat with the dash of red in it which was becoming, and even of the small calf-skin shoes, a pair which surely were made expressly for her; but Lawrence had begun to talk.

"You see," he said, officiously, "Mrs. Wells is tired of having these shop-keepers bunco her all the time, and she thought she'd make an example of this shoemaker."

Mrs. Wells laughed and looked more womanly when she laughed than when she smiled. Linton wanted to say, "I don't care to hear about your old shoes."

Then her husband spoke up, looking at Linton in a way he did not fancy, "You may say she thought she owed it to our friends to expose these people's methods — yes, you say that; say it wasn't the money, but she considers it her duty, as a matter of principle, you understand?"

Linton smiled.

The husband went on: "Now, my wife's very fond of shoes, and gets a great many of them. It's one of her hobbies."

"Well, I do know a ready-made boot when I see one," said Mrs. Wells, looking at her husband.

"Of course you do," said the husband, looking at her.

"You bet she does," said the young lawyer to Linton.

"That would make a good opening sentence," said the reporter to himself.

"At any rate," interrupted Mrs. Wells, shutting her eyes and opening them again, "those were *not* the boots I ordered, and as they had done this same thing before, and as I did not want to have so much space taken up with things I can't wear, why I returned them again. But they sent them back to me once more, and enclosed the bill, too, the aggravating things; so I returned them again, and again they sent them back to me, and—oh, we had a fine time sending them back and forth." She laughed and looked at her husband.

It occurred to Linton that if he had not made up his mind not to cover this story there was a good paragraph or two showing the bootmaker's boy whistling and carrying the innocent shoes to Mrs. Wells, and the Wells's servant marching straight back with them again—altogether the unworn shoes would travel several miles. "Why, here comes that confounded footman again!" the bootmaker would say, and "Oh, here's the boy with those boots again," the Wells's servants would exclaim. That is the way it could be put in the story which he was not to write.

"Now, dear," interrupted the husband, "Harry says we must go in and sign this thing." Then, in a different tone of voice, to the reporter, "Anything else you want?"

Linton said, "No, thanks." The three hurried off, leaving him putting away his handkerchief.

Some of the other reporters who had been hovering round at a distance now hurried over to Linton and asked, "What did you get out of them, old man?"

"Nothing," said Linton, as reporters nearly always do, and then he began to

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tell them as much as he thought Mrs. Wells would not object to their knowing. Mrs. Wells was watching him from across the room.

Just then the clerk called "Hawkins *vs.* Wells," and the reporters hurried up to the Press-table in front of the judge's bench.

Linton hesitated a moment, looked across the room at the woman who had a cousin, then at the other reporters hurriedly sharpening their pencils, and took out some copy paper. First he tore off a corner and began to chew it. Then he said, "Oh, well, they think I'm writing it anyway," and walked up to the table.

The case did not last very long. Each side had brought shoes to court and held them up for the judge to examine. The defence first tried to show that the shoes in question were ready-made shoes, but the shoemaker had an employee to testify to having made them himself by hand.

"But, your honor," young Lawrence exclaimed, getting worked up, "we do not care whether these shoes are made to order or not. Granted that they are. That is not the point at issue. Our contention is that they were not made for our client. The witness does not swear that they were. He cannot. He dares not. But, your honor, we will show conclusively that they are not the shoes we ordered. Now we have shown you by exhibit 'B' that Mrs. Wells always orders eight buttons, why should she on this occasion order seven buttons?" etc., all of which would make a good story, as Linton well knew, and the humorous values were arranging themselves in his head in spite of himself.

But the best part, of course, was when Mrs. H. Harrison Wells was called to the stand to testify and had to try on several pairs of shoes. This was one of the chief points in the story, and the head-line in a new journalism afternoon paper later on that day was, "MRS. WELLS'S FEET SOCIETY WOMAN TAKES OFF HER SHOES IN COURT."

Linton was fastidious about such things but he could not help admiring her for the way she carried it off. She knew that some of the papers (not his paper, thank Heavens!) had "artists" there making rapid sketches, but she kept her self-possession all through the ordeal. She blushed and smiled, but she did not smile too much. He thought she was just about right. "This has to be done," she seemed to say, "so I may as well do it with dignity and grace." And she did.

Also, she won the case, and young Lawrence and Mr. and Mrs. H. Harrison Wells, with rustling skirts, hurried out of the room excited and delighted together, and the next case was called.

Linton waited until he heard their carriage-door slam and then he hurried to the office, sat down and dashed off the best story he had ever written.

He had the glow of creation and he felt reckless and brilliant. He had a good humorous story in his head—it had formed itself there automatically—and did not let himself stop to think whether he was giving anybody unpleasant publicity or not.

Besides, he had undertaken the job, so it was his duty to his paper to carry it through to the best of his ability, no matter who was the woman's cousin, was it not?

The story began, "Mrs. H. Harrison Wells knows a ready-made shoe when she sees it. Hereafter a certain fashionable bootmaker will remember this. He has reason to." Then he referred to her dainty demonstration, and ended his opening, as was then the vogue in *The Day* office, with a little short sentence. Like this.

After that he made a terse exposition of the facts of the trouble, and told about Mrs. Wells's interesting shoe habit, and described, in detail, the shoes the defence brought to court, and the shoes the serious-faced shoemaker brought also. He told where, as shown by the old shoes, the defendant was accustomed to wear them out first, and on which side she ran the heels down, which had nothing to do with the case, but would make interesting reading. He told how fine and soft the material was, and ended that paragraph with, "However, most New York women would not want these shoes. They could not use them;" which was true.

"What rot!" thought Linton as he wrote it, but it was the sort of thing *The Day* liked, just as *The Earth's* reporter's story was not; he said "Of course a number of the 400 could not wear ready-made

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shoes. Mercy, no!" And things of that silly sort.

Then Linton showed, with interpolated dialogue, written in short paragraphs which are apt to look readable glancing down the column, how the earnest little shoemaker became easily tangled up in cross-examination by the young lawyer, whom Linton could not help patronizing a little by the way, then concluded with the carriage-door slamming and the horses clattering off, while the shoemaker went back to his shop, and "under his arm were the soft little shoes that caused all the trouble."

Then he made a double X mark to show the copyreader that no more copy was to follow, and went out and took a drink all by himself.

When Linton came down to the office he found he had written the story of the day. He was congratulated by all the fellows who knew him, and by some who did not, and, best of all, he overheard Billy Woods say, in a loud voice, "Who wrote that shoe story? it's good." "Linton," replied another older man, who the young reporter had supposed did not know his name.

Just then the City Editor called him up to the desk and after complimenting him on the way he had handled the story, told him that at the end of the week his salary would be increased. Linton thanked him, but said he was not sure that he was going to stay with the paper; he would let him know later. Now that the next morning had come he did not feel so pleased over his story and what it might involve.

That evening he heard down-stairs that Mrs. H. Harrison Wells had ordered twenty extra copies of the paper from the counting-rooms. No one could tell, of course, how many others she had bought at the news-stands. She, at least, could not have been very indignant. So he concluded that she had not cut him purposely, and that she must have wanted to be interviewed all along, which was the fact. And she thought his writing very clever. Doubtless, her friends were pleased, too, for they smiled and said: "What won't the woman do next to show off those feet?"

That night Linton saw Lawrence at a class smoker. The young lawyer thanked him sincerely for the kind mention of him as Mrs. Wells's counsel, and asked if Linton did not think it ought to help bring in some more business from her set.

Even the shoemaker, Linton discovered, was rather pleased at seeing his name in the paper, even though it did show him in a bad light. "That will tell people what class of customers I have, anyway," he said to himself.

"Well," thought Linton, "everyone seems to be pleased, from the City Editor to Mrs. Wells. Now, I am the cause of it. So I think I may as well be pleased, too." Then he added, after a pause, "I think I can become a good reporter now if I stop thinking about other things." And that was what he decided to do.

SEPARATION

By Alice Learned Bunner

COULD she come back, who has been dead so long,
How could I tell her of these years of wrong,
To what wild discords has my life been set
Striving the olden love-song to forget?
How can she know in the abode of bliss
The utter loneliness of life in this,
The weariness that comes of nights unslept,
The hopeless agony of tears unwept?
Could she come back, between would lie those years
And I could only look at her—through tears.

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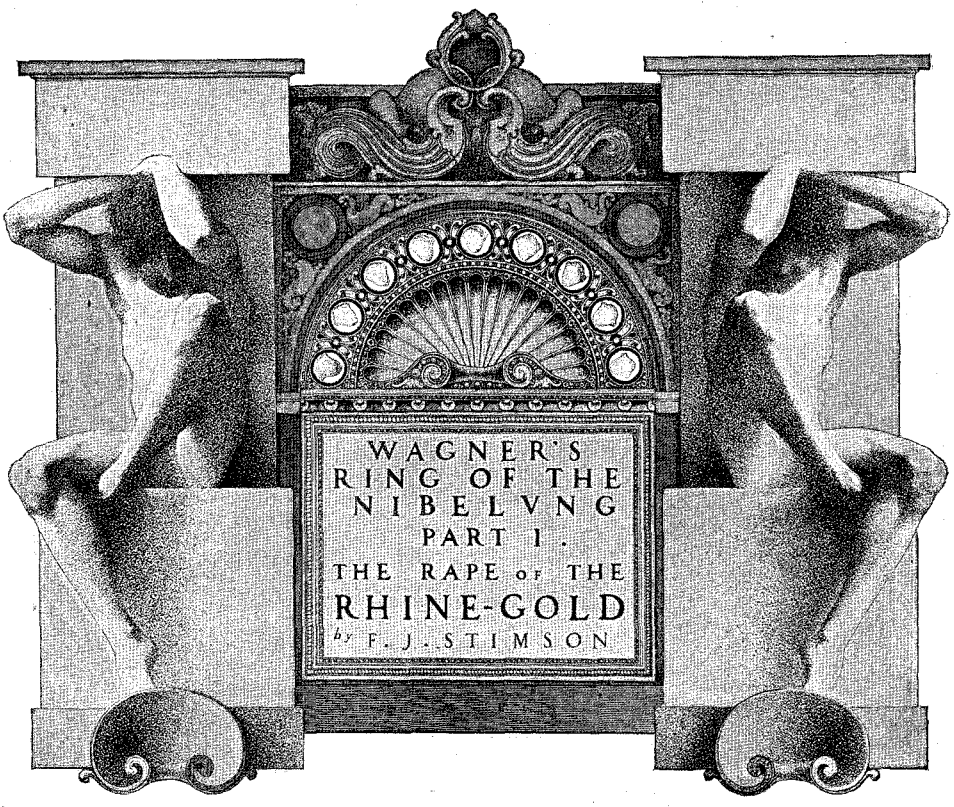

SCENE 1. PICTURE.—*The depths of the Rhine; green twilight, dark below, brighter above. The gulf is filled with waving waters, restless, streaming from right to left; toward the bottom they lose themselves in mist; everywhere steep crags rise from the deeps, giving no foothold, while on every side the rifts of darkness indicate yet deeper gulfs.*]

[*This is the silence of night,*
This is the birth of time;
Under the waters primeval,
Deep in the womb of earth,
By the guarded gold,
Wakens the Will of the world.
Nibelungs reck not of gold,
Gods have forgotten the gold,
Rhine-daughters guard the gold,
Men are not born.]

WOGLINDE. Weia! Waga! waver, ye waters! well to the world-wall!
Well to the world-wall! waver and well! wala, weia!

[*The waters are in full motion:* WOGLINDE *is circling gracefully about the lofty central reef; above, in the sky, one star. She calls to* WELLGUNDE *and* FLOSSHILDE *above.*]

WELLGUNDE. Watch you, Woglinde, alone?

WOGLINDE (*diving down*). Not if my Wellgunde will!

WELLGUNDE. I will that thou watch——

WOGLINDE. Watch an thou will!

FLOSSHILDE. Heiaha, weia, wanton and wilful!

WELLGUNDE. Flosshilde, swim! Woglinde wills to be wanton!

[*They play and chase one another.*]

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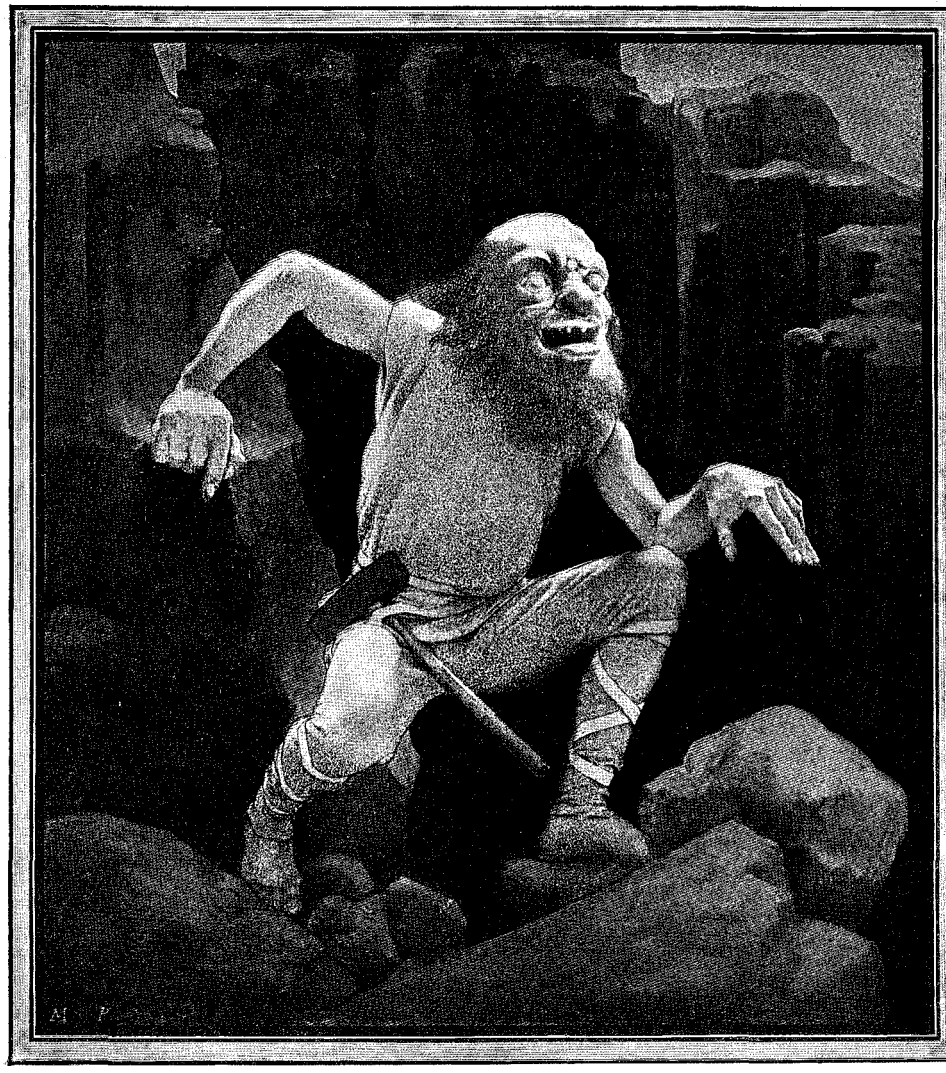

FLOSSHILDE.

The sleep of the gold
Ill do ye hold!
Better ye brood by the treasure's hoard,
Else shall ye wantons repent!

[*See, where ill*
The sisters still
Wanton and wilfully play!
From dark night
To the golden light
Alberich wends his way!
Tongue of thirst,
Lip of lust,
From womb of earth
To evil's birth
Fate draws the Nibelung fay!]

ALBERICH.

Ho, ho, ye Nixies!
Neat-ankled Pixies!
Nimble and light ye seem after Nibelheim's night—
Let me but get to you now!

WOGLINDE.

Hey! what is that?

FLOSSHILDE.

Some dark thing that cries——

WELLGUNDE.

Look there, who spies us——?

WOGLINDE, WELLGUNDE.

Fie, the foul imp!

FLOSSHILDE.

Look to the gold! Father warned us of such a foe!

ALBERICH.

Ho, ho, up there?

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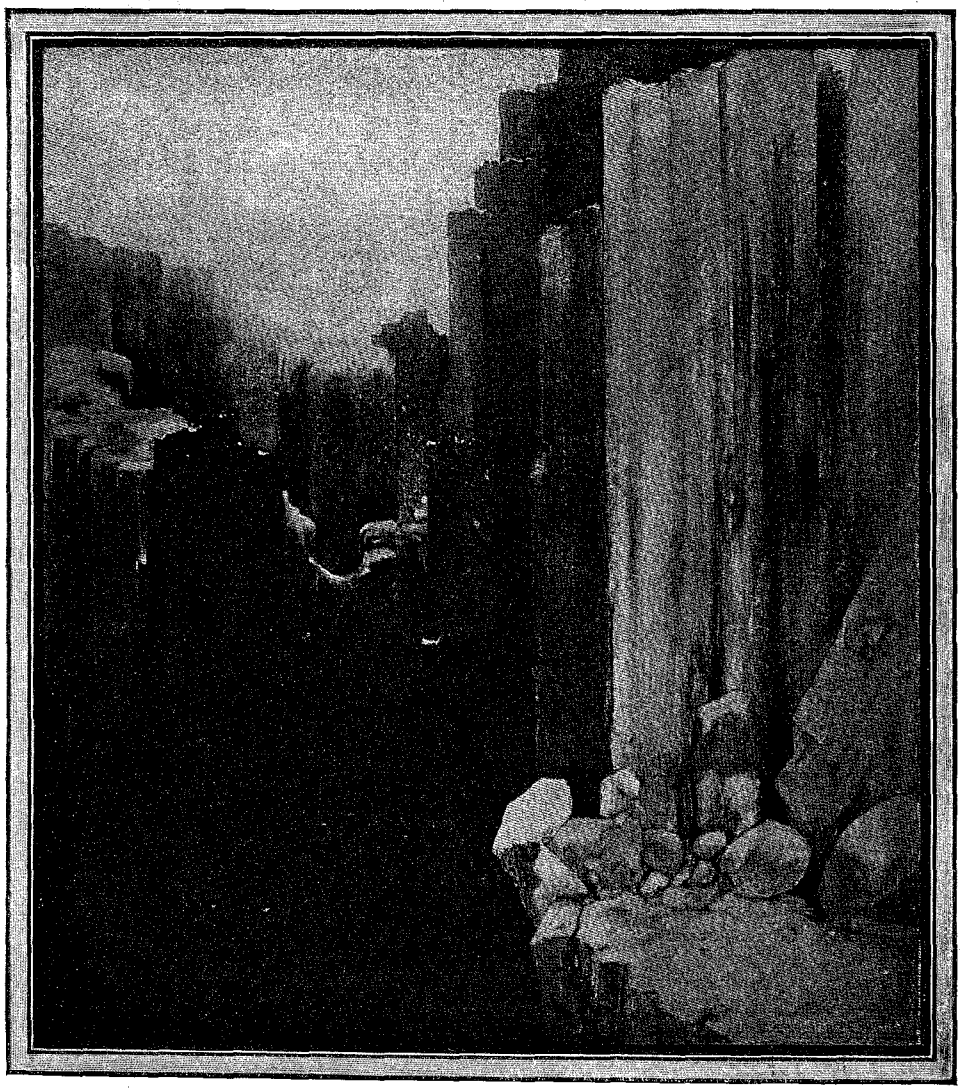

ALL.
What want you, below there?
ALBERICH.
How do I spoil your sport,
I would but stay here to gloat—
Swim lower, my dears! with ye
Jesting and jigging the Nib'lung would be!
WOGLINDE.
With us would he wanton?
WELLGUNDE.
Is it a jest?
ALBERICH.
How fine and fair in the shimmer ye shine!
Gladly I'd slip on you, slim one, an arm
Would you but swim here!
FLOSSHILDE.
Now I'm not afraid—the fool is in love!
WELLGUNDE.
The lickerish lout!
WOGLINDE.
Let us but know him.
ALBERICH.
She dives to me now——
WELLGUNDE.
Come close to me, come!
[*Tongue of thirst,*
Lip of lust,
He climbs to the Rhine-gold hoard.]
ALBERICH.
Gods curse the gliddery gulf, how greenly it gleams!
WOGLINDE.
Prettily prattles my brave——
ALBERICH.
Be my leman, thou woman-shaped elf!

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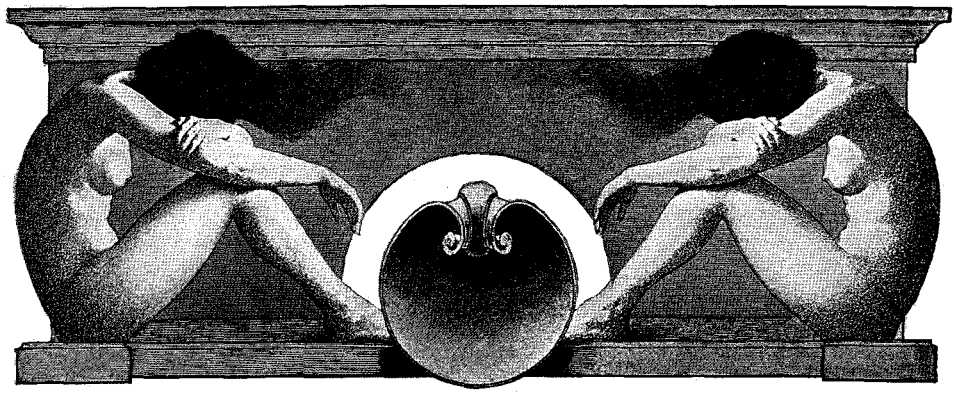

WOGLINDE.
Wouldst thou win me, walk higher!
ALBERICH.
Ah, go not away!
Come back to me hither, on this rock I must stay!
WOGLINDE.
Reach up thy hand—now then!
ALBERICH.
A plague on thee—ah!
I fall in dark waters!
WELLGUNDE, FLOSSHILDE.
Ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha!
WELLGUNDE.
Now am I near thee?
ALBERICH.
Not quite enough!
WELLGUNDE.
Are you in love?
And longing for loving?
Let's see thee, my lover,
Let's see what thou art.
Ah, thou horrible, hatefullest imp—
Swarthy and stunted, a black-bearded dwarf!
Seek thee a leman who likes thee, not me!
ALBERICH (*seeking to hold her*).
Win thee I cannot,
Wrong thee I will!
WELLGUNDE (*darting up to the middle reef*).
But quick!
Or I shall escape!
WOGLINDE, FLOSSHILDE.
Ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha!
ALBERICH.
Do ye imps laugh at me?
[*Look, how he springeth,*
Starteth and springeth,
Now darting, now diving,
Straining and striving,
Death! I shall win thee for mine!
Thirst! as the lip for the wine!
Lust, as I thirst to be thine!
Make thee but mine!]

WOGLINDE, WELLGUNDE, FLOSSHILDE.
Ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha!
[*Whelming waters, waver and welling,*
Whelm to the world-wall in flood!
See, where still,
Deep and still,
Dark the Rhine
Turns to wine,
Crimsons to light as blood!
From its hold,
Dark and old,
From the night
Breaks the might,
The might of the gloried gold!
Wakes the hoard,
Earth's last lord,
From its sleep,
From the deep,
Leaps as the blade of a sword!]
WOGLINDE.
Look, sisters!
It wakes—the might of the gold!
WELLGUNDE.
Where the green depths glow
It breaks! the light of the gold!
FLOSSHILDE.
Now does the Sleeper awake! Glory the dawning!
WELLGUNDE.
See how it glows! the red gold wine!
WOGLINDE.
There—there shines the flood, O ruddy gold of Rhine!
FLOSSHILDE, WELLGUNDE, WOGLINDE.
As fire, as blood—
We dance in the deep,
We sing to thy sleep,
We dance where the Rhine-waters flame, waters flare!
[*Flames in the flood of the gold,*
The might of the gloried gold!]

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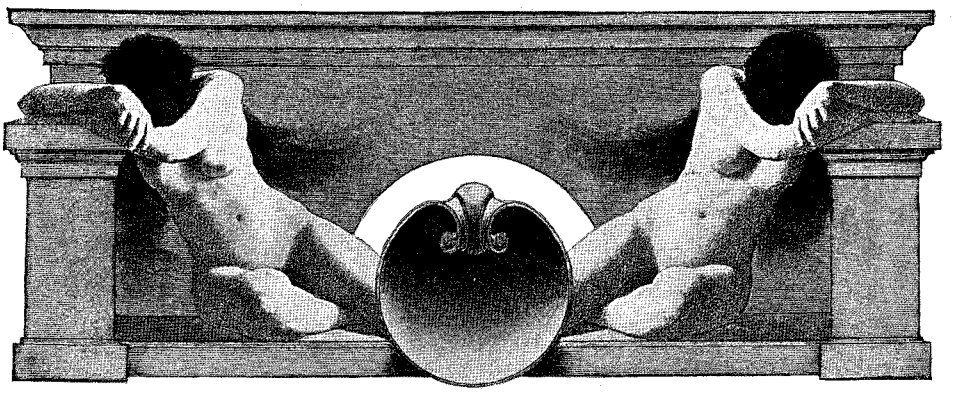

[*With the glorious gleam of the gold the Rhine-deeps are broken and burning;*
Deep in the night of the world are the Rhine-daughters dancing and turning,
And Alberich, dwarf of the Nibelungs, coveting, thirsting, and yearning,
Waking the woe of the world.]

ALBERICH.
What is't that glitters,
That inly gleams and glows?

WOGLINDE, WELLGUNDE.
Where is the boor at home
That of Rhine-gold he never hath heard?

WELLGUNDE.
Knows not the imp of the gold's bright eyes
That change and awaken and sleep?

WOGLINDE.
Of the water darkness' wonderful star
That glorious glows in the wave?

ALL.
See how gayly we glide in the glory!
Will'st thou, waverer, bathe in the wave wake?
Swim up and sport by our side!

[*Deep in the darkness old*
Bursts forth the gleam of the gold.]

[*The one star disappears; the sky is black above; the water depths glow crimson.*]

ALBERICH.
Is the gold but a gleam for thy gambols?
'Twere no good to me!

WOGLINDE.
The golden star far wouldst thou seek
If thou but knew'st of its power!
The world would one win for his own,
Who wrought of the Rhine-gold a ring
That made him of measureless might!

[*The world would one win for his own, who wrought*
A ring from the gold of the Rhine!]

FLOSSHILDE.
The Father told us, and commanded
We should keep the golden hoard,
That no traitor should filch from the flood.
So silence, ye prattling pair!

WELLGUNDE.
O clever sister! Dost thou reproach us?
And know'st thou not to whom alone the gold may fall?

WOGLINDE.
He who the might of love renounces
And its joys forswears for aye—
Only he the spell pronounces
Which shall steal the gold away!
Fear for the hoard this charm removeth,
Truly all that liveth, loveth,
No one can be free of love!
And he least of all,
The lickerish elf!
He's almost mad of love.

FLOSSHILDE.
I feared him not when I found
That his passion was almost a flame!

WELLGUNDE.
A sulphur-brand flung in the flood,
He hisses for very heat!

ALL.
Wallala! walla leia la la!
Dearest of elfins,
Sport thou with us!
In the golden shining how bravely thou show'st!
Come then, dearest one, sport thou too with us!

[*Rhine-gold,*
Rare gold,
Ever shall shine—
It gleams in the gulf of the Rhine,
Rhine-waters flow!
It gleams in the golden glow—
The world would one win for his own
Who wrought of the Rhine-gold a ring.]

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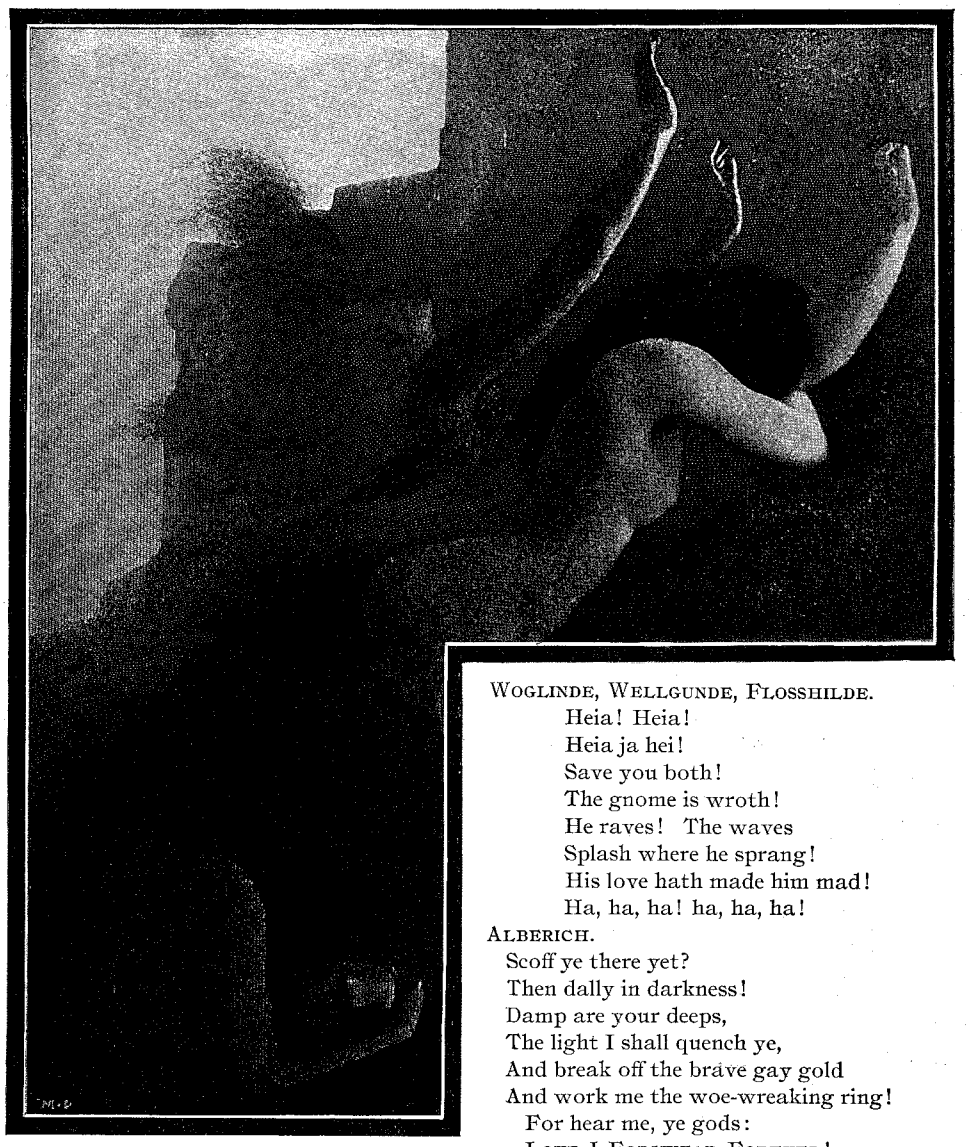

ALBERICH.

The realms of the world could I work to my will with thee!
What though I lost loving? The pleasure of power to win—

[*He who the might of love renounces*
Shall make the will of the world his own.]

Jest as ye will! The Nibelung neareth your toy!

[*Tongue of thirst,*
Lip of lust,
From womb of earth
To evil's birth
The Nibelung darts to his prey!]

WOGLINDE, WELLGUNDE, FLOSSHILDE.

Heia! Heia!
Heia ja hei!
Save you both!
The gnome is wroth!
He raves! The waves
Splash where he sprang!
His love hath made him mad!
Ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha!

ALBERICH.

Scoff ye there yet?
Then dally in darkness!
Damp are your deeps,
The light I shall quench ye,
And break off the brave gay gold
And work me the woe-wreaking ring!
For hear me, ye gods:
LOVE I FORSWEAR FOREVER!

[*Now are men born.*
In the rape of the gold
Waketh the will of the world.]

FLOSSHILDE.

Hold to the robber!

WELLGUNDE.

Rescue the gold!

WOGLINDE.

Help us! Wotan! Woe!

ALL.

Woe!

[*Deep in the darkness falls the flood,*
Falls the flow of the waving waters

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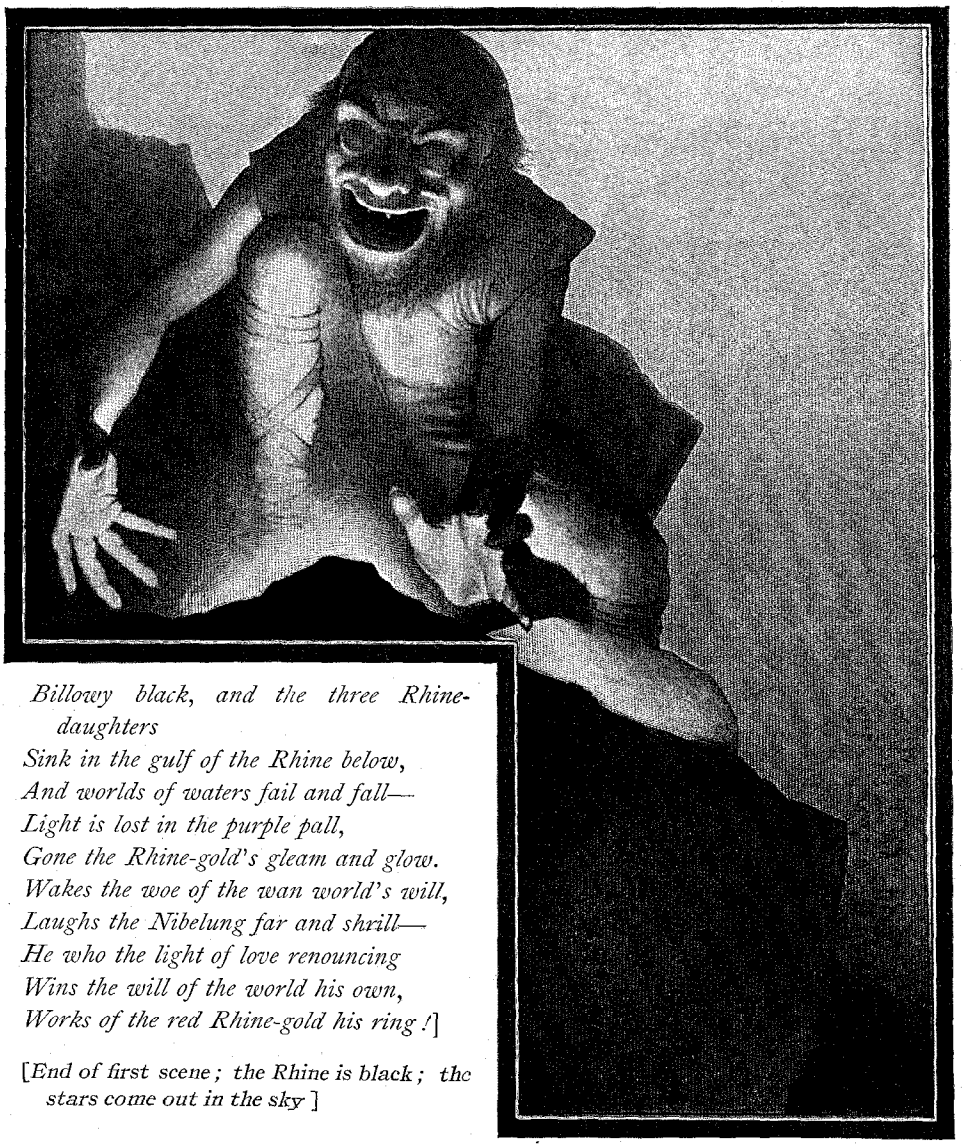

Billowy black, and the three Rhine-daughters
Sink in the gulf of the Rhine below,
And worlds of waters fail and fall—
Light is lost in the purple pall,
Gone the Rhine-gold's gleam and glow.
Wakes the woe of the wan world's will,
Laughs the Nibelung far and shrill—
He who the light of love renouncing
Wins the will of the world his own,
Works of the red Rhine-gold his ring!]

[*End of first scene; the Rhine is black; the stars come out in the sky*]

[*Worlds of waters fail and fall,*
Rhine is veiled in purple pall,
Now the waters fall to cloud,
All is laid in the Rhine's gray shroud—]

[*Love's might hath he forsworn,*
Wotan's wile overborn—
Won of Rhine the gold,
Wrought of gold the ring?]

[*Clouds of night i' the mist are torn,*
Now the earth gives place to dawn,
In the light the gods are born.]

[SCENE II. PICTURE.—*The castle of Walhall, bright marble in the rising sun, flushed with dawn; far behind is the valley, full of mists where the Rhine-stream lay.*]

Walhall!
Walhalla slays the night.
Walhall!
Walhalla soars to sight;
Radiant it rises, burg of might,
Glorious it gleams to sun and sight.
Titans have reared the shining stone,
Wrought it of rustless rock alone,

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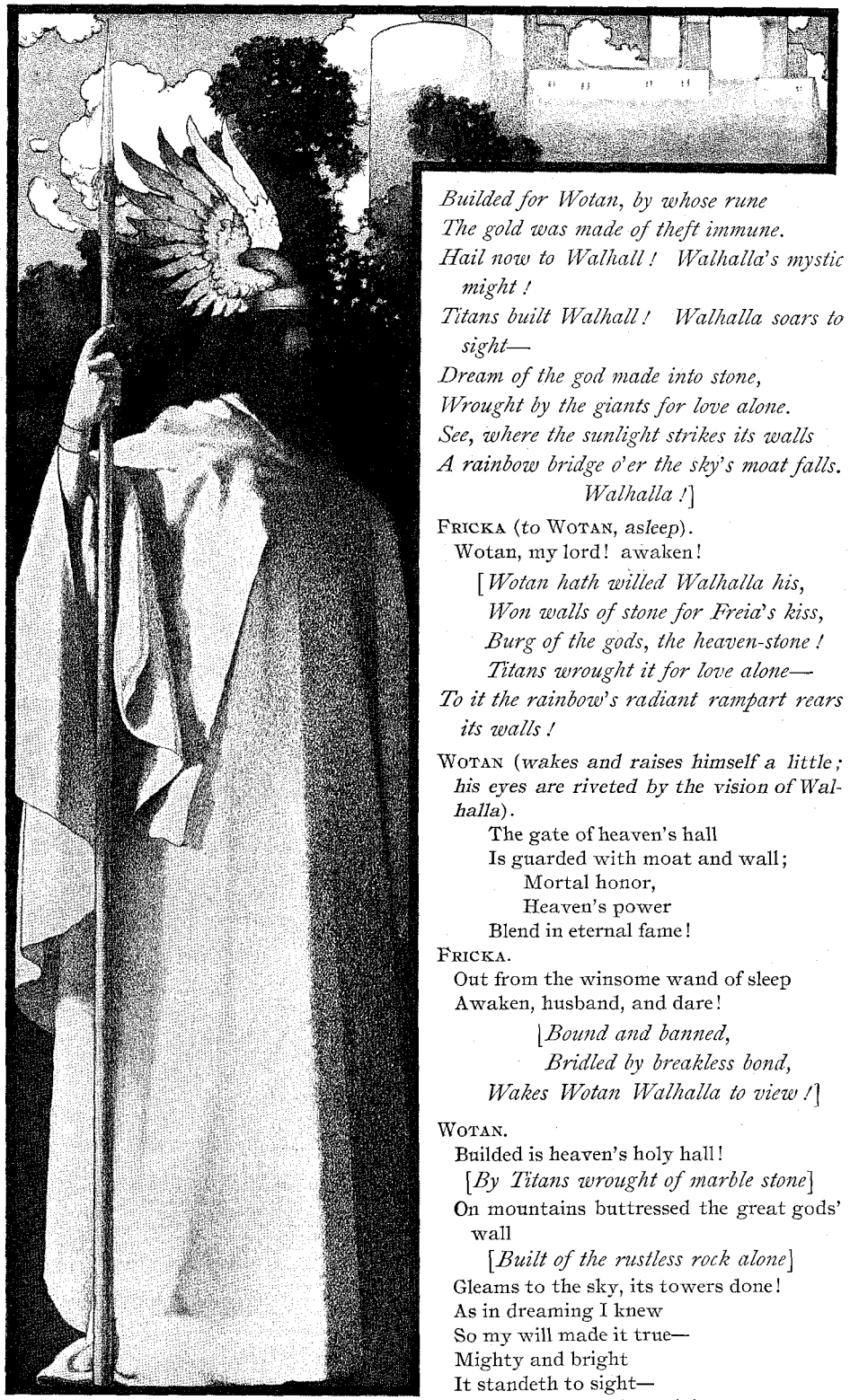

Builded for Wotan, by whose rune
The gold was made of theft immune.
Hail now to Walhall! Walhalla's mystic might!
Titans built Walhall! Walhalla soars to sight—
Dream of the god made into stone,
Wrought by the giants for love alone.
See, where the sunlight strikes its walls
A rainbow bridge o'er the sky's moat falls.
Walhalla!]

FRICKA (to WOTAN, asleep).
Wotan, my lord! awaken!
[*Wotan hath willed Walhalla his,*
Won walls of stone for Freia's kiss,
Burg of the gods, the heaven-stone!
Titans wrought it for love alone—
To it the rainbow's radiant rampart rears its walls!

WOTAN (*wakes and raises himself a little; his eyes are riveted by the vision of Walhalla*).
The gate of heaven's hall
Is guarded with moat and wall;
Mortal honor,
Heaven's power
Blend in eternal fame!

FRICKA.
Out from the winsome wand of sleep
Awaken, husband, and dare!
[*Bound and banned,*
Bridled by breakless bond,
Wakes Wotan Walhalla to view!]

WOTAN.
Builded is heaven's holy hall!
[*By Titans wrought of marble stone*]
On mountains buttressed the great gods' wall
[*Built of the rustless rock alone*]
Gleams to the sky, its towers done!
As in dreaming I knew
So my will made it true—
Mighty and bright
It standeth to sight—
Glorious burg of the gods!

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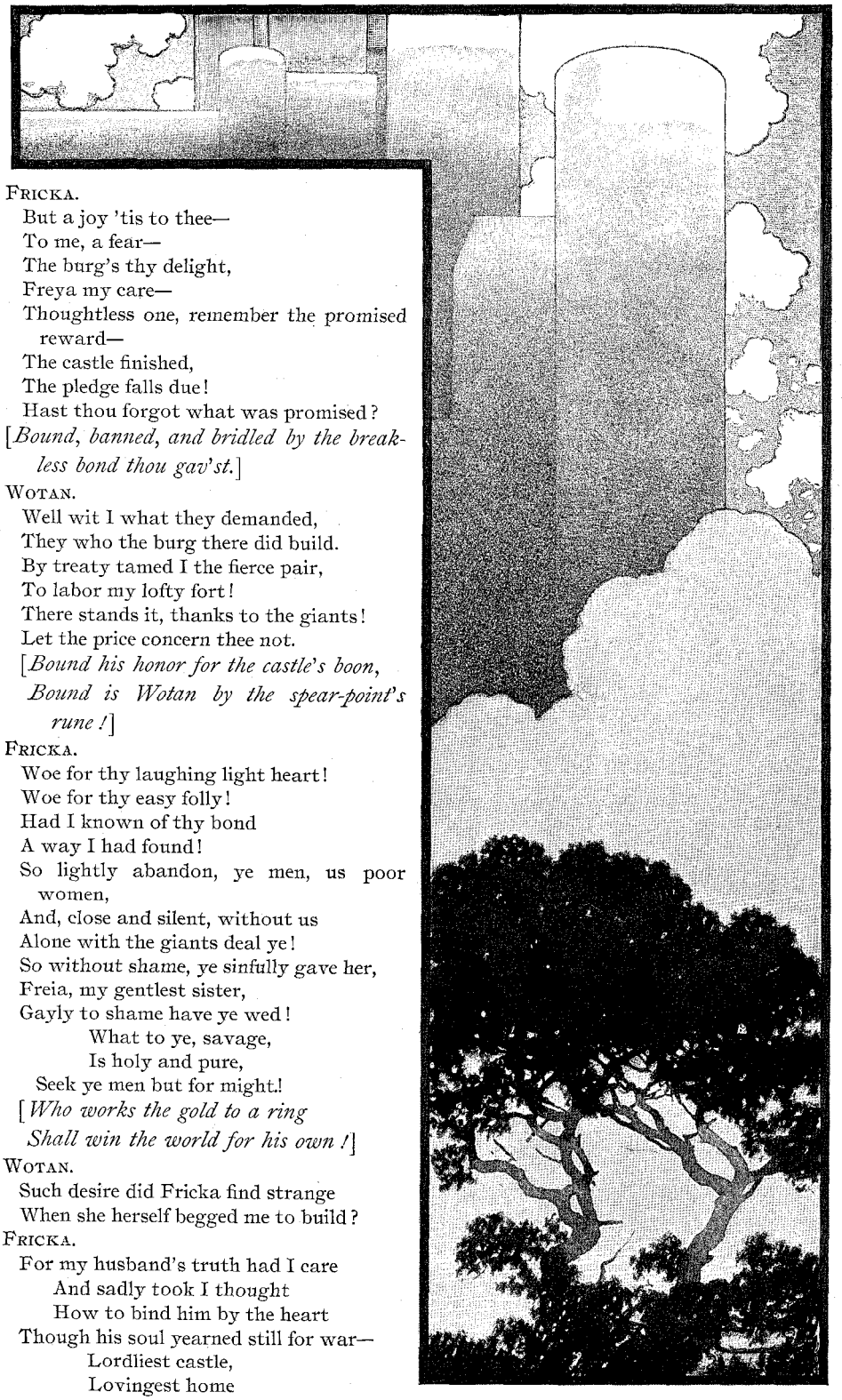

FRICKA.

But a joy 'tis to thee—
To me, a fear—
The burg's thy delight,
Freya my care—
Thoughtless one, remember the promised reward—
The castle finished,
The pledge falls due!
Hast thou forgot what was promised?

[*Bound, banned, and bridled by the breakless bond thou gav'st.*]

WOTAN.

Well wit I what they demanded,
They who the burg there did build.
By treaty tamed I the fierce pair,
To labor my lofty fort!
There stands it, thanks to the giants!
Let the price concern thee not.

[*Bound his honor for the castle's boon,*
Bound is Wotan by the spear-point's rune!]

FRICKA.

Woe for thy laughing light heart!
Woe for thy easy folly!
Had I known of thy bond
A way I had found!
So lightly abandon, ye men, us poor women,
And, close and silent, without us
Alone with the giants deal ye!
So without shame, ye sinfully gave her,
Freia, my gentlest sister,
Gayly to shame have ye wed!
What to ye, savage,
Is holy and pure,
Seek ye men but for might!

[*Who works the gold to a ring*
Shall win the world for his own!]

WOTAN.

Such desire did Fricka find strange
When she herself begged me to build?

FRICKA.

For my husband's truth had I care
And sadly took I thought
How to bind him by the heart
Though his soul yearned still for war—
Lordliest castle,
Lovingest home

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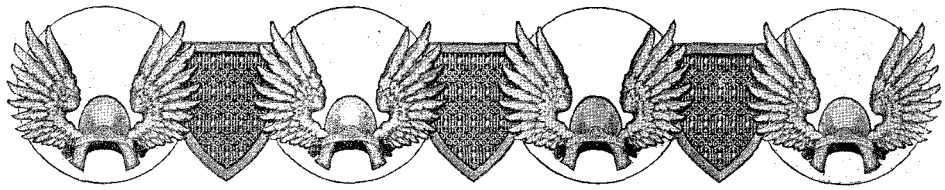

Should bind his soul best
To home-keeping rest!
But thou, in the building, still
Of wall and weapon will!
Lordship and might wouldst thou increase,
More restless ever of thy peace
When rose the haughty keep!
[*Walhall! Walhalla slays the night!*
Walhall! Walhalla soars to sight!]

WOTAN. Wouldst thou, a woman, in castles confine me
Me, the god, thou must still grant me,
That, in my keep,
Awake while you sleep,
I win from my prison the world!
[*See, where the sunlight strikes its walls,*
A rainbow-bridge o'er the sky's moat falls!]
Roving, not resting,
Loves, who lives!
The world-will yet shall I keep me!
[*Builded by Wotan was Walhalla!*]

FRICKA. Loveless thou!
O pitiful man,
For power and lordship's idle toys
Wouldst stake in a scornful hazard—
Woman and woman's worth?
[*He who the might of love renounces*
Wins the might of earth for his own!
Bound, banned is Wotan by the spear's true
oath he swore!]

WOTAN. For thee as wife to win me
One of mine eyes
I played and lost for thee:
What folly then is thy blame!
Women I honor
Yet more than thou likest;
And Freia, my dear one,
I give up not!
Nor ever was that my mind.

FRICKA. Then guard her now!
In fear, defenceless,
Hither she runs for help.
[*Fly, Freia! youngest, fairest;*
Fly, fly, the gods are waning;
Fly, fly! in fear for the doom!]

FREIA. Help me, sister!
[*Hark! is that the giants' tread?*]
Thou, Wotan, saviour!
[*Hear the giants, hither led!*]

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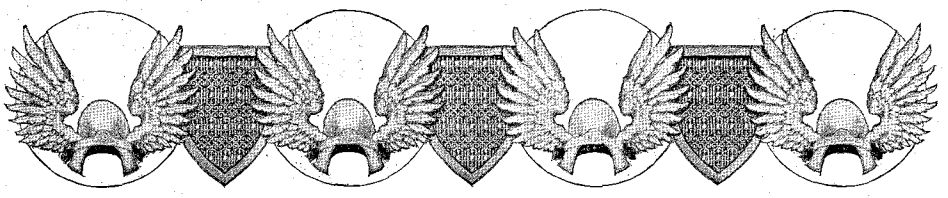

O'er cliff and crag comes
Fasolt, the giant!
As wife he cometh to claim me!
[*Over cliff and scaur,*
Over tree and tor!]

WOTAN. Let them threat!
Saw you not Loki?

FRICKA. Why so willingly always
To craft dost thou trust?
Much evil now hath he wrought—
More evil yet shall he work thee!
[*Where Wotan's will on his word shall wait*
Gods heaven-born still his strength shall trust;
But Titans' passion and mortals' lust
Builded Walhalla the great!]

WOTAN. Avails a free heart,
Such aid ask I of no one;
But the foe's desire
To bend to my will
Only craft still can teach—
That, Loki hath taught me to use!
[*Flame, fire!*
Fall, fire!
Flare, fire!
Fell fire!
Flies fire!
Loki, lies!
Loki, liar!
Lies in fire!]
That bad faith, be advised,
Promised, Freia, to free me!
On him I now must rely!

FRICKA. And he leaves thee alone!
There stalk and stride
The giants hither.
Where lurks thy faithless ally?
[*From the Rhine depths must he come,*
From the Nibelungen home!]

FREIA. Where tarry my brothers?
With help they should guard me
When the lord of my mother's house fails!
To help me, Donner!
Hither, hither.
Save thy Freia, my Froh!
[*Freia, fairest goddess, flying,*
Fly, ye gods, the fruit is dying;
Golden apples' golden bloom—
Go, the gods go to their doom!]

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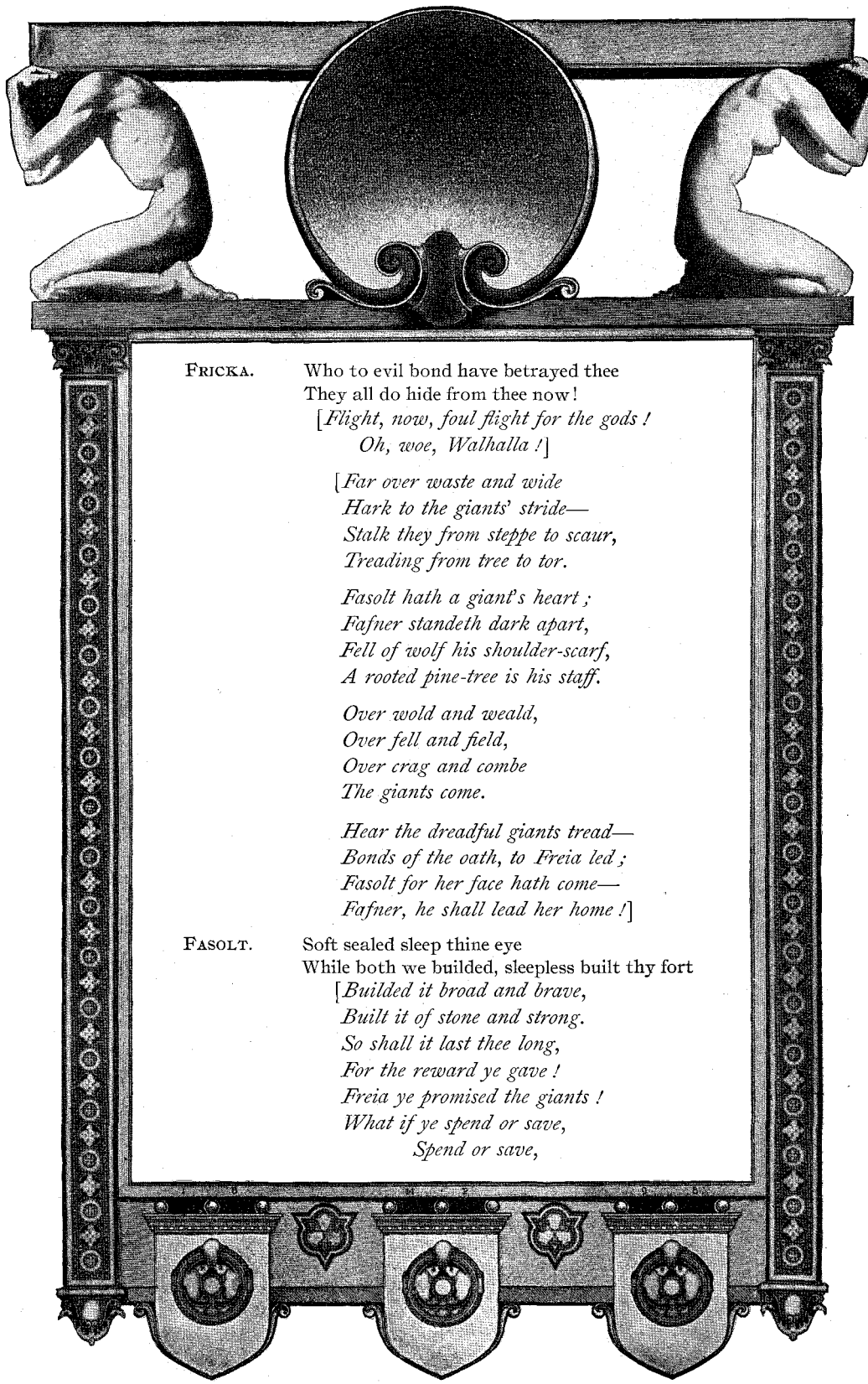

FRICKA. Who to evil bond have betrayed thee
They all do hide from thee now!
[*Flight, now, foul flight for the gods!*
Oh, woe, Walhalla!]

[*Far over waste and wide*
Hark to the giants' stride—
Stalk they from steppe to scaur,
Treading from tree to tor.

Fasolt hath a giant's heart;
Fafner standeth dark apart,
Fell of wolf his shoulder-scarf,
A rooted pine-tree is his staff.

Over wold and weald,
Over fell and field,
Over crag and combe
The giants come.

Hear the dreadful giants tread—
Bonds of the oath, to Freia led;
Fasolt for her face hath come—
Fafner, he shall lead her home!]

FASOLT. Soft sealed sleep thine eye
While both we builded, sleepless built thy fort
[*Builded it broad and brave,*
Built it of stone and strong.
So shall it last thee long,
For the reward ye gave!
Freia ye promised the giants!
What if ye spend or save,
Spend or save,

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Pay ye now them for their labor.
Walhalla is done!
And standeth sheer in stone.]

FASOLT. Weary work wearied us not.
Strong our labor reared the stone—
Turret and tower,
Gate and guard.
It standeth, the keep thou hast willed!
There stands what we builded
[*Walhalla is done!*]
The day's light gilds it bright,
[*From night was it won!*]
Pay ye now us for our labor.
[*Far over tarn and tor,*
Striding on stream and shore
Tramp and tread from Riesen-home
Fasolt, Fafner, far have come!]

WOTAN. Name ye two your wage—
What thing will reward ye?

FASOLT. 'Twas sworn by thee on thy mystic spear;
Dost thou forget it now?
Freia, the fairest,
Holda, the fleetest,
Thou promisedst us; her take we home!
[*Freia, dream i' the cloud, face i' the fire,*
Love of the sky;
Lose they but Freia,
The gods, too, die!]

WOTAN. Do ye insist on such a promise? Take some other gift—
Freia's not free to give.
[*Titans are speechless,*
Wotan is faithless!
Bound by the rune of the sacred spear he spoke?] 013

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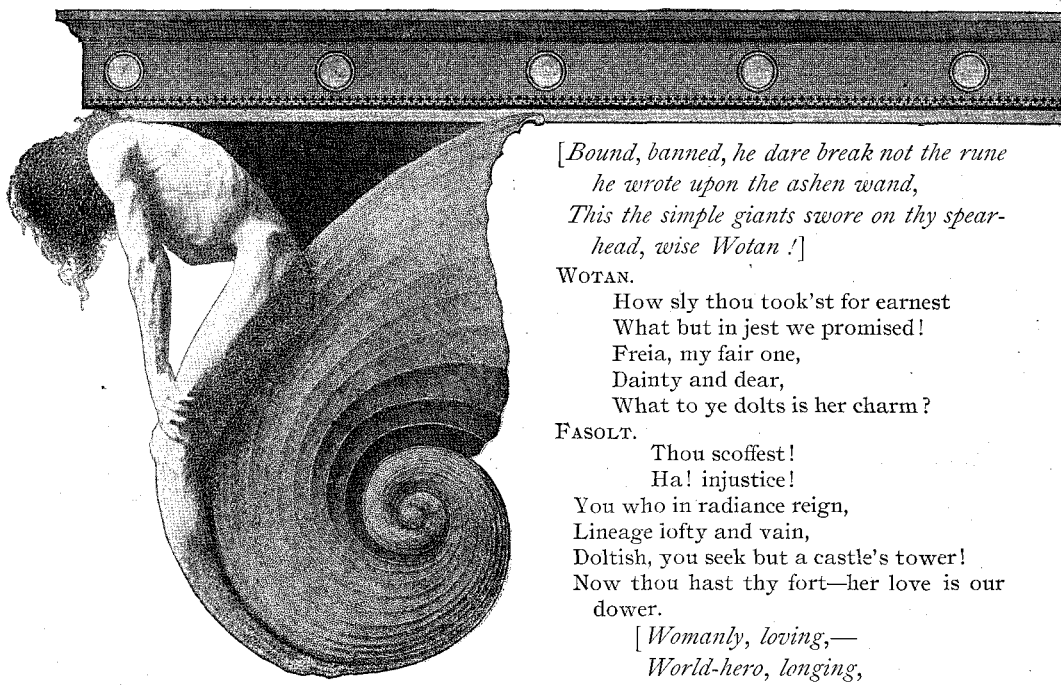

FASOLT.
What say'st thou, god?
Wouldst thou betray?
Be false to thy oath?
Thy spear-staff tells an idle tale,
Lies are the runes writ on the ashen staff?
[*Bound and banned,*
Doomed or damned,
Though fail the race of gods, thy bond shall stand!]

FAFNER.
Most trustful brother,
Dost thou *now* smell falsehood?

FASOLT.
Son of light,
Light thy word is!
Fear thee now, and heed!
Hold thou thy treaty true!
All thou art
But by truth art thou also;
By Fate's still law
Is marked thee thy might!
More wise wert made
Than we are witty!
But we were free,
Till bound thy treaty!
Now, thy wisdom I curse thee!
All thy peace shall desert thee,
Keepest thou not that bond
We giants swore
On thy magic spear-head, Wotan!
A simple giant tells thee this,
Wise Wotan! be warned by him!
[*Bound, banned, he dare break not the rune*
he wrote upon the ashen wand,
This the simple giants swore on thy spear-
head, wise Wotan!]

WOTAN.
How sly thou took'st for earnest
What but in jest we promised!
Freia, my fair one,
Dainty and dear,
What to ye dolts is her charm?

FASOLT.
Thou scoffest!
Ha! injustice!
You who in radiance reign,
Lineage lofty and vain,
Doltish, you seek but a castle's tower!
Now thou hast thy fort—her love is our dower.
[*Womanly, loving,—*
World-hero, longing,
Gladly shall give his life for Freia's kiss!]
[*The strong gods tendeth*
Frail Freia alone;
Her service endeth,
The Gods are done!]
[*We have built it, stone on stone,*
'Stablished it on rock alone,
Piled it from earth to sky.
Haughty it looms and high!]

FASOLT.
We plumpheads plague us,
Toiling with sweat and hard hand,
A woman to win us
Who, graceful and gentle,
Shall live with us giants!
[*Freia, fairest of the gods,*
Love's frail bloom in Walhall guards;
Who the world would win for his,
Freia's love his soul denies!]

FASOLT.
Wouldst thou deny thy promise?

FAFNER.
Check thou thy idle chatter!
What good art thou getting?
Freia's self were no matter,
Were the gods but waning:
Golden apples
Grow in the garden that Freia guards;
She alone
Tendeth the fruit that feeds the gods!
The golden fruit
Giveth her brothers

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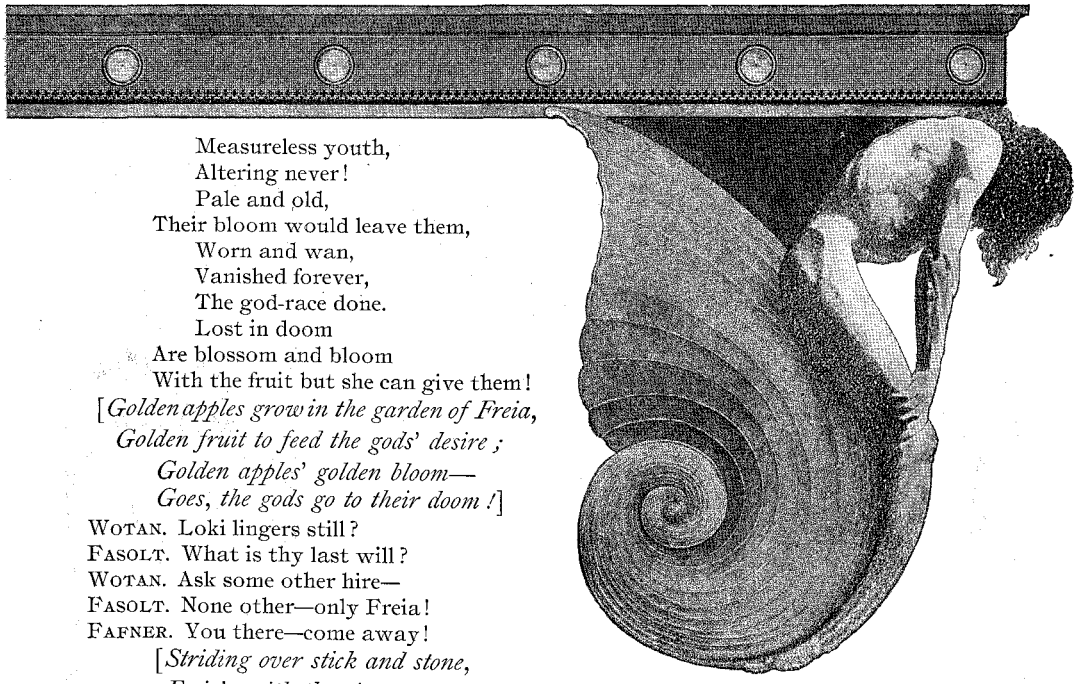

Measureless youth,
Altering never!
Pale and old,
Their bloom would leave them,
Worn and wan,
Vanished forever,
The god-race done.
Lost in doom
Are blossom and bloom
With the fruit but she can give them!
[*Golden apples grow in the garden of Freia,*
Golden fruit to feed the gods' desire;
Golden apples' golden bloom—
Goes, the gods go to their doom!]

WOTAN. Loki lingers still?

FASOLT. What is thy last will?

WOTAN. Ask some other hire—

FASOLT. None other—only Freia!

FAFNER. You there—come away!

[*Striding over stick and stone,*
Freia's with the giants gone!
Heavily the Titans tread;
And the gods stand still in dread!]

FREIA. Help! help from the monsters!

[*Love of Freia! love is thy face, seen of gods alone.*
Eyes of Freia! light that only in dreams men own.
Gods look in thine eyes, and live—
Men dream of thine eyes, and die;
Lost to the world, i' the world they strive
To win in death one look of thee!
For one death-moment, eye to eye,
Shall fight thy knights all joyously!]

FROH.

Huzza! Freia! Giants, avaunt ye! Froh comes to save her!

[*Donner, the terrible,*
Lifting the hammer high,
Riving the lightened sky,
Hurleth the thunderbolt!
Under the whirr of the whirlwind he hurleth the thunder!]

DONNER.

Fasolt and Fafner!
Felt ye before not my hammer's fall?
[*Ho! ho!*
In the lightning's light
Shall the thunder strike!
Ho! ho!
In the hammer's swathe
Lies the lightning's path!
Mark ye the hurl of the hammer? hear ye the thunder?]

FASOLT.

What wouldst thou do? Do we then use force,
When we but ask for our hire?

DONNER.

Ye pair of giants! what ye deserve
Come here and ye shall have!
Oft have I paid thee before!
[*Hammer rendeth rock*
And the lightning shock,
Swung i' the whirr of the whirlwind, cleaves it asunder!]

WOTAN.

Halt, thou wild one!
[*Wotan, mighty, bounden, may not break*]
Naught's done by force!
[*Bond of reckless rune these bade him take!*]
'Gainst fraud and craft
Pledged my spear's true shaft—
Spare thou the hammer's stroke!
[*Dim dread, doom of gods,*
Freia's face fades from heaven—
Lost is day in gloom of even!]

FREIA.

Woe! woe! Wotan forsakes me!

FRICKA.

Do I hear thee aright wretchedest man?

WOTAN. Loki, at last!

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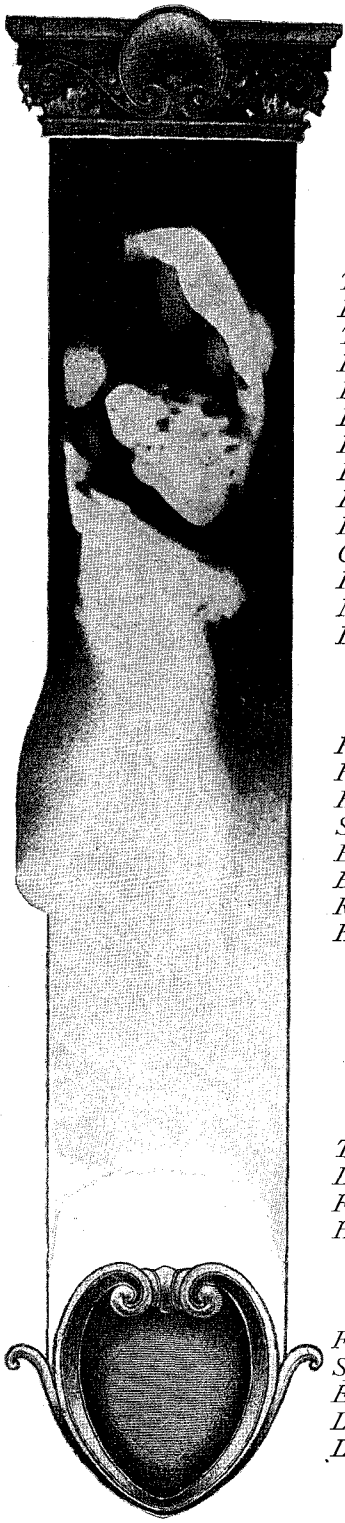

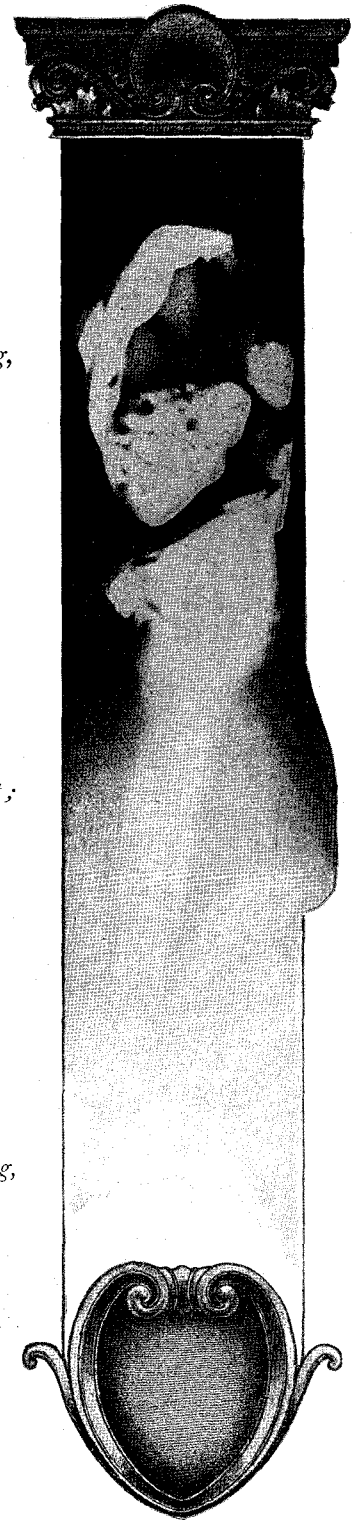

LOKI'S FIRE-CHARM.

Fire lighting,
Fire blighting,
Flaming, burning,
Twisting, turning,
Ever springing,
Seething, singing.
Tongue of flamelet, leaping higher,
Flaming fountain, red desire,
Twisting, turning, tongue of fire
Flick'ring, flut'ring, leaping, licking,
Ever higher, ever higher,
Bidding living, bidding dying—
Fire of living that hath birth
In the secrets deep of earth,
Light and life it fostereth—
Bearing in its bosom death.
Glow and gleaming, bale and blaze.
Flaming, falling, pales and plays
Now destroying, now reviving,
Bringeth dying, bringeth living—
Flame! Loki's fire!
Flame fire! Loki's ire!
Flame fire! higher! higher!
Flaming higher, flaming nigher,
Running, rilling, turning, trilling,
Harms not, living; killing, dies not;
Stays not, living; dying, flies not;
Breaking from the underworld,
Burning, to the heaven hurled,
Rills of fire, leaping high,
Higher, higher to the sky.
Flame, fire!
Loki, liar!
Loki, liar,
Lies in fire.
Fire! Loki's flame!
Flame! Loki's fire!
Flame, fire! Fire! fire!
Turning, twisting, hissing, burning,
Lighting, blinding, blessing, blighting,
Flick'ring, flutt'ring, flare of fire,
Higher, at the god's desire!
In the marrow of the rocks
Still the lurking spirit mocks—
Fire of Spirit, man's beginning,
Fire of Judgment for his sinning!
Spark primeval, final fire,
Endless to the Day of Ire—
Loki's wand shall give ye birth,
Lurking in the endless Earth.

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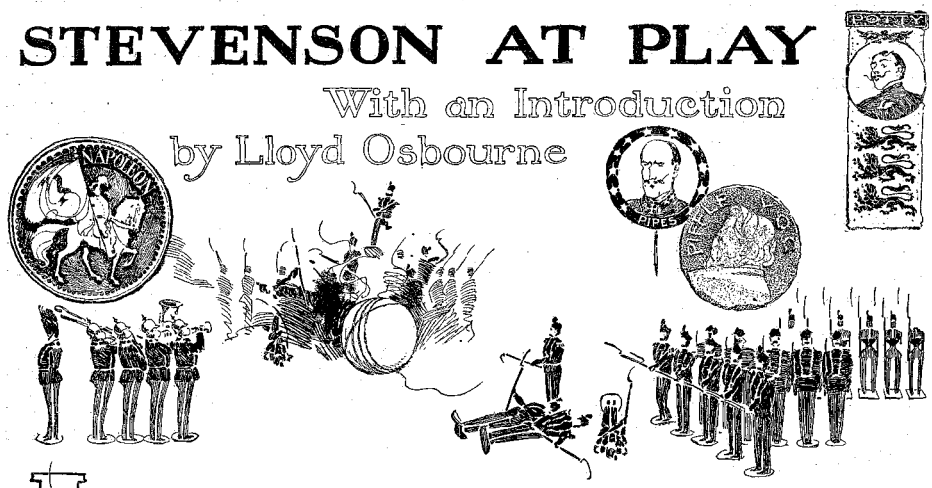
STEVENSON AT PLAY

With an Introduction by Lloyd Osbourne



IN an old note-book, soiled and dog-eared by much travelling, yellow and musty with the long years it had lain hid in a Samoan chest, the present writer came across the mimic war correspondence here presented to the public. The stirring story of these tin-soldier campaigns occupies the greater share of the book, though interspersed with many pages of scattered verse, not a little Gaelic idiom and verb, a half-made will and the chaptering of a novel. This game of tin soldiers, an intricate "kriegspiel," involving rules innumerable, prolonged arithmetical calculations, constant measuring with foot-rules, and the throwing of dice, sprang from the humblest beginnings—a row of soldiers on either side and a deadly marble. From such a start it grew in size and complexity until it became mimic war indeed, modelled closely upon real conditions and actual warfare, requiring, on Mr. Stevenson's part, the use of text-books and long conversations with military invalids; on mine, all the pocket-money derived from my publishing ventures as well as a considerable part of my printing stock in trade.

The abiding spirit of the child in Stevenson was seldom shown in more lively fashion than during those days of exile at Davos, where he brought a boy's eagerness, a man's intellect, a novelist's imagination, into the varied business of my holiday hours; the printing press, the toy theatre, the tin soldiers, all engaged his attention. Of these, however, the tin soldiers most took his fancy; and the war game was constantly improved and elaborated, until from a few hours a "war" took weeks to play, and the critical operations in the attic monopolized half our thoughts. This attic was a most chilly and dismal spot, reached by a crazy ladder, and unlit save for a single frosted window; so low at the eaves and so dark that we could seldom stand upright, nor see without a candle. Upon the attic floor a map was roughly drawn in chalks of different colors, with mountains, rivers, towns, bridges, and roads of two classes. Here we would play by the hour, with tingling fingers and stiffening knees, and an intentness, zest, and excitement that I shall never forget. The mimic battalions marched and counter-marched, changed by measured evolutions from column formation into line, with cavalry screens in front and massed supports behind, in the most approved military fashion of to-day. It was war in miniature, even to the making and destruction of bridges, the intrenching of camps, good and bad weather, with corresponding influence on the roads, siege and horse artillery proportionately slow, as compared to the speed of unimpeded foot and proportionately expensive in the up-keep; and an exacting commissariat added to the last touch of verisimilitude. Four men formed the regiment or unit, and our shots were in proportion to our units and amount of ammunition. The troops carried carts of printers' "ems"—twenty "ems" to each cart—and for

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every shot taken an "em" had to be paid into the base, from which fresh supplies could be slowly drawn in empty carts returned for the purpose. As a large army often contained thirty regiments, consuming a cart and a half of ammunition in every engagement (not to speak of the heavy additional expense of artillery), it will be seen what an important part the commissariat played in the game, and how vital to success became the line of communication to the rear. A single cavalry brigade, if bold and lucky enough, could break the line at the weakest link, and by cutting off the sustenance of a vast army could force it to fall back in the full tide of success. A well-devised flank attack, the plucky destruction of a bridge, or the stubborn defence of a town, might each become a factor in changing the face of the war and materially alter the course of campaigns.

It must not be supposed that the enemy ever knew your precise strength, or that it could divine your intentions by the simple expedient of looking at your side of the attic and counting your regiments. Numerous numbered cards dotted the country wherever the eye might fall; one, perhaps, representing a whole army with supports, another a solitary horseman dragging some ammunition, another nothing but a dummy that might paralyze the efforts of a corps, and overawe it into a ruinous inactivity. To uncover these cards and unmask the forces for which they stood was the duty of the cavalry videttes, whose movements were governed by an elaborate and most vexatious set of rules. It was necessary to feel your way amongst these alarming pasteboards to obtain an inkling of your opponent's plans, and the first dozen moves were often spent in little less. But even if you were befriended by the dice and your cavalry broke the enemy's screen and uncovered his front, you would learn nothing more than could reasonably be gleaned with a field-glass. The only result of a daring and costly activity might be such meagre news as "the road is blocked with artillery and infantry in column," or "you can perceive light horse-artillery strongly supported." It was only when the enemy began to take his shots that you would begin to learn the number of his regiments, and even then he often fired less than his entitled share in order to maintain the mystery of his strength.

If the game possessed a weakness, it was the unshaken courage of our troops, who faced the most terrific odds and endured defeat upon defeat with an intrepidity rarely seen on the actual field. An attempt was made to correct this with the dice, but the innovation was so heart-breaking to the loser, and so perpetual a menace to the best-laid plans, that it had perforce to be given up. After two or three dice-box panics our heroes were permitted to resume their normal and unprecedented devotion to their cause, and their generals breathed afresh. There was another defect in our "kriegspiel": I was so much the better shot that my marksmanship often frustrated the most admirable strategy and the most elaborate of military schemes. It was in vain that we—or rather my opponent—wrestled with the difficulty and tried to find a substitute for the deadly and discriminating pop-gun. It was all of no use. Whatever the missile—sleeve-link, marble or button, I was invariably the better shot, and that skill stood me in good stead on many an ensanguined plain, and helped to counteract the inequality between a boy of twelve and a man of mature years. A wise discretion ruled with regard to the *personnel* of the fighting line. Stevenson possessed a horde of particularly chubby cavalrymen, who, when marshalled in close formation at the head of the infantry, could bear unscathed the most accurate and overwhelming fire, and thus shelter their weaker brethren in the rear. This was offset by his "Old Guard," whose unfortunate peculiarity of carrying their weapons at the charge often involved whole regiments in a common ruin. On my side there was a multitude of flimsy Swiss, for whom I trembled whenever they were called to action. These Swiss were so weak upon their legs that the merest breath would mow them down in columns, and so deficient in stamina that they would often fall before they were hurt. Their ranks were burdened, too, with a number of egregious puppets with musical instruments, who never fell without entangling a few of their comrades.

Another improvement that was tried and soon again given up was an effort to match the sickness of actual war. Certain zones

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were set apart as unwholesome, especially those near great rivers and lakes, and troops unfortunate enough to find themselves in these miasmic plains had to undergo the ordeal of the dice-box. Swiss or Guards, musicians, Arabs, chubby cavalrymen or thin, all had to pay Death's toll in a new and frightful form. But we rather overdid the miasma, so it was abolished by mutual consent.

The war which forms the subject of the present paper was unusual in no respect save that its operations were chronicled from day to day in a public press of Stevenson's imagination, and reported by daring correspondents on the field. Nothing is more eloquent of the man than the particularity and care with which this mimic war correspondence was compiled; the author of the "Child's Garden" had never outgrown his love for childish things, and it is typical of him that, though he mocks us at every turn and loses no occasion to deride the puppets in the play, he is everywhere faithful to the least detail of fact. It must not be supposed that I was privileged to hear these records daily read and thus draw my plans against the morrow; on the contrary, they were sometimes held back until the military news was staled by time or were guardedly communicated with blanks for names and the dead unnumbered. Potty, Pipes, and Piffle were very real to me, and lived like actual people in that dim garret. I can still see them through the mist of years; the formidable General Stevenson, corpulent with solder, a detachable midget who could be mounted upon a fresh steed whenever his last had been trodden under foot, whose frame gave evidence of countless mendings; the emaciated Delafield, with the folded arms, originally a simple artilleryman, but destined to reach the highest honors; Napoleon, with the flaming clothes, whom fate had bound to a very fragile horse; Green, the simple patriot, who took his name from his coat, and the redoubtable Lafayette in blue, alas! with no Washington to help him.

The names of that attic country fall pleasantly upon the ear and brighten the dark and bloody page of war: Scarlet, Glendarule, Sandusky, Mar, Tahema, and Savannah; how sweetly they run. I must except my own (and solitary) contribution to the map, Samuel City, which sounds out of key with these mouthfuls of melody, though none the less an important point. Yallobally I shall always recall with bitterness, for it was there I first felt the thorn of a vindictive press. The reader will see what little cause I had to love the *Yallobally Record*, a scurrilous sheet that often made my heart ache, for all I pretended to laugh and see the humor of its attacks. It was indeed a relief when I learned I might exert my authority and suppress its publication—and even hang the editor—which I did, I fear, with unseemly haste. It will be noticed that the story of the war begins on the tenth day, the earlier moves being without interest save to the combatants themselves, passed as they were in uncovering the cards on either side; and in learning, with more or less success, the forces for which they stood. This was an essential but scarcely stirring branch of tin-soldiering, and has been accordingly unreported as too tedious even for the columns of the *Yallobally Record*. When the veil had been somewhat lifted and the shadowy armies discerned with some precision, the historian takes his pen and awaits the clash of arms.

WAR CORRESPONDENCE FROM STEVENSON'S NOTE-BOOK.

GLENDARULE TIMES. 10th. *Scarlet.*—"The advance of the enemy continues along three lines, a light column moving from Tahema on Grierson, and the main body concentrating on Garrard from the Savannah and Yallobally roads. Garrard and Grierson have both been evacuated. A small force, without artillery, is alone in the neighborhood of Cinnabar, and some of that has fallen back on Glentower by the pass. The brave artillery remains in front of Scarlet, and was reinforced this morning with some ammunition. All day infantry has been moving eastward on Sandusky. The greatest depression prevails."

Editorial Comment.—General Stevenson may, or may not be, a capable commander. It would be unjust to pronounce in the meantime. Still, the attempt to seize Mar was disastrously miscalculated, and, as we all know, the column has fallen back on Sandusky with cruel loss. Nor is it possible to deny that the attempt to hold Grier-

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son, and keep an army in the west, was idle. Our correspondent at Scarlet mentions the passage of troops moving eastward through that place, and the retreat of another column on Glentower. These are the last wrecks of that Army of the West, from which great things were once expected. With the exception of the Yolo column, which is without guns, all our forces are now concentrated in the province of Sandusky; Blue Mountain Province is particularly deserted, and nothing has been done to check, even for an hour, the advance of our numerous and well-appointed foes.

11th. *Scarlet.*—The horse artillery returned through Scarlet on the Glendarule Road; hideous confusion reigns; were the enemy to fall upon us now, the best opinions regard our position as hopeless. Authentic news has been received of the desertion of Cinnabar.

Sandusky.—The enemy has again appeared, threatening Mar, and the column moving to the relief of the Yolo column has stopped in its advance in consequence. General Stevenson moved out a column with artillery, and crushed a flanking party of the enemy's great centre army on Scarlet, Garrard, and Savannah road; no loss was sustained on our side; the enemy's loss is officially calculated at four hundred killed or wounded.

Scarlet.—At last the moment has arrived. The enemy, with a strong column of horse and horse-artillery, occupied Grierson this morning. This, with his Army of the Centre moving steadily forward upon Garrard, places all the troops in and around this place in imminent danger of being entirely cut off, or being forced to retreat before overwhelming forces across the Blue Mountains, a course, according to all military men, involving the total destruction of General Potty's force. Piffle's whole corps, with the heavy artillery, continued its descent on the left bank of the Sandusky River, while Potty, dashing through Scarlet at the hand-gallop, and among the cheers of the populace, moved off along the Grierson road, collecting infantry as he moved, and riding himself at the head of the horse-artillery.

NOTE.—General Potty was an airy, amiable, affected creature, the very soul of bravery and levity. He had risen rapidly by virtue of his pleasing manners; but his application was small, and he lacked self-reliance at the Council Board. Piffle called him a parrot; he returned the compliment by calling Piffle "the hundred-weight of bricks." They were scarce on speaking terms.

Half an hour after he had driven the fore-guard of the enemy out of Grierson without the loss of a trooper on our side; the enemy's loss is reckoned at 1,600 men. I telegraph at this juncture before returning to the field. So far the work is done; Potty has behaved nobly. But he remains isolated by the retreat of Piffle, with a large force in front, and another large force advancing on his unprotected flank.

Editorial Comment.—We have been successful in two skirmishes, but the situation is felt to be critical, and is by some supposed to be desperate. Stevenson's skirmish on the 11th did not check the advance of the Army of the Centre; it is impossible to predict the result of Potty's success before Grierson. The Yolo column appears to meet with no resistance; but it is terribly committed, and is, it must be remembered, quite helpless for offensive purposes, without the coöperation of Stevenson from Sandusky. How that can be managed, while the enemy hold the pass behind Mar, is more than we can see. Some shrewd, but, perhaps, too hopeful critics, perceive a deep policy in the inactivity of our troops about Sandusky, and believe that Stevenson is luring on the cautious Osbourne to his ruin. We will hope so; but this does not explain Piffle's senseless counter-marchings around Scarlet, nor the horribly outflanked and unsupported position of Potty on the line of the Cinnabar River. If General Osbourne were a child, we might hope for the best; there is no doubt that he has been careless about Mar and Yolo, and that he was yesterday only saved from a serious disaster by a fluke, and the imperfection of our scout system; but the situation to the West and centre wears a different complexion; there his steady, well-combined advance, carrying all before him, contrasts most favorably with the timid and divided counsels of our Stevensons, Piffles, and Pottys.

YALLOBALLY RECORD.—"That incompetent shuffler, General Osbourne, has again put his foot into it. Blundering into Grierson with a lot of unsupported horse,

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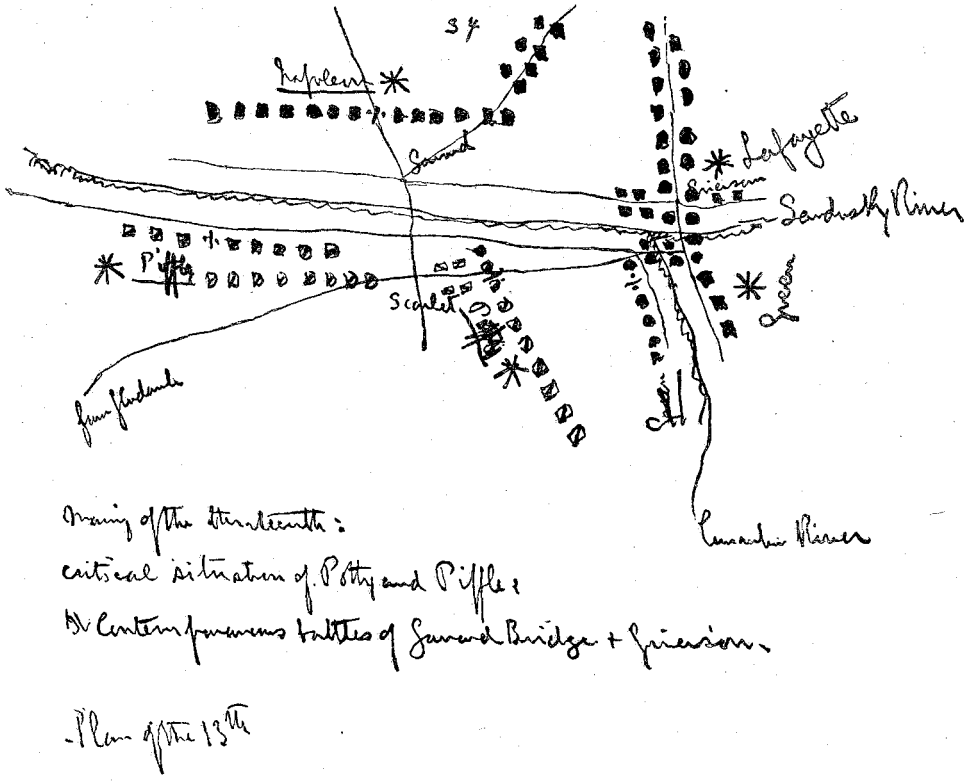

From the original sketch in Mr. Stevenson's note-book.

he has got exactly what he deserved. The whole command was crushed by that wide-awake fellow, Potty, and a lot of guns and ammunition lie ignominiously deserted on our own side of the river. All this through mere chuckle-headed incompetence and the neglect of the most elementary precautions, within a day's march of two magnificent armies, either of which, under any sane, soldierly man, is capable of marching right through to Glendarule.

"This is the last scandal. Yesterday, it was a whole regiment cut off between the Garrard road and the Sandusky River, and cut off without firing or being able to fire a single shot in self-defence. It is an open secret that the men behind Mar are starving, and that the whole east and the city of Savannah were within a day of being deserted. How long is this disorganization to go on? How long is that bloated bond-holder to go prancing round on horse-back, wall-eyed and muddle-headed, while his men are starved and butchered, and the forces of this great country are at the mercy of clever rogues like Potty, or respectable mediocrities like Stevenson?"

General Piffle's force was, I learn, attacked this morning from across the river by the whole weight of the enemy's centre. Supports were being hurried forward. Ammunition was scarce. A feeling of anxiety, not unmixed with hope, is the rule.

Noon.—I am now back in Scarlet, as being more central to both actions now raging, one along the line of the Sandusky between General Piffle and the Army of the Centre, the other toward Grierson between Potty and the corps of Generals Green and Lafayette. News has come from both quarters. Piffle, who was at one time thought to be overwhelmed, has held his ground on the Sandusky highroad; and by last advices his whole supports had come into line, and he hoped, by a last effort, to carry the day. His losses have been severe; they are estimated at 2,600 killed and wounded; but it appears from the reports of captives that the enemy's

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losses must amount to 3,000 at least. The fate of the engagement still trembles in the balance. From the battle at Grierson, the news is both encouraging and melancholy. The enemy has once more been driven across the rivers, and even some distance behind the town of Grierson itself on the Tahema road; he has certainly lost 2,400 men, principally horse; but he has succeeded in carrying off his guns and ammunition in the face of our attack, and his immense reserves are close at hand. Both Green and Lafayette are sent wounded to the rear; it is unknown who now commands their column. These successes, necessary as they were felt to be, were somewhat dearly purchased. Two thousand-six hundred men are hors de combat; and the chivalrous Potty is himself seriously hurt. This has cast a shade of anxiety over our triumph; and though the light column is still pushing its advantage under Lieutenant-General Pipes, it is felt that nothing but a complete success of the main body under Piffle can secure us from the danger of complete investment.

14th. *Scarlet.*—The engagement ended last night by the complete evacuation of Grierson. Pipes cleared the whole country about that town in splendid style, and the army encamped on the field of battle; sadly reduced indeed, but victorious for the moment. The enemy, since their first appearance at Grierson, have lost 4,400 men, and have been beaten decisively back. There is now not a man on our side of the Sandusky; and our loss of 2,600 is serious indeed, but seeing how much has been accomplished, not excessive. The enemy's horse was cut to pieces.

Piffle slept on the ground that he had held all day. In the afternoon he had once more driven back the head of the enemy's columns, inflicting a further loss of 3,200 killed and wounded at the lowest computation; but the enemy's camp-fires can still be plainly made out with a field-glass, in the same position as the night before. This is scarcely to be called success, although it is certainly not failure.

Sandusky.—All quiet at Sandusky; the army has fallen back into the city, and large reserves are still massed behind.

Editorial Comment.—The battle of Grierson is a distinct success; the enemy, with a heavy loss, have been beaten back to their own side. As to the vital engagement on the Sandusky and the heavy fighting before Yolo, it is plain that we must wait for further news of both. In neither case has any decided advantage crowned our arms, and if we are to judge by the expressions of the commander-in-chief to our Sandusky correspondent, the course of the former still leaves room for the most serious apprehensions. General Potty, we are glad to assure our readers, will be once more in the saddle before many days. It is an odd coincidence that all the principal commanders in the battle of Grierson were at one period or another of the day carried to the rear; and that none of the three is seriously hurt. Green and Lafayette were shot down, it appears, within a few moments of each other. It was reported that they had been having high words as to the reckless advance over the Sandusky, each charging the blame upon the other; but it seems certain that the fault was Lafayette's, who was in chief command, and was present in Grierson itself at the time of the fatal manœuvre. The result would have been crushing, had not General Potty been left for some hours utterly without ammunition; Commissary Scuttlebutt is loudly blamed. To-morrow's news is everywhere awaited with an eagerness approaching to agony.

15th. *Scarlet.*—Late last night, orders reached General Pipes to fall back on this place, where his reserves were diverted to support Piffle, hard-pressed on the Sandusky. This morning the manœuvre was effected in good order, the enemy following us through Grierson and capturing one hundred prisoners. The battle was resumed on the Sandusky with the same fury; and it is still raging as I write. The enemy's Army of the Centre is commanded, as we learn from stragglers, by General Napoleon; they boast of large supports arriving, both from Savannah and Tahema directions. The slaughter is something appalling; the whole of Potty's infantry corps has marched to support Piffle; and as we have now no more men within a day's ride, it is feared the enemy may yet manage to carry Garrard and command the line of the river.

Sandusky.—This morning, General Stevenson marched out of town to the southward on the Savannah and Sandusky road.

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It was fully expected that he would have mounted the Sandusky River to support Piffle and engage the enemy's Army of the Centre on the flank; and the present manœuvre is loudly criticised. Not only is the integrity of the line of the Sandusky ventured, but Stevenson's own force is now engaged in a most awkward country, with a difficult bridge in front. To add, if possible, to our anxiety, it is reported that General Delafield, in yesterday's engagement, lost 3,200 men, killed and wounded. He held his ground, however, and by the last advices had killed 800 and taken 1,400 prisoners, with which he had fallen back again on Yolo itself. This retrogression, it seems, is in accordance with his original orders: he was either to hold Yolo, or if possible advance on Savannah via Brierly. This last he judged unwise, so that he was obliged to cling to Yolo itself. This also is seriously criticised in the best-informed circles. Osbourne himself is reported to be in Savannah.

YALLOBALLY RECORD. — "We have never concealed our opinion that Osbourne was a bummer and a scallywag; but the entire collapse of his campaign beats the worst that we imagined possible. We have received, at the same moment, news of Green and Lafayette's column being beaten ignominiously back again across the Sandusky River and out of Grierson, a place on our own side; and next of the appearance of a large body of troops at Yolo, in the very heart of this great land, where they seem to have played the very devil, taking prisoners by the hundred and marching with arrogant footsteps on the sacred soil of the province of Savannah. General Napoleon, the only commander who has not yet disgraced himself, still fights an uphill battle in the centre, inflicting terrific losses and upholding the honor of his country single-handed. The infamous Osbourne is shaking in his spectacles at Savannah. He was roundly taken to task by a public-spirited reporter, and babbled meaningless excuses; he did not know, he said, that the force now falling in on us at Yolo was so large. It was his business to know. What is he paid for? That force has been ten days at least turning the east of the Mar Mountains, a week at least on our own side of the frontier. Where were Osbourne's wits? Will it be believed, the column at Lone Bluff is again short of ammunition? This old man of the sea, whom all the world knows to be an ass and whom we can prove to be a coward, is apparently a peculator also. If we were to die to-morrow, the word Osbourne would be found engraven backside foremost on our hearts."

NOTE. *The Tergiversation of the Army of the West.*—The delay of the Army of the West, and the timorous counsels of Green and Lafayette, were the salvation of Potty, Pipes, and Piffle. This is the third time we hear of this great army crossing the river. It never should have left hold. Lafayette had an overwhelming force at his back; and with a little firmness, a little obstinacy even, he might have swallowed up the thin lines opposed to him. On this day, the 16th, when we hear of his leaving Grierson for the third time, his headquarters should have been in Scarlet, and his guns should have enfiladed the weak posts of Piffle.

Sandusky. Noon.—Great gloom here. As everyone predicted, Stevenson has already lost 600 men in the marshes at the mouth of the Sandusky, men simply sacrificed. His wilful conduct in not mounting the river, following on his melancholy defeat before Mar, and his long and fatal hesitation as to the Armies of the West and Centre, fill up the measure of his incapacity. His uncontrolled temper and undisguised incivility, not only to the press, but to fellow-soldiers of the stamp of Piffle, have alienated from him even the sympathy that sometimes improperly consoles demerit.

Editorial.—We leave our correspondents to speak for themselves, reserving our judgment with a heavy heart. Piffle has the sympathy of the nation.

Scarlet. 9 P.M.—The attack has ceased. Napoleon is moving off southward. Our fellows smartly pursued and cut off 1,600 men; in spreading along the other side of the Sandusky, they fell on a flanking column of the enemy's Army of the West and sent it to the rightabout, with a loss of 800 left upon the field. This shows how perilously near to a junction these two formidable armies were, and should increase our joy at Napoleon's retreat. That movement is variously explained, but many suppose it is due to some advance from Sandusky.

Sandusky. 8 P.M.—Stevenson this af-

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ternoon occupied the angle between the Glendarule and the Sandusky; his guns command the Garrard and Savannah highroad, the only line of retreat for General Napoleon's guns, and he has already hopelessly defeated and scattered a strong body of supports advancing from Savannah to the aid of that commander. The enemy lost 1,600 men; it is thought that this success and Stevenson's present position involve the complete destruction or the surrender of the enemy's Army of the Centre. The enemy have retired from the passes behind Mar; but it is thought they have moved too late to save Savannah. Pleasant news from Colonel Delafield, who, with a loss of 600, has destroyed thrice that number of the enemy before Yolo.

17th. *Scarlet.*—The enemy turned last night, inflicting losses on the combined forces of Generals Pipes and Piffle, amounting together to 1,600 men. But his retreat still continues, harassed by our cavalry and guns. The rest of the troops out of Cinnabar have arrived, via Glentower, at the foot of the Blue Mountains. Everyone is in high spirits. Potty has resumed command of his division; I met him half an hour ago at lunch, when he expressed himself delighted with the campaign.

Sandusky.—A great victory must be announced. To-day Stevenson passed the Sandusky, and occupied the right bank of the Glendarule and the country in front of Savannah. General Napoleon, in full retreat upon that place, found himself cut off, and, after a desperate struggle, in which 2,600 fell, surrendered with 6,000 men. The wrecks of his army are scattered far and wide, and his guns are lying deserted on the Garrard road. At the very moment while Napoleon was surrendering his sword to General Stevenson, the head of our colors cut off 1,400 men before Savannah, which was under the fire of our guns, and destroyed a convoy on the Mar and Savannah highroad. This completes the picture; the enemy have now only one bridge over the Glendarule not swept by our artillery. Delafield has had another partial success; with a loss of 1,000 he has cut off 1,200 and made 400 prisoners, but a strong force is reported on the Yolo and Yallobally road, which, by placing him between two fires, may soon render his hold on Yolo untenable.

NOTE.—General Napoleon. His real name was Clamborough. The son of a well-known linen-draper in Yolo, he was educated at the military college of Savannah. His chief fault was an overwhelming vanity, which betrayed itself in his unfortunate assumption of a pseudonym, and in the gorgeous oriental costumes by which he rendered himself conspicuous and absurd. He received early warning of Stevenson's advance from Sandusky, but refused to be advised, and did not begin to retreat until his army was already circumvented. A characteristic anecdote is told of the surrender. "General," said Napoleon to his captor, "you have to-day immortalized your name." "Sir," returned Stevenson, whose brutality of manner was already proverbial, "if you had taken as much trouble to direct your army as your tailor to make your clothes, our positions might have been reversed."

Editorial Comment. — Unlike many others, we have never lost confidence in General Stevenson; indeed, as our readers may remember, we have always upheld him as a capable, even a great commander. Some little ruffle at Scarlet did occur, but it was, no doubt, chargeable to the hasty Potty; and now by one of the finest manœuvres on record, the head general of our victorious armies has justified our most hopeful prophecies and aspirations. There is not, perhaps, an officer in the army who would not have chosen the obvious and indecisive move up the Sandusky, which even our correspondent, able as he is, referred to with apparent approval. Had Stevenson done that, the brave enemy who chooses to call himself Napoleon might have been defeated twelve hours earlier, and there would have been less sacrifice of life in the divisions of Potty and the ignorant Piffle. But the enemy's retreat would not have been cut off; his general would not now have been a prisoner in our camp, nor should our cannon, advanced boldly into the country of our foes, thunder against the gates of Savannah and cut off the supplies from the army behind Mar. A glance at the map will show the authority of our position; not a loaf of bread, not an ounce of powder can reach Savannah or the enemy's Army of the East, but it must run the gantlet of our guns. And this is the result produced by the turning

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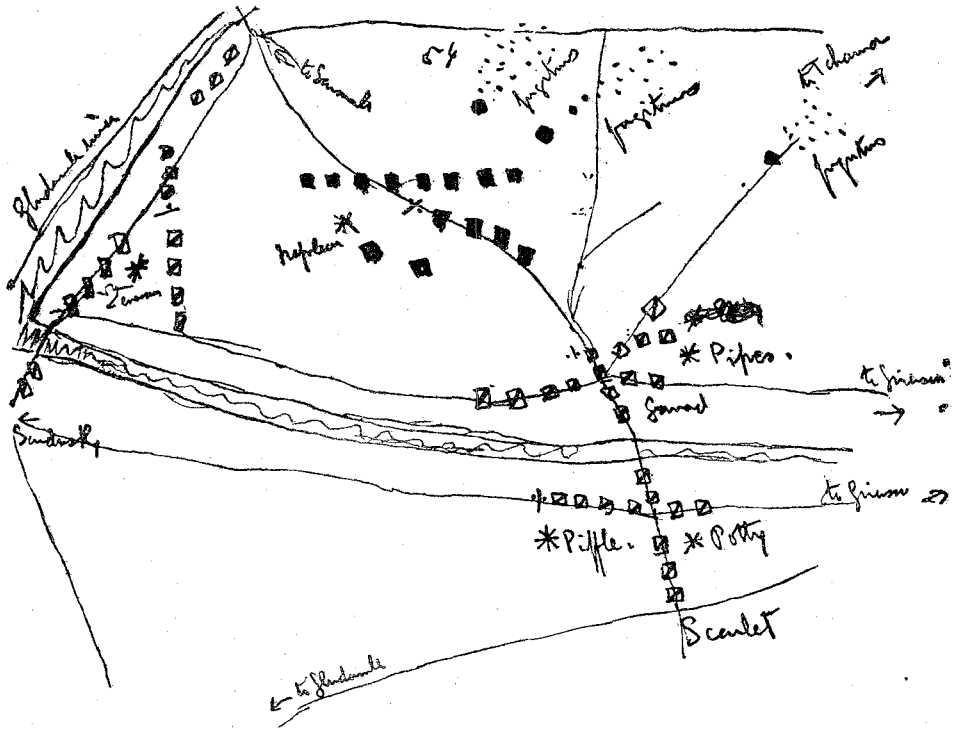
Napoleon
Pipes.
Pipes.
Pipes.

troops are quite steady, the inhabitants enthusiastic, and the loyal and indefatigable Osbourne multiplies his bodily presence. The events of yesterday were much exaggerated by some papers, and the publication of one rowdy sheet, suspected of receiving pay from the enemy, has been suspended by an order from head-quarters. Our Army of the West still advances triumphantly unresisted into the heart of the enemy's country; the force at Yolo, which is a mere handful and quite without artillery, will probably be rooted out to-morrow. Addresses and congratulations pour in to General Osbourne; subscriptions to the great testimonial Osbourne statue are received at the *Herald* office every day between the hours of 10 and 4."

ABSTRACT OF SIX DAYS' FIGHTING FROM THE 19TH TO THE 24TH, FROM THE GLENDARULE TIMES, SATURDAY SPECIAL.—"This week has been, on the whole, unimportant; there are few changes in the aspect of the field of war, and perhaps the most striking fact is the collapse of Colonel Delafield's Yolo column. Fourteen hundred killed and eighteen hundred prisoners is assuredly a serious consideration for our small army; yet the good done by that expedition is not wiped away by the present defeat; large reinforcements of troops and much ammunition have been directed into the far east; and the city of Savannah and the enemy's forces in the pass have thus been left without support. Delafield himself has reached Mar, now in our hands, and the cavalry and stores of the expedition, all safe, are close behind him. Yolo is a name that will never be forgotten. Our forces are now thus disposed: Potty, with the brave artillery, lies behind the southeast shoulder of the Blue Mountains, on the Sandusky and Samuel City road; Piffle, with the Army of the Centre, has fallen back into Sandusky itself; while Stevenson still holds the same position across the Sandusky River, his advance to which will constitute his chief claim to celebrity. Savannah was bombarded from the 18th to the 20th inclusive; 4,000 men fell in its defence. Osbourne himself, directing operations, was seriously wounded and sent to Yallobally; and on the evening of the 20th the city surrendered, only 600 men being found within its walls. A heavy contribution was raised; but the general himself, fearing to expose his communications, remains in the same position and has not even occupied the fallen city.

"In the meantime the army from the pass has been slowly drawing down to the support of Savannah, suffering cruelly at every step. Yesterday (24th), Mar was occupied by a corps of our infantry, who fell on the rear of the retreating enemy, inflicting heavy loss."

NOTE.—Retreat of the Mar column. The army which so long and so usefully held the passes behind Mar, over the neck of Lone Bluff, did not begin to retreat until the enemy had already occupied Mar and begun to engage their outposts. Supplies had already been cut off by the advanced position of Stevenson. The men were short of bread. The roads were heavy; the horses starving. The rear of the column was continually and disastrously engaged with the enemy pouring after. It is perhaps the saddest chapter in the history of the war. My grandmother, Mrs. Hankey (*née* Pillworthy), then a young girl on a mountain farm on the line of the retreat, distinctly remembers giving a soda biscuit, which was greedily received, to Colonel Diggory Jacks, then in command of our division, and lending him an umbrella, which was never returned. This incident, trivial as it may be thought, emphatically depicts the destitution of our brave soldiers.

In the meantime, in the west, the enemy are slowly passing the rivers and advancing with their main body on Scarlet, and with a single corps on Glentower. Cinnabar was occupied on the 21st in the morning and a heavy contribution raised. The situation may thus be stated: In the centre we are the sole arbiters, commanding the roads and holding a position which can only be described as authoritative. In the east, Delafield's corps has been destroyed; but the enemy's army of the pass, on the other hand, is in a critical position and may, in the course of a few days or so, be forced to lay down its arms. In the west, nothing as yet is decided, and the movement through the Glentower Pass somewhat hampers General Potty's position.

The comparative losses during these days are very encouraging and compare pleasingly with the cost of the early part of the campaign. The enemy have lost 12,800

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men, killed, wounded, and prisoners, as against 4,800 on our side.

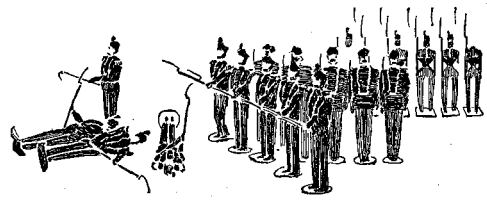
YALLOBALLY HERALD. Interview from General Osbourne with a special reporter. —"I met the wounded hero some miles out of Yallobally, still working, even as he walked, and surrounded by messengers from every quarter. After the usual salutations, he inquired what paper I represented, and received the name of the *Herald* with satisfaction. 'It is a decent paper,' he said. 'It does not seek to obstruct a general in the exercise of his discretion.' He spoke hopefully of the west and east, and explained that the collapse of our centre was not so serious as might have been imagined. 'It is unfortunate,' he said, 'but if Green succeeds in his double advance on Glendarule, and if our army can continue to keep up even the show of resistance in the province of Savannah, Stevenson dare not advance upon the capital; that would expose his communications too seriously for such a cautious and often cowardly commander. I call him cowardly,' he added, 'even in the face of the desperate Yolo expedition, for you see he is withdrawing all along the west, and Green, though now in the heart of his country, encounters no resistance.' The General hopes soon to recover; his wound, though annoying, presents no character of gravity."

NOTE.—General Osbourne's perfect sincerity is doubtful. He must have known that Green was hopelessly short of ammunition. "Unfortunate," as an epithet describing the collapse of the Army of the Centre, is perhaps without parallel in military criticism. It was not unfortunate, it was ruinous. Stevenson was a man of uneven character, whom his own successes rendered timid; this timidity it was that delayed the end; but the war was really over when General Napoleon surrendered his sword on the afternoon of the 17th.

A MARTIAL ELEGY FOR SOME LEAD SOLDIERS

By R. L. S.

FOR certain soldiers lately dead
Our reverent dirge shall here be said.
Them, when their martial leader called,
No dread preparative appalled;
But leaden-hearted, leaden-heeled,
I marked them steadfast in the field.
Death grimly sided with the foe,
And smote each leaden hero low.
Proudly they perished, one by one:
The dread Pea-cannon's work was done!
O not for them the tears we shed,
Consigned to their congenial lead;
But while unmoved their sleep they take,
We mourn for their dear Captain's sake,
For their dear Captain, who shall smart
Both in his pocket and his heart,
Who saw his heroes shed their gore
And lacked a shilling to buy more!



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THE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE

HOW PEACE WAS MADE

THE deeper meanings of Yorktown, shining out very plainly now after more than a century has come and gone, were quite hidden at the moment; but the immediate effects were sufficient even then to fill the minds of men both in the Old World and in the New. The tidings carried by Lauzun, the hard-fighting, amorous Duke, crossed the Atlantic in the surprisingly short time of twenty-two days, and were at Versailles on November 19, 1781, with great rejoicing thereupon in the brilliant Court and among the people. Great satisfaction, too, it all was to Vergennes and to the others who had planned the policy now culminating so gloriously. No doubt any longer that the blow had gone home, and that a very fine revenge had been taken upon the enemy who had wrested Canada from France. The splendid Empire of Great Britain had been broken. This fact Yorktown made clear to all men. Not seen at all, however, in the dust of defeat, was the other even more momentous fact that England would rise stronger than ever from her great disaster, and that the next fortification to crumble under the fire of the Yorktown guns would be the Bastile, symbol of the rule of one man which was to go down before the rule of all men.

From rejoicing Paris the news echoed through Europe, gratifying various kings and cabinets with the misfortune of a rival power, but giving to their complacent minds no hint of the coming overthrow of sundry well-established thrones and empires—something to be discerned only by those who listened very attentively to the deeper undertones sounding solemnly among the ominous voices of the time. By November 25th the Paris news was in London, with Clinton's official report following hard upon it. No doubt there, at least, as to its immediate meaning. Lord North, the clever, humorous, good-natured man, seeing the right clearly and pursuing the wrong half-heartedly in obedience to the will of a dull master, threw up his hands and cried, "It is all over." Quite plain to Parliament also, when they came together two days later, was the message of Yorktown. A troubled address from the throne and the majority for the Government reduced to eighty-seven were the first faint signs of the coming revolt. A fortnight later the majority was down to forty-one on the question of giving up all further attempts to reduce the Colonies. Then came a petition from London praying peace; for London saw her commerce broken and scattered by the American privateers ranging now even to the English Channel, while ruinous rates of insurance weighed heavily upon every cargo sent out by her merchants. The King alone, stupid, obstinate, with all his instincts for being a king and even a despot in angry revolt, declared that he would never assent to the separation of the Colonies. But poor George was beaten even if he had not the wit to know it, and events, relentless and irresistible, pushed him down and passed over him. The effort to revive a personal monarchy in England had miserably failed. It had been stricken down by the English people in America, as it would have been crushed by the English people at home if the hands of the Americans had not been those nearest to the work.

Rapidly now the supports about the King fell away. Lord George Germain, the heroic, who thought the Americans could not fight, departed from the Cabinet. Carleton succeeded Clinton at New York, and provision was made for nothing but

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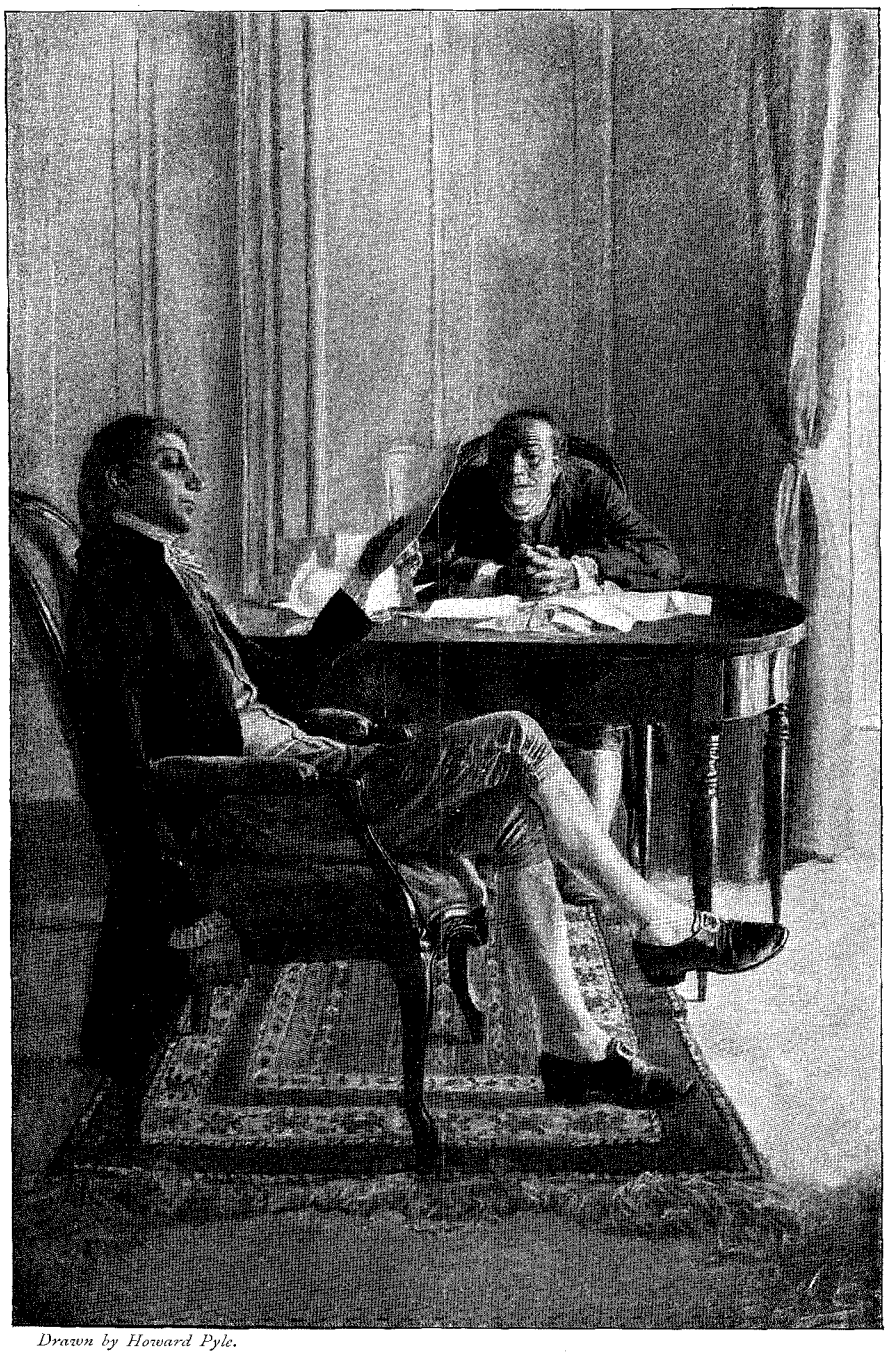

Drawn by Howard Pyle.

Benjamin Franklin and Richard Oswald Discussing the Treaty of Peace at Paris.

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defensive warfare, now reduced to holding New York and a few ports in South Carolina, to which pitiful dimensions the British Empire in America south of the Lakes had at last shrunk. Under these circumstances the decisive stroke in Parliament could not be long delayed, and on February 22d, the birthday of Washington, Conway's motion against continuing the American war failed by only one vote. This was defeat; five days later the same motion had a majority of nineteen and the doom of the Ministry was sealed. A brief season of intrigue followed, the King trying to make terms with Rockingham, who was to come in as the head of the Whigs, and to shut out Fox. But the royal experiment, shot down at Bunker Hill and surrendered at Saratoga and Yorktown, had failed too completely for compromise. No terms could be made, and on March 20th Lord North announced that his Ministry was at an end. Rockingham, shattered in health, undertook the Government and called members of both wings of his party to the Cabinet. One faction was headed by Charles Fox, then in the first flush of his splendid eloquence — passionate in his sympathies, earnest in his beliefs, full of noble aspirations and deep emotions. The chief of the other faction was Lord Shelburne, liberal by cultivation, cool, ambitious, adroit, nicknamed Malagrida by his contemporaries, who thought his political methods Jesuitical. Agreement between two such men was impossible, and antagonism, enhanced by the offices they respectively received, broke out at once. Shelburne was made Secretary of State for the Home Department, which included the Colonies; Fox, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, which included all the other belligerents. But if the independence of the Colonies was conceded in advance, then the negotiations with them passed away from Shelburne and into the hands of Fox. Here was a very pretty situation created for the Americans by two Secretaries of State struggling with each other and severally seeking to make peace with them. Rightly handled, the two rivals of the British Cabinet could be used to bid against one another, if there chanced to be a diplomatist opposed to them able to take advantage of the cards thus forced into his hands.

Charles Gravier Comte de Vergennes.

Across the channel, as it happened, there was just the man for the conditions. Benjamin Franklin in Paris, watching every move in the game—as familiar with English politics as any statesman in London, more astute than Shelburne, and as single-minded in his devotion to his country and in his love of freedom as Fox—saw, at a glance, the opportunities opening before him. Divining the future, he began a correspondence with Shelburne, whom he knew well, before the old Ministry had actually fallen or the new one had been formed. With words of genuine desire for peace and of subtile flattery for his correspondent, he opened the negotiations with Shelburne, for he characteristically felt that he could deal better with the cunning politician of cultivated liberality than with the eager and earnest nature of Fox, who would serve best as a check and foil to the man from whom he meant to get the peace he wanted for America. Franklin, as it soon appeared, had made his first step not only shrewdly but correctly, for in response to his letter Shelburne sent Richard Oswald over to Paris to begin the negotiations.

Congress had put the negotiations into the hands of Commissioners, Franklin, Jay, Adams, and Laurens. The last, captured on the high seas and now out of the Tower on parole, joined Adams at The

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Hague, where the latter was just concluding a negotiation successful in loans and recognition, and, being without faith in the readiness of Great Britain to make peace, was in no hurry to move. Jay was in Spain, so Franklin, at the outset, was left alone with all the threads of the tangled web in his own hands. His first step was to take possession of Oswald, Lord Shelburne's envoy, as soon as that gentleman arrived in Paris. With a fine disregard for the differing jurisdictions of the English Secretaries of State, he took Oswald to see Vergennes and started the negotiations with France in this illicit manner. Then he sent Oswald back to London with some notes of a conversation in which he assured Shelburne that Oswald was, of all others, the agent to be employed, which, from Franklin's point of view, was no doubt true. He suggested, with pleasant audacity, that Canada should be ceded to the United States, and said it would assure "a durable peace and a sweet reconciliation." The old philosopher must have allowed himself to smile as he penned this sentence; but he nevertheless sent Oswald off with it, and then wrote to Jay begging him to come to Paris, and adding, significantly, "Spain has taken four years to consider whether she should treat with us or not. Give her forty, and let us, in the meantime, mind our own business." Here was a great stroke. Spain was to be shut out from any share in the American negotiations, and Franklin had got rid of one great encumbrance.

Then Oswald came back from London.

Charles James Fox.

From mezzotint by John Gilbank, 1806.

Lord Shelburne.

From an engraving by Bartolozzi after Gainsborough, 1787.

It appeared that Lord Shelburne did not intend to cede Canada even for "a sweet reconciliation;" but he was ready to grant complete independence, proposed the Penobscot as our Eastern boundary, and demanded security for British debts and for the loyalists. Then appeared on the scene Mr. Thomas Grenville, the representative of Mr. Fox, and the rebel Franklin introduced him to the French Minister. But Mr. Grenville came to misfortune at once. His proposition that the independence of America should be granted to France was rejected by both Vergennes and Franklin, and Mr. Grenville found himself in need of fresh instructions. When his new powers came they authorized him to treat only with France, and yet were filled with a discussion of American affairs. It appeared that these new powers would not do either. Vergennes insisted on the inclusion of France, while Franklin would not tell Mr. Fox's man anything about the American case. So Mr.

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Grenville felt much chagrined and checked, and of no particular use or effect. Franklin, in fact, meant to keep the negotiations in Oswald's hands, and, although Grenville was valuable as a menace in the background, he was to have no real part in the serious business. Franklin evidently felt that he could get more from Lord Shelburne's necessities than he could from the theories of Fox, and events favored him. Lord Rockingham died, Fox went out of office, and Shelburne became prime-minister. Franklin, with a clear field now, and knowing well how frail was Shelburne's tenure of office, proceeded to push his negotiations with Oswald as rapidly as possible. On July 10th he proposed the American conditions of peace. The essential irrevocable articles were full and complete independence, withdrawal of all British troops, the Mississippi as the Western boundary, the Northern and Eastern boundaries as they were before the Quebec Act of 1774, and freedom of fishing off Newfoundland. He refused all provisions for the security of the loyalists or of British debts, and suggested an article for reciprocity of trade. Back went Oswald to London, to return with full powers and an acceptance of all Franklin's terms, the privilege of drying fish in Newfoundland being alone withheld. The treaty was practically made, the great lines upon which it was finally concluded were all agreed, and thus far Franklin had acted alone. He had steered clear of France and thrown Spain over. A few days only were needed and the work would have been perfected; but now his colleagues appeared in Paris, and difficulties arose, delays came, and there were serious perils before the end was reached.

First came Jay, quite cured by his experience in Spain of his love for a triple alliance with that country and France, and very suspicious of all that had been done in Paris. He wanted various things—an acknowledgment by Parliament, and then a proclamation under the great seal, either of which if insisted upon might have wrecked the negotiations. But Jay, on being reasoned with, abandoned them and insisted only on having Oswald's commission recognize the United States of America, which was wise, but which also brought delay in getting the new commission, and all delays were dangerous. Dangerous because Shelburne's days of power were numbered, and still more perilous because it gave time for Spain to come upon the scene, and proceed to intrigue and draw France away from the United States and urge the abandonment of the Mississippi. Here Jay came out with great force, and his knowledge of Spain and Spanish treachery and falsehood stood him in good stead. On no account was the valley of the great river to be given up. Then it appeared that France was meddling with the fisheries; and now Jay turned to England, convinced that it was our interest to cut clear of the continental powers. So it came to pass that a month later he and Franklin were again at work with the newly commissioned Oswald on the treaty itself. Jay made the draft and did it well, but it was along the lines of Franklin's first scheme, and, while it added reciprocity of trade and free navigation of the Mississippi, the Americans still stood out on the debts and the loyalists. Over went the treaty to London, once more to come back with another commissioner, Henry Strachey, Oswald being thought too pliant and in need of reinforcement. The new commissioner was to stand out for the debts and loyalists and against drying fish on Newfoundland, and the Northeastern boundary was still open.

Nothing here was vital, and the treaty seemed again on the verge of completion when John Adams arrived, and, chancing to encounter Oswald and Strachey, let out that he was willing to yield on the loyalists and the debts, thus giving away Franklin's reserve, which he had been holding for a high price at the end. It was not a fortunate bit of frankness, but the negotiations had to go on, and John Adams proved himself a most valuable ally in the struggle now centring over the fisheries and the Maine boundary, where he was especially strong and peculiarly well informed. Anxious days followed, with much talking and proposing and counter-proposing. All of this, very intricate to follow out now, and confused still further by another journey of Strachey to London, with the Ministry tottering fast to its fall, and great fear that England, inspirited by Rodney's victory and the defence of Gibraltar, might throw the whole business overboard. A very

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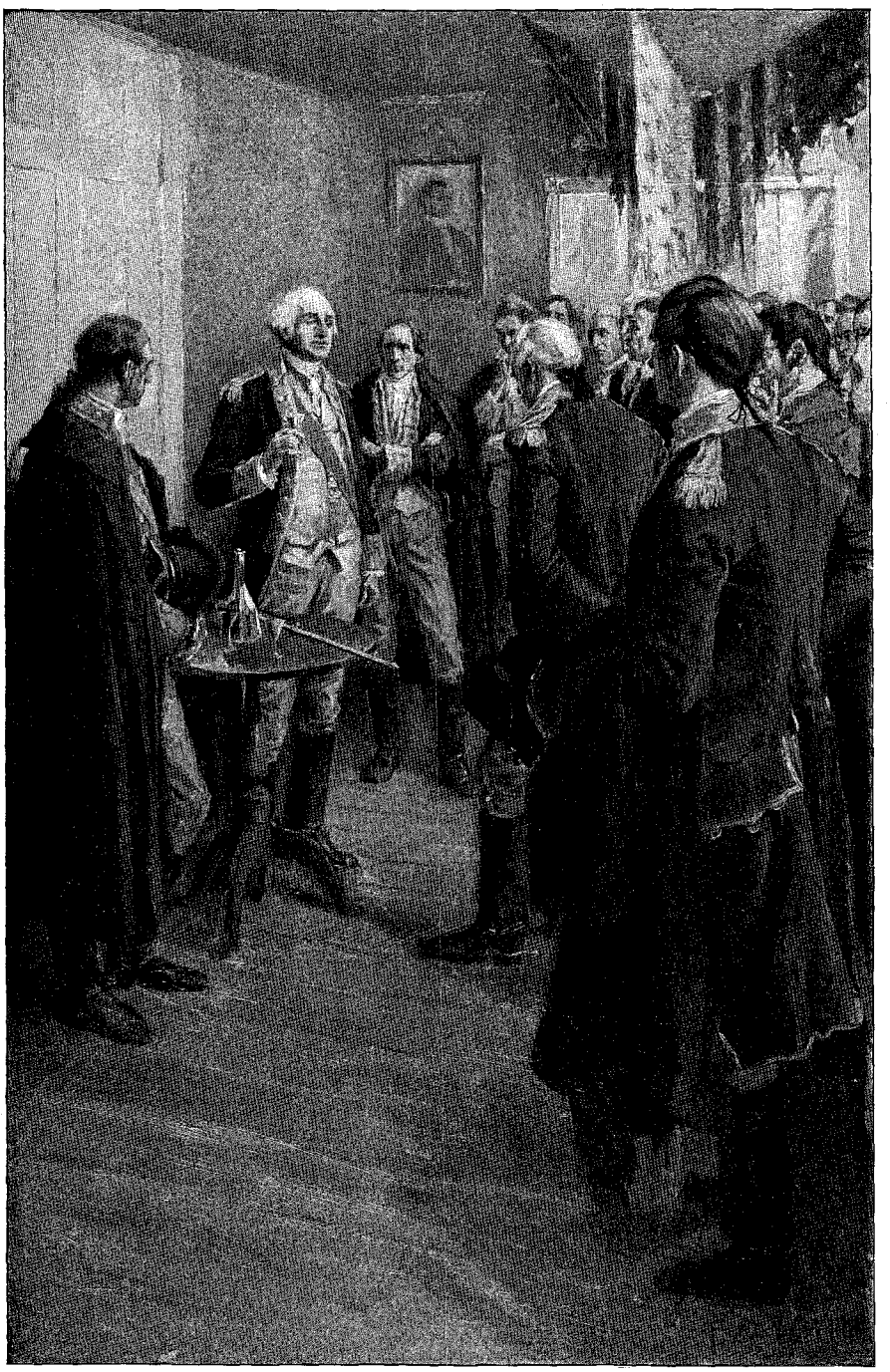

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

Washington's Farewell to his Officers.

"With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take my leave of you, most devoutly wishing that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable."—Page 729.

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ticklish, trying time this for all concerned, but Strachey came back, and then there were more anxious debates. The Americans yielded on the loyalists and the debts, but John Adams made an absolute stand for the equal rights of Americans in the fisheries. Thereupon another visit to London was proposed, but Franklin checked this by saying that in that case the claim about the loyalists and the debts would be reopened. Strachey gave way on this, and was followed by Fitzherbert, who had charge of the negotiations with Spain and France, and after Laurens had put the black man in by the provision that the British should carry off no slaves, the treaty was signed on November 30, 1782, subject to the further conclusion of a treaty between France and England.

So the great work was done. There has been much controversy since as to who did it—a controversy, on the whole, rather profitless, although no doubt consoling to the descendants of the eminent men who set their names to the treaty. To each may be given their full share of honor. Jay's stand on the Mississippi was admirable and strong, and he showed great capacity in dealing with the crooked Spanish side of the problem; but he made some unwise proposals, and came very near at one moment to upsetting everything by the delay which he helped to cause. John Adams was of the highest service—learned, determined, especially versed in the questions of the New England boundary and the fisheries, which he did more than anyone else to save unimpaired to America. But he made a dangerous admission on his arrival about loyalists and British debts, which came very near taking from us the powerful instrument which we then held fast in order to gain better terms in other directions. Nevertheless, after all deductions, both Adams and Jay rendered high and important service to America in this great negotiation, and a service which could not have been spared or dispensed with.

But there was one man about whom no deductions need be made, who guided the delicate and difficult work from the beginning, and who proved himself the great diplomatist of his day. This was Franklin, the maker of the French alliance, the great figure in the diplomacy which did so much to establish and bring to success the American Revolution. Before his colleagues arrived on the scene he had grasped with a sure hand all the conditions of the task before him. He it was who committed Shelburne to the proposition of independence, played him off against Fox, and captured Oswald, the man into whose hands he determined to force the British case. He it was who shut out Spain and held France at arm's-length. Thus it came about that before his colleagues came the pieces in the great game were all in position, the campaign all laid out, and the lines drawn and fixed—the very lines upon which, after many weeks more of keen wrangling and argument, the treaty was finally made. In the words of Mr. Henry Adams, upon which it is impossible to improve, "Franklin, having overcome this last difficulty" (getting Shelburne to style us the United States of America), "had only to guide his impetuous colleagues and prevent discord from doing harm. How dexterously he profited and caused his country to profit by the very idiosyncrasies of those colleagues with which he had least sympathy; how skilfully he took advantage of accidents and smoothed difficulties away; how subtle and keen his instincts were; how delicate and yet how sure his touch; all this is a story to which Mr. Bancroft has done only partial justice. Sure of England, Franklin calmly ignored Spain, gently threw on his colleagues the responsibility of dispensing with the aid of France, boldly violated his instructions from Congress, and negotiated a triumphant peace."* Spain and France marvelled to find themselves left outside. England, in the hands of this master of politics, was led, before she realized it, into giving more than she ever intended. Adams and Jay played Franklin's game with the other powers without knowing that they did so, and rested in full belief that they made the peace, while the old philosopher walked out at the end with the treaty in his hands, entirely victorious and quite contented that others should have the glory so long as he had the result.

The American rebels convinced the world that they had statesmen in Congress who could argue their case as ably as any Ministers in Europe. After six long

* *North American Review*, April, 1875, p. 430.

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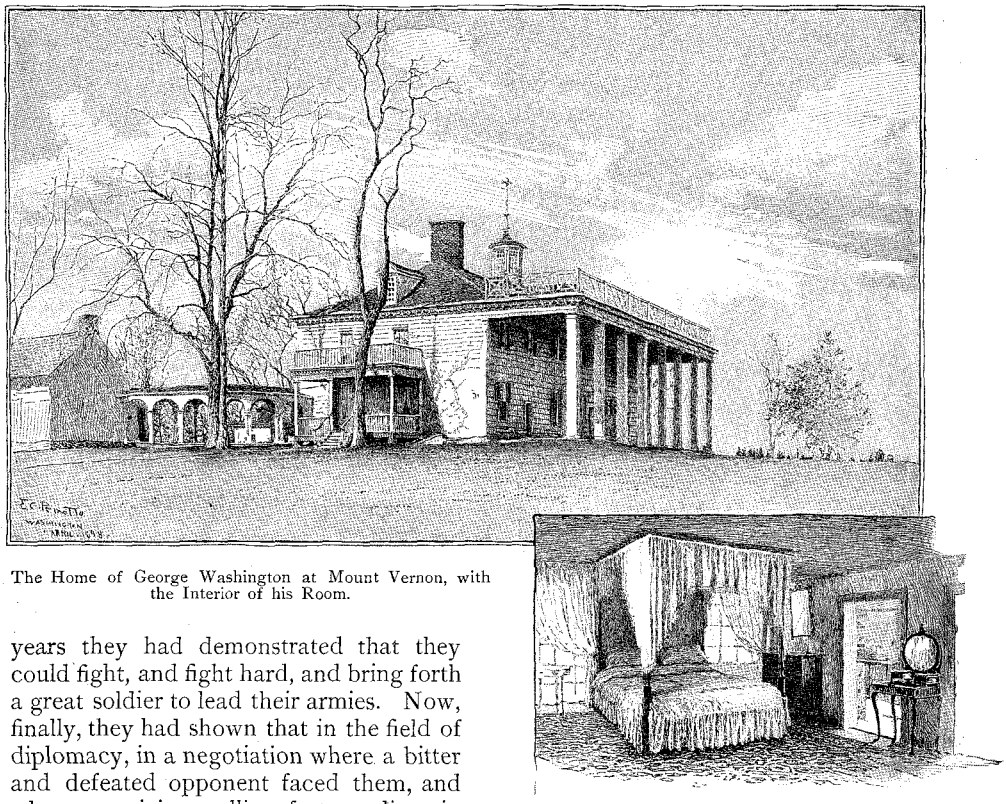

The Home of George Washington at Mount Vernon, with the Interior of his Room.

years they had demonstrated that they could fight, and fight hard, and bring forth a great soldier to lead their armies. Now, finally, they had shown that in the field of diplomacy, in a negotiation where a bitter and defeated opponent faced them, and where suspicious allies fast cooling in friendship stood by their side, they could produce diplomatists able to wring from these adverse and perilous conditions a most triumphant peace. All these performances in statecraft, war, and diplomacy came from a people whom England despised and therefore lost, and in this wise furnish forth one of the many great lessons which history loves to preserve and men delight to forget.

HOW THE WAR ENDED

GREAT effects came from the news of Yorktown when the tidings spread through Europe. Very different were its effects in America, and not altogether pleasant to contemplate. Washington, wholly unmoved in purpose by his great victory, turned from the field where Cornwallis had surrendered to do what came next in the work of completing the Revolution. He wanted De Grasse to go with him to Charleston in order to destroy the British there and finish the Southern campaign out of hand. But De Grasse would do no more. He preferred to leave the coast, part from Washington, who had planned another sure victory, and take his way to Rodney and defeat. Having thus failed with the French admiral, Washington sent to Greene all the troops he could spare, and then started north to Philadelphia. Letters had preceded him urging the old advice for better administration and a more permanent army, just as if there had been no Yorktown; and, strange to say, Congress fell in with his wishes, filled the departments, and tried to increase the army. This time the opposition and the feebleness appeared in the States and among the people. Public sentiment was relaxed, and settled down easily to the comfortable belief that Yorktown had decided everything, and that all was over. The natural result followed in failure to get money or men. Washington believed that Yorktown had probably ended the struggle; but he lived in a world of facts, not probabilities, and he saw many possible perils. The war was not over, peace was not made, and, if England held off

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and let the war drag on, American exhaustion and indifference might prove fatal and undo all that had been done. So when Washington heard that the Commons had asked the King to make peace, he wrote a letter to Congress warning them of danger and urging continued preparation. Again he wrote, pointing out that war was still going on; and even when he knew that negotiations had actually begun, he still sent words of warning and appeals for preparation to continue the war. He produced little effect, the States remained inert, the war smouldered along with petty affairs of outposts, and still peace did not come. Fortunately, the neglect of Washington's sound counsels bore no evil fruit, for England was more deeply hurt than he dared to think, and the treaty was really at hand.

But there was one subject upon which Congress failed to act where they could not be saved by the breaking down of their enemy. This was the treatment of their own army, and here there was no excuse to be made. A fear of standing armies was the avowed explanation of their inaction; but this fear, as they put it into practice, was unintelligent, while the deeper cause was their own feebleness, not untinged with jealousy of the men who had done the fighting. But, whatever the reasons, the fact remained that the soldiers were unpaid; that no provision of any sort was made for them; and that they seemed on the brink of being dismissed to their homes, in many cases to want and destitution, with no compensation but the memory of their hardships and their victories. Washington was profoundly moved by the attitude and policy of Congress. One of the deepest emotions of his strong nature was love for his soldiers, for those who had fought with him, and with this was coupled his passionate hatred of injustice. His letters to those in authority were not only full of hot indignation, but bitter in their denunciation of a policy which would reduce the army without providing for the men, as they were mustered out. He saw, too, what Congress failed to see, that here was not only injustice and ingratitude, flagrant and even cruel, but a great and menacing danger. It is a perilous business to deal out injustice, suffering, and want to the armed soldier. The moment comes when the man with the musket says that, if anyone is to be wronged or starved, it shall not be himself. What Congress or legislatures refuse unjustly, human nature in the armed man will finally take by force. To this frame of mind the American army was fast coming. Congress and the States went cheerfully along, making a few indefinite promises and doing nothing. The mutterings and murmurs in camp began to grow louder, and at last they found expression in an able and adroitly written address, the work of John Armstrong. The voice of the armed man was rising clearly and distinctly now. It declared the sufferings and sorrows of the soldier and the ingratitude of Congress, and called the army to action and to the use of force. The appeal was made. Only one man could keep words from becoming deeds, and Washington came forward and took control of the whole movement. He censured the address in general orders, and then called, himself, a meeting of the officers. When they had assembled, Washington arose with a manuscript in his hand. As he took out his glasses he said: "You see, gentlemen, I have grown both blind and gray in your service." Very simple words, very touching, with a pathos which no rhetoric could give, a pathos possible only in a great nature deeply stirred. And then he read his speech—clear, vigorous, elevated in tone, an appeal to the past and to patriotism, an earnest prayer to leave that past unsullied and to show confidence in the Government and the civil power, the whole ending with a promise that the General would obtain justice for the army. Then he withdrew, and to that great leadership all men there yielded, and the meeting passed resolutions and adjourned. At last Congress listened. The proceedings at Newburg penetrated even their indifference, the half-pay was commuted, and with this and land warrants, and with the privilege of taking their arms home with them, the army was fain to be content. It was not much, but it saved the Congress from the reproach of leaving its soldiers destitute, and the country from a military revolution, for no less a peril lurked behind the movement which Washington controlled and checked. Underneath the Newburg addresses, and the murmurs of the troops, there ran a strong undercurrent of well-de-

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fined feeling in favor of taking control of the Government. The army was the one organized efficient force in the country, their comrades in arms were scattered through all the towns and settlements, and they could appeal to the timid and the selfish everywhere in behalf of order and strength as against the feeble, impotent central government and the confused rule of thirteen States. All that they lacked was a leader, and the great leader was there at their head if he would only consent to serve. Openly, by letter, was the proposition made to Washington, and by him rejected with dignified and stern contempt. Secretly, the same whisper was ever in his ears. Nothing would have been easier than to have become a "Saviour of Society." The part was a fascinating one and easily converted into a conscientious duty. But Washington would have none of it. He saw this fact clearly, as he saw all facts. He knew what the condition of the times made possible, but the part of military dictator did not appeal to him. He was too great a man in character for that sort of work. It seemed to him that it would be a vulgar and sorry ending to the great task which had been performed, and the wide-open easy opportunity was never even a temptation. His one desire was to have the Revolution finish as it began, in purity and loftiness of purpose, unstained by any self-seeking, crowned with success, and undisfigured by usurpation. So he held his army in hand, prevented force and violence, stopped all attempts to make him the Cæsar or Cromwell of the new Republic, and longed in his simple fashion very ardently and very anxiously to get back to his farms and gardens at Mount Vernon.

Late in March, 1783, came the news of peace, the danger from the army disappeared, and the fighting was done. Still the General could not go to the beloved home; still Congress kept him employed in the public business, although they neither adopted nor perhaps understood the wide and far-reaching policies which he then urged upon them. Not until late in the autumn was he able to move his army down the Hudson to the city which he had held so long surrounded. At last, on November 25th, the British departed and Washington marched in at the head of his men. It was the outward and visible sign that the war was over; and as Washington's entrance into Boston meant that New England had been freed from English rule, so his entrance into New York meant that the Thirteen States of North America were in very truth, as Congress seven years before had declared that they were and ought to be, "free and independent."

On December 4th the officers of the army met in Fraunces' tavern to bid their chief farewell. Washington, as he rose and faced them, could not control his voice. He lifted a glass of wine and said, "With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take my leave of you, most devoutly wishing that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable." They drank in silence, and Washington said, "I cannot come to each of you and take my leave, but shall be obliged if you will come and take me by the hand." Up they came, one by one; and one by one Washington, his eyes filled with tears, embraced them and said farewell. From the tavern they followed him to the ferry, where he entered his barge. As the boat moved away, he rose and lifted his hat. His officers returned the salute in silence, and all was over.

One great scene was still to be enacted, when at Annapolis Washington returned his commission to Congress. But let us leave the American Revolution here. Let us close it with this parting at the water's edge, when the man without whom the Revolution would have failed bade farewell to the officers and men without whom he could not have won. The fighting was done, the Continental Army was dissolved. That noble and gracious figure, standing up alone and bareheaded in the boat which was carrying him southward and away from his army, signified to all the world that the American Revolution had ended in complete victory. Perhaps its greatest triumph was that it had brought forth such a leader of men as the one now returning to his peaceful home at Mount Vernon, and that, thanks to him, whatever mistakes had been made or defeats encountered, the war of the people for a larger liberty closed unsullied by violence and with no stain of military despotism upon its record.

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THE MEANING OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

So the end had come. The English-speaking people had divided, the British Empire had been broken, the American Revolution had been fought out, and a new nation was born. Here, surely, was a very great event, full of significance and meaning if rightly considered. What, then, did it really mean to the world at large, and especially to the people who had made the fight, and were henceforth to be two nations?

To the world it meant the beginning of the democratic movement, so little understood at the moment, so very plain to all now. It was the coming of a new force into the western world of Europe and America. A people had risen in arms, and, disregarding all traditions and all habits, had set forth the declaration that they were to govern themselves in their own way, and that government was no longer to be the privilege of one man called a king, or of any class of men by mere right of birth. To vindicate this claim they had fought, using the only method by which any people has ever been able to prove its right to anything; and thus the armed people in opposition to the disciplined soldiers of royalty had come into existence, and the armed people had won. Great facts these, ominous and portentous even, and yet so curiously little heeded in their deeper meanings at the moment. France thought only that she had crippled England and taken an ample revenge for the past. England knew that she had received a heavy blow, was troubled with uneasy forebodings, suspected that something was not altogether right in her system of administration, and began to stir a little with abortive projects of reform. Europe generally looked on stolidly, felt some satisfaction at England's misfortunes, and thought the affair well over, with much benefit to balances of power and other delights of the diplomatic mind. Even America herself thought only that her object had been obtained, that she was free from the control of a power over seas, and set to work to deal with her own concerns in a fashion by no means creditable at the outset. None of them saw the strong, deep current of change which had set in that April morning at Concord, and which had flowed on to Yorktown. It sank out of sight, as rivers sometimes do in the bowels of the earth, so soon as peace was made, and men said contentedly that there was no river after all. Six years went by, and the stream had come to the surface once more, far away from America this time, and France was moving with a deep unrest. Now the current was flowing fiercely and swiftly, with a headlong rapidity which dazed all onlookers. Privileges and orders, customs and Bastiles went down before it, and presently other things too—men's lives and royal crowns and the heads that wore them. No doubt now of the meaning which had been obscured in America. "The rights of man," "Liberty, equality, fraternity," and other strange new cries were heard on every street-corner; and the old systems, which had fostered and played with the American Revolution, waked up and said, "This business must be stopped and this rabble put down." And then, behold, it could not be done—the rabble could not be put down; and the armed people, twenty-five millions strong, flung themselves on Europe, rolled back the royal armies, and carried their victories and their doctrines far beyond the borders of France.

In the armed people democracy had produced a force against which the old systems could not stand. It rushed forward with a fervor, an energy, and a wild faith which nothing could resist. A career was suddenly opened to talents, and from the inn and farm and tannery, from the petty attorney's office, the vineyard, and the shop, sprang up men who, by sheer ability, rose to command armies, govern nations, and fill thrones. Opportunity was no longer confined to those who had birth and rank, to the royal bastard or the Court favorite, and the old system, shattered by this unexpected and painful discovery, went down in ruins. Concentrated in the hands of one man, the new force swept away the wretched princelings who sold their subjects for soldiers, the little tyrants, the corrupt monarchies, and the holy inquisition, still powerful in Spain. To meet the despotism thus engendered, the people of Germany and the people of Spain had to be called forth to join England and Austria and Russia, in order to save the national existence which their kings had

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been unable to protect. Popular force was met at last by popular force, and when Napoleon ended at Waterloo, Metternichs and Bourbons and Liverpools and other wise persons, who had forgotten a great deal and learned nothing, thought that all was over, that nothing remained but to return to the nice old systems of the previous century, and that everything would again be very quiet and comfortable. But it soon appeared that, although a man had been defeated, the force which made him possible and the movement which had borne him forward had not been defeated at all. The old system did not work well at all. There were outbreaks and unrest, and a Holy Alliance had to be made; and then an English statesman called in the New World which had started the whole movement to redress the balance of the Old, and the entire continental Empire of Spain in the Americas broke off and became democratic, causing great annoyance and perplexity to persons of the Metternich kind. In 1830 another revolution came in France, and the sorry revival of kings by divine right vanished. England had tried to meet her unrest by Peterloo and similar performances, and the answer had not proved satisfactory. Something different was clearly needed, and in 1832, with the splendid sense so characteristic of the English people, the Reform Bill was passed, the democratic movement was recognized, a revolution of arms was avoided, and a peaceful revolution consummated. Meantime Greece had escaped from Turkey, and the movement of the people to hold or share in the business of governing went steadily forward. There were years when it seemed wholly repressed and hopeless, and then years like 1848, when it rose in its might, crushed everything in its path, and took a long step ahead, with the inevitable reaction afterward, until a fresh wave gathered strength and rolled again a little higher up with the ever-rising tide. Italy broke away from Austria and gained her national unity; representative systems with more or less power came into being in every European country, except Russia and Turkey; the wretched little tyrants of the petty states of Germany and Italy, the temporal power of the Pope, have all been swept out of existence, and given place to a larger national life and to a recognition more or less complete of the power and rights of the people. Even to-day, in obedience to the same law, the colonial despotism of Spain has perished from the face of the earth because it was a hideous anachronism.

The democratic movement has gone so far and so fast that it is but little heeded now, and men have become almost entirely oblivious of its existence. Yet it is never still, it is always advancing. It has established itself in Japan, it cannot be disregarded even by the master of the German armies, and before many years it will be felt in Russia. So rapid has been its progress and so complete its victories that men forget what it has accomplished, turn their whole attention to the evils which it has left untouched, and are in some instances ready not merely to criticise it but to proclaim it a failure. The statesman who declared that gratitude was a lively sense of favors to come uttered not merely a brilliant epigram but a profound philosophic truth, which applies not only to human beings but to theories of life and to systems of government. When the democratic movement began, and for three-quarters of a century afterward, the men who were fighting for liberty and the rights of man believed, as all genuine reformers must believe, that if this vast change were carried out, if tyranny were abolished, if votes and a share in the government given to the people, all the evils flesh is heir to would disappear. The great political reform has been, in large measure, accomplished, and many evils yet remain. There are still poverty, suffering, ignorance, injustice, lack of opportunity, crime, and misery in the world in large abundance, and so some men hasten to say that democracy has failed. They forget what democracy has done, and see only what it has left undone. The great political reform in which men believed so passionately, and for which they fought and died and suffered, has come and is still growing and expanding; and yet the earth is not a Utopia, nor have sin and sorrow vanished. It is the old story; the universal remedy was not a panacea after all, and the fact is overlooked that there are no panaceas for human ills, and that the only fair way to judge a great reform or a sweeping social and political movement is

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by its results, and not by fixing our eyes solely on those evils which it has left untouched and which it is powerless to cure. Tried in this way, by the only just standard, democracy has been a marvellous success—more helpful, more beneficial to the human race than any other political system yet devised by man. To it we owe the freedom of thought, the freedom of conscience, the freedom of speech, which exist to-day in their fulness among the English-speaking people, and more or less completely among all the great nations of western Europe. No longer can men be powerful solely by the accident of birth, or be endowed from the cradle with the right to torture, outrage, and imprison their fellow-beings less fortunately born.

The craving of this present time is for greater equality of opportunity, but it is to the democratic movement that we owe the vast enlargement to all men of the opportunity for happiness and success since 1776. We picture easily to ourselves the tyrannies and oppressions of the Old World which went down in the tempest of the French Revolution, and were so completely effaced that the average man in Europe neither knows nor realizes that they ever existed. But we are prone to think that in America, where government was always easy and light, the change wrought by democracy has been trifling and that we owe it little. Many men see defects and shortcomings in our municipal governments with great clearness, and some of them, while they shake their heads over the democracy which they believe guilty of these faults, are utterly blind to the great fact that democracy made slavery impossible and crushed it out only a generation ago—a deed for humanity which makes all other achievements look small. The same holds true in lesser things. We know, for example, how democracy has softened and reformed the awful criminal code of the England of Pitt and Fox, and the miseries of the debtors' prisons which Dickens described thirty years later; but we overlook the fact that we ourselves were but little better in these respects. Robert Morris, the patriot who upheld the breaking credit and failing treasury of the confederation in the last days of the Revolution, and gave to the American cause freely from his own purse, passed four years in prison in his old age for the crime of having failed in business. Such a punishment inflicted by the law for such a cause would be impossible now, and yet this is but an illustration of the vast change effected by democracy in the relations of men one to another. The altruism which is so marked a feature of the century just closing is the outcome of democracy. To the man who shares in the government of his country, or who has political rights, sympathy must be given by his fellows, for in one great relation of life they all stand together. Nothing is more hardening, nothing tends more to cruelty, than the rigid separation of classes; and when all men have certain common political rights and an equality before the law the class line is shattered, and men cannot consider other men as creatures wholly apart, whose sufferings are a matter of indifference. The great work of democracy has been in widening sympathy, in softening and humanizing laws, customs, and manners. The debt due it in this way no man can estimate, for no man can now realize, in imagination, the sufferings, oppressions, cruelties, and heartless indifference of society a hundred years ago which democracy has swept away. Democracy is fallible and imperfect, because human nature is so; but it has come, it has brought untold good to mankind, it will bring yet more. It makes for humanity, civilization, and the uplifting of the whole race, and it will in greater and greater measure dominate the world and control governments. No man can stay its resistless march, and under various forms the principle that the people are to have their own governments, good or bad, no matter what the outward dress, and that the last word is with the people, is rising every day to more supreme dominion in the affairs of men. This great movement, which overthrew the world's equilibrium, brought new forces into being, and changed society and governments, began in America with the Continental Congress and the flash of the guns at Lexington and Concord. It ended at Yorktown, and by the treaty of Paris it was acknowledged that a people had won the right to rule themselves. A very momentous conclusion this, and it was the message of the American Revolution to mankind.

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To those immediately concerned and most closely touched by the Revolution, it brought other meanings than that shared by the world at large. These, too, merit consideration. Let us inquire briefly what the effect was on the combatants themselves, upon the two divisions of the English-speaking people thus created by war. Hostile statesmen on the Continent were not slow to predict that the severance of her Empire and the loss of her North American colonies meant the downfall of Great Britain. Even in England prophecies were not lacking that the zenith of her fortunes had passed and her decline begun. These forebodings—the offspring of that common wisdom which is empty of hope, void of imagination, and sees only the past—were soon set at naught. In the great wars which followed the French Revolution, the indomitable spirit of England raised her to a higher pinnacle of power and splendor than she had ever attained before. The victories of war were followed by the wonderful career of colonial expansion and growing wealth of which this century has been the witness. Heavy as the loss of the North American Colonies was at the time, the American Revolution, although it divided the Empire of Great Britain, did not check its growth in other regions and in lands almost unknown to the eighteenth century. One great reason for the marvellous development of England, and for the success which has followed her arms and her commerce ever since the American Revolution, was the fact that by that bitter experience she learned well one great lesson. Never again did England make the mistakes or engage in the blundering policy which lost her all North America south of the Canadian frontier. No other English colonies were ever treated as those of the Atlantic seaboard had been; and the wise colonial policy which has enabled England, while giving to her colonies everywhere the largest liberty, at the same time, to grapple them to her with hooks of steel, was as much the result of the American Revolution as the Peace of Paris. In England's ability to learn this lesson we can see the secret of her wonderful success, and can contrast it with the history of Spain, whose barbarous colonial policy has cost her an empire and taught her nothing in the process.

But although England learned this lesson and profited by it with results which have surpassed the most unbounded hopes of her statesmen and people, there was another lesson which she utterly failed to heed. She learned how to deal with her other colonies, and with those still greater ones which she was destined to win, but she learned nothing as to the proper way to treat the people whom she had driven into revolt and lost, and who differed in no essential respect from English-speaking people elsewhere. Toward them she maintained the same attitude which had driven them into rebellion, and which now could only alienate them still further. The Americans, on their side, after the war feeling had subsided, were only too ready to renew with the mother-country the closest and most friendly relations. It is easier to cut political bonds than it is to sever the ties of blood and speech, and, above all, habits of daily life and intercourse, which, impalpable as they are, outlast constitutions and governments. Every habit of thought and of business, every natural prejudice and interest, still bound the Americans to England. Had she so willed she could in a few years have had the growing trade, the expanding markets, and the political sympathy of America as completely in every practical way as if the States had remained her colonies. And it was all so simple. An evident desire to cultivate good relations with the United States, kind words, a declared policy of not interfering with the Western movement from the Atlantic States, a little generosity, and England would have made America her friend and kept her as her ally in the troublous years which were to follow. Instead of this, a course of conduct was adopted which seemed like a settled policy of injuring America in every possible way, of retarding her growth and alienating her people. Our early representatives in London were flouted and treated with rudeness and disdain. Everything possible was done to interfere with and break up our West Indian commerce, and Lord Dorchester openly incited the Indian tribes to attack our Western settlements, with a view to preventing their advance—a piece of savagery it is now diffi-

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cult to conceive, and which America found it hard to forgive. Under the pressure of the struggle with France, England finally consented to make a treaty, and drove with Jay a hard bargain from our necessities. Then came the second period of Napoleonic wars. The most ordinary sense would seem to have dictated a policy which would have made the Americans, who were at that time a great seafaring people, the ally of England in the desperate conflict in which she was engaged. Even Jefferson, as we now know, with all his reputed and apparent hostility to England, tried to bring about close relations between the two countries. But England pursued a steady course of hostility. There was no injury or wrong which she failed to do us; no insult was spared us by her public men. English brutality surpassed even the cynical outrages heaped upon us by Napoleon, and brought at last the War of 1812, a righteous war of resistance and one bringing most valuable results to the United States. "The fir frigates, with a bit of bunting at the top," at which Canning had jeered in the House of Commons, whipped England's frigates in eleven actions out of thirteen, while Perry and McDonough crushed her flotillas on the lakes. British troops burned Washington, and Jackson, with six thousand men, routed ten thousand of Wellington's veterans at New Orleans. Ill-conducted as the war was on the American side, our naval victories and the fact that we had fought won us our place among nations, and relieved us finally from the insults and the attacks to which we had before been subjected. England suffered in her naval prestige, gained absolutely nothing by conquest, was forced to respect our flag on the seas, and had embittered feeling between the two continents. The utter fatuity of such a policy, fraught with such results, seems sufficiently obvious now, and it quite equalled in stupidity that which brought the Revolution and cost England her colonies.

Nevertheless, for a time, the War of 1812 improved our mutual relations. Americans were pleased by their successes on sea and by the victory of New Orleans, while England both felt and manifested a respect for a people who had fought her so hard. The result was seen in a better understanding and in the Monroe Doctrine, which was promulgated as much by George Canning as by the American President. So easy was it for the two nations to come together when the older country did not put obstacles in the way. But the prospect was soon overclouded. The English traveller and author came in as the century advanced, to widen the breach between the two countries more effectively, perhaps, than the statesmen had done. We had already enjoyed a taste of this criticism in the writings of Mr. Thomas Moore, who came to the United States at the beginning of the century and mourned over our decay in verses of trifling poetical merit and great smoothness of rhyme and metre. But thirty years later there arose a swarm of writers, of whom Mrs. Trollope and Dickens were, perhaps, the most conspicuous, who gratified their own feelings and met their home market with descriptions of the United States and its people which left nothing offensive unsaid. Our hospitality to our critics was no protection to us, and a sense of ingratitude added poison to the smart of wounded vanity. We were a young nation, beginning to grow very rapidly, engaged in the hard, rough work of subduing a continent. We had all the faults and shortcomings of a new and quickly growing community; and no doubt a great deal of what our critics said was perfectly true, which may have sharpened the sting. But the faults were largely superficial, and the nation was engaged in a great work and was sound at the core. This fact our English critics had not the generosity to admit, and their refusal to do so galled our pride.

We had one great defect of youth, as a matter of course. We were weakly and abnormally sensitive to outside and adverse criticism. Attacks or satire which no one would notice now except to laugh at them, which, for the most part, would not be heard of at all to-day, in the first half of the century cut us to the quick. That they should have done so was, no doubt, foolish and youthful; but that does not affect the question of whether it was wise in England through her newspapers, her authors, and her magazines to systematically, so far as we could see, treat the United States in a manner which, as Mr. Justice Maule said to Sir Richard Bethell,

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"would have been an insult from God Almighty to a black beetle." Was it worth while to take so much pains to convert into enemies a great and growing people who spoke the same tongue, had the same aspirations, and were naturally inclined to be friends with the old home which their ancestors had left so many years before?

There was one criticism, however, which the English made, and which they had the right, even the duty, to make without mercy, and they did it unsparingly. No denunciation could be too severe of English-speaking people who in the nineteenth century boasted of their own freedom and maintained human slavery. To this righteous criticism there could be no answer, and there was none. The years went by and brought, in due time, the inevitable conflict between slavery and freedom. The North was fighting for Union, but its victory meant the downfall of slavery. The loyal North turned to England, which had denounced American slavery, and found the sympathy of her Government and ruling classes given wholly to the slave-holding South. Never was there a more painful, a more awful surprise. England went far enough in action to fill the North with bitterness, and not far enough to leave the South with anything but a sense of betrayal and the anger of the vanquished against a false friend. At last the Union emerged triumphant from its great life and death struggle. In those four dark years our youth had gone; and we came out not only with a conviction of our own strength, but with an utter indifference to foreign opinion, which was as right and wholesome as our former sensitiveness had been foolish and unwise. None the less, the memories of England's conduct in our hour of need rankled deeply—and we regarded Mr. Gladstone's wise and statesmanlike policy of arbitration as merely extorted by the respect which military power and success always produce.

Again the years went by, and the old animosities had begun to quiet down when the seal controversy arose, and America was utterly unable to understand why England should insist on a course of action which has resulted and could only result in the destruction of those valuable herds. Her action throughout this unlucky question seemed as if dictated by mere malice. Then came Venezuela, and a few plain, rough words from Mr. Cleveland brought a just settlement of a question very momentous in its meanings to the United States, which twenty years of civil remonstrance and argument had failed to obtain. England, careless of the past, wondered at the sudden burst of hostility in the United States; while Americans were brought to believe that we could get neither justice nor civility from England, except by harsh words and by going even to the verge of war. It was not a very encouraging sight, this spectacle then presented by the two great English-speaking nations. Such a frame of mind, such an attitude, was something to wonder at, not to praise. Be it remembered, also, that the Americans are not ungrateful and have never been slow to recognize their friends in England. They have never forgotten that the Queen and Prince Albert, John Bright and Richard Cobden, and the workingmen of England were their friends and stood by them in the Civil War. They recall, not without a touch of pride, that the friends of America in England include not only those of the dark days of 1861, but the great names of Chatham and Burke and Camden, even when revolution tore the Empire asunder. But the friends of America thus far have never been the Government or the Ministry or the mass of the ruling classes in England.

Less than a year ago I should have stopped here, with words of regret that the lesson of the American Revolution, so far as the United States was concerned, had not yet been learned by England, and the expression of the earnest hope that this mastery of its meaning might not be much further delayed. Now it is no longer possible to stop here. Events have shown that the lesson of the Revolution has at last been learned, and that all that has just been said as to the ease with which the friendship of the United States could be obtained by England is more than justified. It could not well be otherwise, when right methods were pursued, for friendship between the two nations is natural, not only by the common speech and hopes, beliefs, and ideals, but by the much stronger ties of real interest, while enmity is unnatural and can be created only by effort.

The United States went to war with

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Spain. It is now easily seen that the conflict was inevitable. "If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come; the readiness is all." Spanish colonial despotism and the free government of the United States could not exist longer side by side. The conflict, which had been going on for a century, was as inexorable as that between freedom and slavery. The war happened to come now instead of later, that is all. Once engaged in war the United States neither desired nor needed aid from anyone. But nations as well as men like sympathy. From the people of Europe we met with neutrality, but with criticism, attack, and with every manifestation of dislike in greater or less degree, and from Germany, with a thinly veiled, mousing hostility which did not become overt, because, like the poor cat in the adage, it let "I dare not wait upon I would." From the English-speaking people everywhere came, on the other hand, spontaneous, heartfelt sympathy, and England's Government showed that the sympathy of the people was represented in her rulers. That was all that was needed, all that was ever needed. No matter what the reason, the fact was there. The lesson of the American Revolution was plain at last, and the attitude of sympathy, the policy which would have prevented that Revolution, finally was given to the great nation that has sprung from the Colonies which Washington led to independence. How America has responded to the sympathy of England all men know, better perhaps in the United States than anywhere else. Community of sympathy and interest will make a friendship between the nations far stronger than any treaties can create. The artificial barriers are down, and all right-thinking men on both sides of the Atlantic must earnestly strive to prove that it is not a facile optimism which now believes that the friendship so long postponed and so full of promise for humanity and civilization must long endure. The millions who speak the English tongue in all parts of the earth must surely see now that, once united in friendship, it can be said, even as Shakespeare said three hundred years ago:

> Come the three corners of the world in arms,
> And we shall shock them.

To the victorious Americans the Revolution meant, at first, simply that they had freed themselves from England, and henceforth were to govern themselves. With the close of the war it seemed to them that all was completed, and that they had nothing to do but go on in the old way with their State governments. Washington and Hamilton and others who thought deeply and were charged with heavy responsibility saw very plainly that there must be a better central Government, or else America would degenerate into thirteen jarring and warring States, and the American Revolution would prove a more dire failure in its triumphant outcome than any defeat in battle could have brought. The earnest words of Washington fell on deaf ears, even while war was in progress; and when the pressure of war was withdrawn the feeble confederation dropped to pieces, disorder broke out in various quarters, new states began to spring up, and disintegration spread and became threatening. The American people had won in fight the right and opportunity to govern themselves, and the great question which now confronted them was whether they were able and fit to do it. It was soon apparent that the Revolution had for them not merely the message that they had freed themselves from England, but far deeper meanings. They had proved that they could fight. Could they also prove that they were worthy of the victory they had won, and that they had the right to live as a people? Could they make a nation, or were they incapable of that great achievement, and able only to go jarring on to nothingness, a wrangling collection of petty republics? Here was a task far heavier, infinitely more difficult, than that of armed revolution. They had shown that they were a fighting people, as was to have been expected. Could they also show that they were likewise a great people capable of building up a nation, capable of construction, with the ruling, conquering, imperial instinct of their race still vital and strong within them? The answer the American people gave to these questions of life and death, which all the peoples of the earth have to answer rightly or perish, is the history of the United States. They dragged themselves out of the disintegration and chaos of the confederation and formed the Constitution of the United

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States. It was hard work, there were many narrow escapes, much bitter opposition, but the great step was taken and the instrument adopted which made a nation possible. The struggle then began in earnest, and lasted for three-quarters of a century, between the forces of separatism, which meant at bottom a return to chaos and to that disorder which is hateful to gods and men, and the forces of union, which meant order, strength, and power. It was a long and doubtful conflict. The Constitution was tried in its infancy by the Whiskey Rebellion, a little later it was threatened by Virginia and Kentucky, a little later still by New England, then by South Carolina and nullification; and yet through all and under all the national spirit was growing, and the Constitution was changing from a noble experiment into the charter of a nation. At last the supreme test came. Freedom and slavery, two hostile social and economic systems, were struggling for domination. They could not live side by side. One must go, and in their irrepressible conflict they brought civil war. It was the final trial. The national principle prevailed, and it was shown that democracy, though slow to enter upon war, could fight with relentless determination for a complete victory.

The Civil War ended the struggle between the principle of separatism and that of union and undivided empire. The national principle henceforth was to have unquestioned sway. But during all the seventy-five years of strife between the contending principles another great movement had been going forward, which was itself indeed a child of the national spirit and the outcome of the instinct of a governing race. We began to widen our borders and annex territory, and we carried on this appropriation of land upon a scale which, during the same period, has been surpassed by England alone. Jefferson made the Louisiana purchase in disregard of all suggestions of constitutional objections, thus more than doubling the national domain, and carrying our possessions to regions more remote and inaccessible to us then than any point on the earth's surface is to-day. Monroe took the Floridas. Then came Texas, then the great accessions of the Mexican War, and we had an empire in our hands stretching from ocean to ocean. After the Civil War the American people turned all their energy to subduing and occupying the vast territory which they had bought with their money or conquered by their sword. It was an enormous task, and absorbed the strength and enterprise of the people for thirty years. Finally the work was done, the frontiers advancing from the East and the West, disappeared and melted together; even Alaska, the only large acquisition after the Civil War, was opened to settlement and to the in-rush of the miner and lumberman. The less than three millions of the Revolution had grown to be over seventy millions, masters of a continent rich beyond all the early dreams of wealth, with unlimited revenues, and still untamed in hope and energy. They had built up an industrial system which had far outrun all that Hamilton ever dared to imagine, and held at home the greatest market in the world. Such a nation could not be developed in this way and yet be kept fettered in its interests and activities by its own boundaries. Sooner or later it was bound to return to the ocean which it had abandoned temporarily for the easier opportunities of its own land. Sooner or later it was sure to become a world power; for it had grown too powerful, too rich, it had too many interests, it desired too many openings for its enterprise, to remain shut up even by the ocean borders of a continent. How and when this change would come no man could tell. Great movements which have long been ripening and making ready always start suddenly into active life at the last, and men look at them with wild surmise and think they are new when they are in reality very old. So the inevitable has happened, and the Spanish war has awakened the people of the United States to the fact that they have risen to be a world power, henceforth to be reckoned with among the very few great nations of the earth. The questions of the acquisition here and there of territory upon which markets rest are details. The great fact is the abandonment of isolation, and this can neither be escaped nor denied. There is no inconsistency here with the past. It is the logical result of our development as a nation. Our foreign policy has always been wise and simple. Washington laid down the proposition that we

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should not meddle in the affairs of Europe, and, with France in his mind, warned us against entangling alliances. Monroe added the corollary that Europe should not be permitted to make any new acquisitions of territory in the Americas. To both doctrines we have held firmly, and that of Monroe we have extended and enforced, and shall always enforce it, now more than ever before. But neither Washington nor Monroe sought to limit us either in our own hemisphere or in parts of the world other than Europe. They were wise men with wise policies, but they could not read our unknown future nor deal with problems far beyond their ken. They marked the line so far as they could foresee the course then, and were too sagacious to lay down rules and limitations about the unknowable, such as the doubting and timid of a later generation would fain attribute to them. Isolation in the United States has been a habit, not a policy. It has been bred by circumstances and by them justified. When the circumstances change, the habit perforce changes too, and new policies are born to suit new conditions.

The American people have made mistakes, as all people do who make anything. They have had their errors, failures, and shortcomings, and they have many grave problems to solve, many evils to mitigate, many difficulties to conquer. But after all deductions are made, the American democracy has achieved a marvellous success, moral and intellectual, as well as material. It has lifted up humanity; it has raised the standard of life; it has added to the well-being, freedom, and happiness of the average man; it has made strongly for justice, civilization, liberty, and peace. It has proved worthy of its heritage. Now, having made a great nation, it has become a world power, because it is too great and powerful to be aught else. A great self-governing nation and a world power; such has come to be the result and the meaning of the Revolution of 1776 to Americans and to mankind.

THE END.

THE MIRROR BROKEN

Because this Heart of mine can bear no more,
Let break! (I said) at least I shall not see
One, one, one image then, perpetually,
Whichever way I turn; and as of yore
Within my breast all things perchance shall be
(Save only Life) when sea and sky and shore
And dawn and twilight no reflection bore,
And darkness had no face, and thought was free.

Since when, I know the error that I made,
As he shall know, who, letting fall a glass,
Stoops to the glittering shards, and sees the sun
Selfsame in each, full-orbed and myriad-rayed,
And stands at pause, beholding ruin has
A thousand mirrors where before was one.

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WHERE'S NORA?

By Sara Orne Jewett

ILLUSTRATED BY A. I. KELLER

I

"WHERE'S NORA?"

The speaker was a small, serious-looking old Irishman, one of those Patricks who are almost never called Pat. He was well-dressed and formal, and wore an air of dignified authority.

"I don't know meself where's Nora then, so I don't," answered his companion. "The shild wouldn't stop for a sup o' breakfast before she'd go out to see the town, an' nobody's seen the l'aste smitch of her since. I might sweep the streets wit' a broom and I couldn't find her."

"Maybe she's strayed beyand and gone losing in the strange place," suggested Mr. Quin, with an anxious glance. "Didn't none o' the folks go wit' her?"

"How would annybody be goin' an' she up an' away before there was a foot out o' bed in the house?" answered Mike Duffy, impatiently. "'Twas herself that caught sight of Nora stealin' out o' the door like a thief, an' meself getting me best sleep at the time. Herself had to sit up an' laugh in the bed and be plaguin' me wit' her tarkin'. 'Look at Nora!' says she. 'Where's Nora?' says I, wit' a great start. I thought something had happened the poor shild. 'Oh, go to slape, you fool!' says Mary Ann. ''Tis only four o'clock,' says she, 'an' that grasshopper greenhorn can't wait for broad day till she'll go out an' see the whole of Ameriky.' So I wint off to sleep again; the first bell was biginnin' on the mill, and I had an hour an' a piece, good, to mesilf after that before Mary Ann come scoldin'. I don't be sleepin' so well as some folks the first part of the night."

Mr. Patrick Quin ignored the interest of this autobiographical statement, and with a contemptuous shake of the head began to feel in his pocket for a pipe. Everyone knew that Mike Duffy was a person much too fond of his ease, and that all the credit of their prosperity belonged to his hard-worked wife. She had reared a family of respectable sons and daughters, who were all settled and doing well for themselves, and now she was helping to bring out some nephews and nieces from the old country. She was proud to have been born a Quin; Patrick Quin was her brother and a man of consequence.

"'Deed, I'd like well to see the poor shild," said Patrick. "I'd no thought they'd land before the day or to-morrow mornin', or I'd have been over last night. I suppose she brought all the news from home?"

"The folks is all well, thanks be to God," proclaimed Mr. Duffy, solemnly. "'Twas late when she come; 'twas on the quarter to nine she got here. There's been great deaths after the winther among the old folks. Old Peter Murphy's gone, she says, an' his brother that lived over by Ballycannon died the same week with him, and Dan Donahoe an' Corny Donahoe's lost their old aunt on the twelfth of March, that gave them her farm to take care of her before I came out. She was old then, too."

"Faix, it was time for the old lady, so it was," said Patrick Quin, with affectionate interest. "She'd be the oldest in the parish this tin years past."

"Nora said 'twas a fine funeral; they'd three priests to her, and everything of the best. Nora was there herself and all our folks. The b'ys was very proud of her for being so old and respicted."

"Sure, Mary was an old woman, and I first coming out," repeated Patrick, with feeling. "I went up to her that Monday night, and I sailing on a Widnesday, an' she gave me her blessing and a present of five shillings. She said then she'd see me no more; 'twas poor old Mary had the giving hand, God bless her and save her! I joked her that she'd soon be marrying and coming out to Ameriky like meself. 'No,' says she, 'I'm too old. I'll die here where I was born; this old farm is me one home

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o' the world, and I'll never be after l'avin' it; 'tis right enough for you young folks to go,' says she. I couldn't get my mouth open to answer her. 'Twas meself that was very homesick in me inside, coming away from the old place, but I had great boldness before everyone. 'Twas old Mary saw the tears in me eyes then. 'Don't mind, Patsy,' says she; 'if you don't do well there, come back to it an' I'll be glad to take your folks in till you'll be afther getting started again.' She hadn't the money then she got afterward, too, from her cousin in Dublin; 'twas the kind heart of her spoke, an' meself being but a boy that was young to maintain himself, let alone a family. Thanks be to God, I've done well, afther all, but for me crooked leg. I does be dr'amin' of going home sometimes; 'tis often yet I wake up wit' the smell o' the wet bushes in the mornin' when a man does be goin' to his work at home."

Mike Duffy looked at his brother-in-law with curiosity; the two men were sitting side by side before Mike's house on a bit of green bank between the sidewalk and the road. It was May, and the dandelions were blooming all about them, thick in the grass. Patrick Quin reached out and touched one of them with his stick. He was a lame man, and had worked as section hand for the railroad for many years, until the bad accident which forced him to retire on one of the company's rarely given pensions. He had prevented a great disaster on the road; those who knew him well always said that his position had never been equal to his ability, but the men who stood above him and the men who were below him held Patrick Quin at exactly the same estimate. He had limped along the road from the clean-looking little yellow house that he owned not far away on the river-bank, and his mind was upon his errand.

"I come over early to ask the shild wouldn't she come home wit' me an' ate her dinner," said Patrick. "Herself sent me; she's got a great wash the day, last week being so rainy, an' we niver got word of Nora being here till this morning, and then everybody had it that passed by, wondering what got us last night that we weren't there."

"'Twas on the quarter to nine she come," said Uncle Mike, taking up the narrative with importance. "Herself an' me had blown out the light, going to bed, when there come a scuttlin' at the door and I heard a bit of a laugh like the first bird in the morning——"

"'Stop where you are, Bridget,' says I,'" continued Mr. Quin, without taking any notice, "'an' I'll take me third leg and walk over and bring Nora down to you.' Bridget's great for the news from home now, for all she was so sharp to be leaving it."

"She brought me a fine present, and the mate of it for yourself," said Mike Duffy. "Two good thorn sticks for the two of us. They're inside in the house."

"A thorn stick, indeed! Did she now?" exclaimed Patrick, with unusual delight. "The poor shild, did she do that now? I've thought manny's the time since I got me lameness how well I'd like one o' those old-fashioned thorn sticks. Me own is one o' them sticks a man'd carry tin years and toss it into a brock at the ind an' not miss it."

"They're good thorn sticks, the both of them," said Mike, complacently. "I don't know 'ill I bring 'em out before she comes."

"Is she a pritty slip of a gerrl, I'd know?" asked Patrick, with increased interest.

"She ain't, then," answered his companion, frankly. "She does be thin as a young grasshopper, and she's red-headed, and she's freckled, too, from the sea, like all them young things comin' over; but she's got a pritty voice, like all her mother's folks, and a quick eye like a bird's. The old-country talk's fresh in her mouth, too, so it is; you'd think you were coming out o' mass some spring morning at home and hearing all the girls whin they'd be chatting and funning at the boys. I do be thinking she's a smart little girl, annyway; look at her off to see the town so early and not back yet, bad manners to her! She'll be wanting some clothes, I suppose; she's very old-fashioned looking; they does always be wanting new clothes coming out," and Mike gave an ostentatious sigh and suggestive glance at his brother-in-law.

"'Deed, I'm willing to help her get a good start; ain't she me own sister's child?" agreed Patrick Quin, cheerfully. "We've been young ourselves, too. Well, then,

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"'Twas Old Mary saw the tears in me eyes then."—Page 740.

'tis bad news of old Mary Donahoe bein' gone at the farm. I always thought if I'd go home how I'd go along the fields to get the great welcome from her. She was one that always liked to hear folks had done well," and he looked down at his comfortable, clean old clothes as if they but reminded him how poor a young fellow he had come away. "I'm very sorry afther Mary; she was a good 'oman, God save her!"

"Faix, it was time for her," insisted Mike, not without sympathy. "Were you afther wanting her to live forever, the poor soul? An' the shild said she'd the best funeral was ever in the parish of Dunkenny since she remimbered it. What could annyone ask more than that, and she r'aching such an age, the cr'atur'! Stop here awhile an' you'll hear all the tark from Nora; she told over to me all the folks that was there. Where has she gone wit' herself I don't know? Mary Ann!"

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he turned his head toward the house and called in a loud, complaining tone; "where's Nora, annyway?"

"Here's Nora, then," a sweet girlish voice made unexpected reply, and a light young figure flitted from the sidewalk behind him and stood lower down on the green bank.

"What's wanting wit' Nora?" and she stooped quickly like a child to pick some of the dandelions as if she had found gold. She had a sprig of wild-cherry blossom in her dress, which she must have found a good way out in the country.

"Come now, and speak to Patrick Quin, your mother's own brother, that's waiting here for you all this time you've been running over the place," commanded Mr. Duffy, with some severity.

"An' is it me own Uncle Patsy, dear?" exclaimed Nora, with the sweetest brogue and most affectionate sincerity. "Oh, that me mother could see him too!" and she dropped on her knees beside the lame little man and kissed him, and knelt there looking at him with delight, holding his willing hand in both her own.

"An' ain't you got me mother's own looks, too? Oh, Uncle Patsy, is it yourself, dear? I often heard about you, and I brought you me mother's heart's love, 'deed I did then! It's many a lovely present of a pound you've sent us. An' I've got a thorn stick that grew in the hedge, goin' up the little rise of ground above the Wishin' Brook, sir; mother said you'd mind the place well when I told you."

"I do then, me child," said Patrick Quin, with dignity; "'tis manny the day we all played there together, for all we're so scattered now and some dead, too, God rest them! Sure, you're a nice little gerrl, an' I give you great welcome and the hope you'll do well. Come along wit' me now. Your Aunty Biddy's jealous to put her two eyes on you, an' we never getting the news you'd come till late this morning. 'I'll go fetch Nora for you,' says I, to contint her. 'They'll be tarked out at Duffy's by this time,' says I."

"Oh, I'm full o' tark yet!" protested Nora, gayly. "Coom on, then, Uncle Patsy!" and she gave him her strong young hand as he rose.

"An' how do you be likin' Ameriky?" asked the pleased old man as they walked along.

"I like Ameriky fine," answered the girl, gravely. She was taller than he, though she looked so slender and so young.

"I was very downhearted, too, l'avin' home and me mother, but I'll go back to it some day, God willing, sir; I couldn't die wit'out seeing me mother again. I'm all over the place here since daybreak. I think I'd like work best on the railway," and she turned toward him with a resolved and serious look.

"Wisha! there's no work at all for a girl like you on the Road," said Uncle Patsy, patiently. "You've a bit to learn yet, sure; 'tis the mill you mane."

"There'll be plinty work to do. I always thought at home, when I heard the folks tarking, that I'd get work on the railway when I'd come to Ameriky. Yis, indeed, sir!" continued Nora, earnestly. "I was looking at the mills just now and I heard the great n'ise from them. I'd never be afther shutting mysilf up in anny mill out of the good air. I've no call to go to jail yet in thim mill walls. Perhaps there'd be somebody working next me that I'd never get to like, sir."

There was something so convinced and decided about these arguments, that Uncle Patsy, usually the calm autocrat of his young relatives, had nothing whatever to say. Nora was gently keeping step with his slow gait. She had won his heart once for all when she called him by the old boyish name her mother used forty years before, when they played together by the Wishing Brook.

"I wonder do you know a b'y named Johnny O'Callahan?" inquired Nora, presently, in a somewhat confidential tone; "a pritty b'y that's working on the railway; I seen him last night and I coming here; he ain't a guard at all, but a young fellow that minds the brakes. We stopped a long while out there, somethin' got off the rails; and he adwised wit' me, seeing I was a stranger. He said he knew you, sir."

"Oh, yes, Johnny O'Callahan. I know him well; he's a nice b'y, too," answered Patrick Quin, approvingly.

"Yis, sir, a pritty b'y," said Nora, and her color brightened for an instant, but she said no more.

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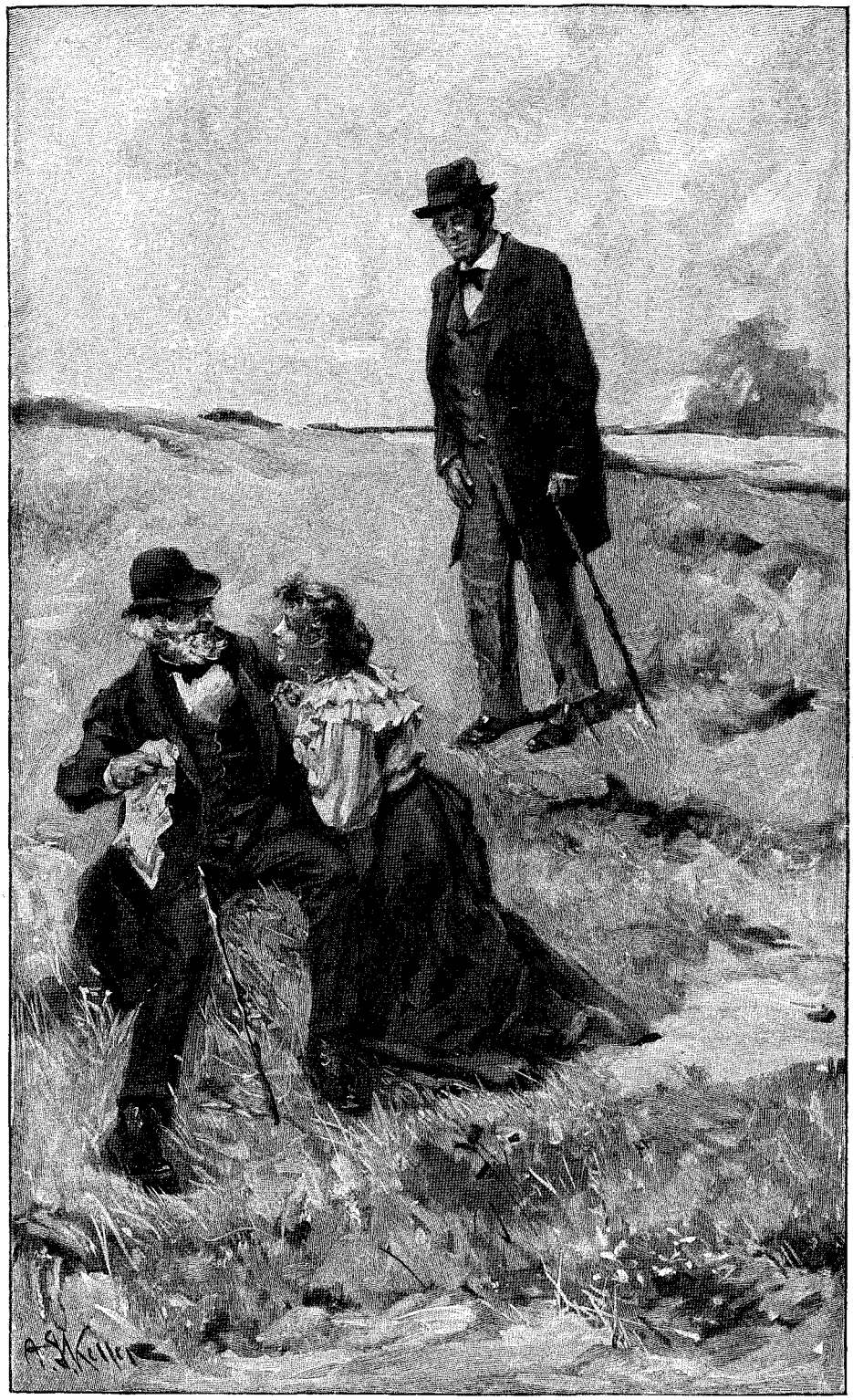

"An' ain't you got me mother's own looks, too?"—Page 742.

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II

MIKE DUFFY and his wife came into the Quins' kitchen one week-day night, dressed in their Sunday clothes; they had been making a visit to their well-married daughter in Lawrence. Patrick Quin's chair was comfortably tipped back against the wall, and Bridget, who looked somewhat gloomy, was putting away the white supper-dishes.

"Where's Nora?" demanded Mike Duffy, after the first salutations.

"You may well say it, I'm afther missing her every hour in the day," lamented Bridget Quin.

"Nora's gone into business on the Road then, so she has," said Patrick, with an air of fond pride. He was smoking in his shirt-sleeves, and his coat lay on the wooden settee at the other side of the room.

"Hand me me old coat there before you sit down; I want me pocket," he commanded, and Mike obeyed. Mary Ann, fresh from her journey, began at once to give a spirited account of her daughter's best room and general equipment for housekeeping, but she suddenly became aware that the tale was of secondary interest. When the narrator stopped for breath there was a polite murmur of admiration, but her husband boldly repeated his question. "Where's Nora?" he insisted, and the Quins looked at each other and laughed.

"Ourselves is old hins that's hatched ducks," confessed Patrick. "Ain't I afther telling you she's gone into trade on the Road?" and he took his pipe from his mouth—that after-supper pipe which neither prosperity nor adversity was apt to interrupt. "She's set up for herself over-right the long switch, down there at Birch Plains. Nora'll soon be rich, the cr'atur'; her mind was on it from the first start; 'twas from one o' them O'Callahan b'ys she got the notion, the night she come here first a greenhorn."

"Well, well, she's lost no time; ain't she got the invintions!" chuckled Michael Duffy, who delighted in the activity of others. "What excuse had she for Birch Plains? There's no town to it."

"'Twas a chance on the Road she mint to have from the first," explained the proud uncle, forgetting his pipe altogether; "'twas that she told me the first day she came out an' she walking along going home wit' me to her dinner; 'twas the first speech I had wit' Nora. 'Tis the mills you mane?' says I. 'No, no, Uncle Patsy!' says she, 'it ain't the mills at all, at all; 'tis on the Road I'm going.' I t'ought she'd some wild notion she'd soon be laughing at, but she settled down very quiet-like with Aunty Biddy here, knowing yourselves to be going to Lawrence, and I told her stay as long as she had a mind. Wisha, she'd an old apron on her in five minutes' time, an' took hold wit' the wash, and wint singing like a blackbird out in the yard at the line. 'Sit down, Aunty!' says she; 'you're not so light-stepping as me, an' I'll tell you all the news from home; an' I'll get the dinner, too, when I've done this,' says she. Wisha, but she's the good cook for such a young thing; 'tis Bridget says it as well as meself. She made a stew that day; 'twas like the ones her mother made Sundays, she said, if they'd be lucky in getting a piece of meat; 'twas a fine-tasting stew, too; she thinks we're all rich over here. 'So we are, me dear!' says I, 'but every-one don't have the sinse to believe it.'"

"Spake for yourselves!" exclaimed one of the listeners. "You do be like Father Ross, always pr'achin' that we'd best want less than want more. He takes honest folks for fools, poor man," said Mary Ann Duffy, who had no patience at any time with new ideas.

"An' so she wint on the next two or t'ree days," said Patrick, approvingly, without noticing the interruption, "being as quiet as you'd ask, and being said by her aunt in everything; and she wouldn't let on she was homesick, but she'd no tark of anything but the folks at Dunkinny. When there'd be nothing to do for an hour she'd slip out and be gone wit' herself for a little while, and be very still comin' in. Last Thursday, after supper, she ran out; but by the time I'd done me pipe, back she came flying in at the door.

"'I'm going off to a place called Birch Plains to-morrow morning, on the nine, Uncle Patsy,' says she; 'do you know where it is?' says she. 'I do,' says I; 'twas not far from it I broke me leg wit' the dam' derrick. 'Twas to Jerry Ryan's house they took me first. There's no town there at all; 'tis the only house in it; Ryan's the switchman.'

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"She writes a good hand, too."—Page 746.

"'Would they take me to lodge for a while, I'd know?' says she, havin' great business. 'What 'd ye be afther in a place like that?' says I. 'Ryan's got girls himself, an' they're all here in the mills, goin' home Saturday nights, 'less there's some show or some dance. There's no money out there.' She laughed then an' wint back to the door, and in come Mickey Dunn from McLoughlin's store, lugging the size of himself of bundles. 'What's all this?' says I; 'tain't here they belong; I bought nothing to-day.' 'Don't be scolding!' says she, and Mickey got out of it laughing. 'I'm going to be cooking for meself in the morning!' says she, with her head on one side, like a cock-sparrow. 'You lind me the price o' the fire and I'll pay you in cakes,' says she, and off she wint then to bed. 'Twas before day I heard her at the stove, and I smelt a baking that made me want to go find it, and when I come out in the kitchen she'd the table covered with her cakeens, large and small. 'What's all this whillalu, me topknot, thin?' says I. 'Ate that,' says she, and hopped back to the oven-door. Her aunt come out then, scolding fine, and whin she saw the great baking she dropped down in a chair like she'd faint and her breath all gone. 'We 'ont ate them in ten days,' says she; 'no, not till the blue mould has struck them all, God help us!' says she. 'Don't bother me,' says Nora; 'I'm goin' off with them all on the nine. Uncle Patsy'll help me wit' me basket.'

"'Uncle Patsy 'ont now,' says Bridget. Faix, I thought she was up with one o' them t'ree days' scolds she'd have when she was young and the childre' all the one size. You could hear the bawls of her a mile away.

"'Whishper, dear,' says Nora; 'I don't want to be livin' on anny of me folks, and Johnny O'Callahan said all the b'ys was wishing there was somebody would kape a clane little place out there at Birch Plains—with something to ate and the like of a cup of tay. He says 'tis a good little chance; them big trains does all be wait-

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ing there tin minutes and fifteen minutes at a time, and everybody's hungry. "I'll thry me luck for a couple o' days," says I; "'tis no harm, an' I've tin shillings o' me own that Father Daley gave me wit' a grand blessing and I l'aving home behind me.'"

"'What tark you have of Johnny O'Callahan,' says I.

"Look at this now!" continued the proud uncle, while Aunt Biddy sat triumphantly watching the astonished audience; "'tis a letter I got from the shild last Friday night," and he brought up a small piece of paper from his coat-pocket. "She writes a good hand, too. 'Dear Uncle Patsy,' says she, 'this leaves me well, thanks be to God. I'm doing the roaring trade with me cakes; all Ryan's little boys is selling on the trains. I took one pound three the first day, 'twas a great excursion train got stuck fast and they'd a hot box on a wheel keeping them an hour and two more trains stopping for them, 'twould be a very pleasant day in the old country that anybody'd take a pound and three shillings. Dear Uncle Patsy, I want a whole half-barrel of that same flour and ten pounds of sugar and I'll pay it back on Sunday. I sind respects and duty to Aunty Bridget and all friends, this l'aves me in great haste. I wrote me dear mother last night and sint her me first pound, God bless her.'"

"Look at that for you now!" exclaimed Mike Duffy. "Didn't I tell everyone here she was fine an' smart?"

"She'll be soon President of the Road," announced Aunt Mary Ann, who, having been energetic herself, was pleased to recognize the same quality in others.

"She don't be so afraid of the worruk as the worruk's afraid of her," said Aunt Bridget, admiringly. "She'll have her fling for awhile and be glad to go in and get a good chance in the mill, and be kaping her plants in the weave-room windows this winter with the rest of the girls. Come, tell us all about Elleneen and the baby. I ain't heard a word about Lawrence yet," she added, politely.

"Ellen's doing fine, an' it's a pritty baby. She's got a good husband, too, that l'aves her her own way and the keep of his money every Saturday night," said Mary Ann, and the little company proceeded to the discussion of a new and hardly less interesting subject. But before they parted they spoke again of Nora.

"She's a fine, crabbed little gerrl, that little Nora," said Mr. Michael Duffy.

"Thank God, none o' me childre' is redheaded on me; they're no more to be let an' held than a flick o' fire," said Aunt Mary Ann. "Who'd ever take the notion to be setting up business out there on the Birchy Plains?"

"Ryan's folks'll look after her, sure, the same as ourselves," insisted Uncle Patsy, hopefully, as he lighted his pipe again. It was like a summer night, the kitchen windows were all open, the month of May was nearly at an end, and there was a sober croaking of frogs in the low fields that lay beyond the village.

III

"WHERE'S Nora?" Young Johnny O'Callahan was asking the question; the express had stopped for water, and he seemed to be the only passenger; this was his day off.

Mrs. Ryan was sitting on her doorstep to rest in the early evening; her husband had been promoted from switch-tender to boss of the great water-tank which was just beginning to be used, and there was talk of further improvements and promotions at Birch Plains; but the good-natured wife sensibly declared that the better off a woman was, the harder she always had to work.

She took a long look at Johnny, who was dressed even more carefully than if it were a pleasant Sunday.

"This don't be your train, annyway," she answered, in a meditative tone. "How come you here now all so fine, I'd like to know, riding in the cars like a lord; ain't you brakeman yet on old twinty-four?"

"'Deed I am, Mrs. Ryan; you wouldn't be afther grudging a boy his day off? Where's Nora?"

"She's gone up the road a bitteen," said Mrs. Ryan, as if she suddenly turned to practical affairs. "She's worked hard the day, poor shild! and she took the cool of the evening, and the last bun she had left, and wint away with herself. I kep' the taypot on the stove for her, but she'd have none at all, at all!"

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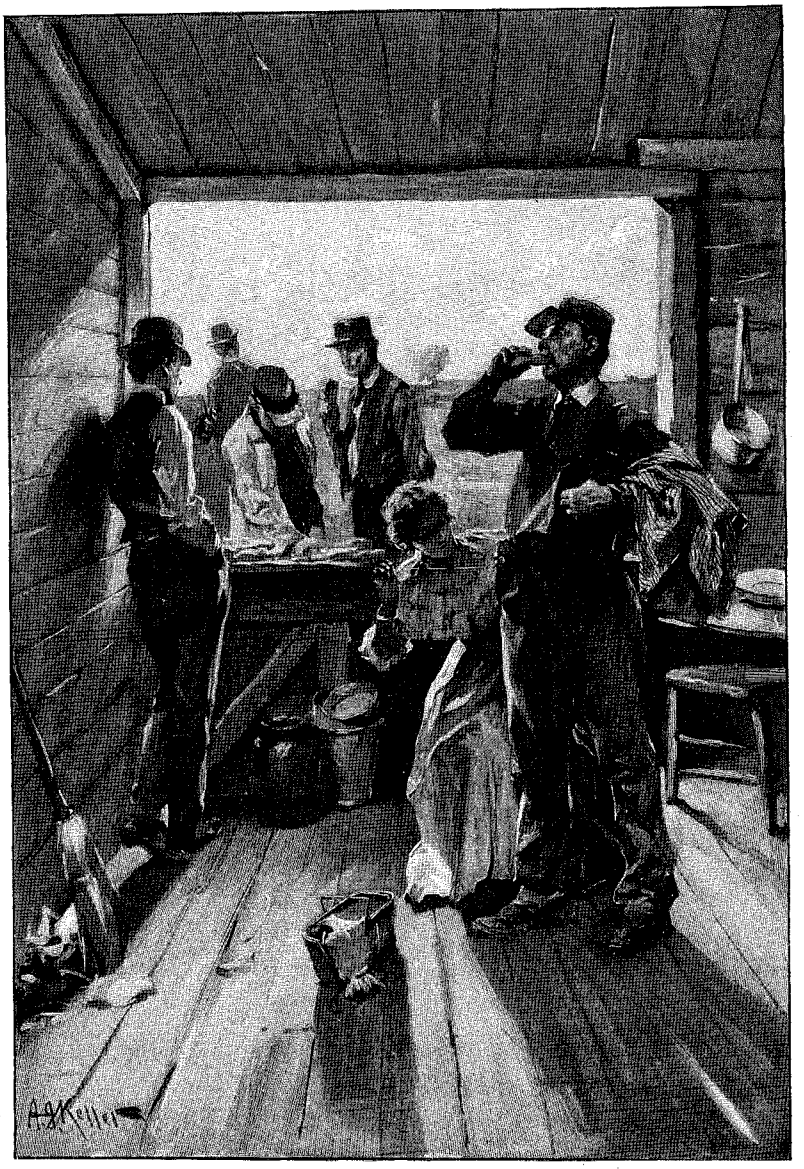
The young man turned away, and Mrs. Ryan looked after him with an indulgent smile. "He's a pritty b'y," she said. "I'd like well if he'd give a look at one o' me own gerrls; Julia, now, would look well walking with him, she's so dark. He's got money saved. I saw the first day he come after the cakeens 'twas the one that baked them was in his mind. She's lucky, is Nora; well, I'm glad of it."

It was fast growing dark, and Johnny's eyes were still dazzled by the bright lights of the train as he stepped briskly along the narrow country road. The more he had seen Nora and the better he liked her, the less she would have to say to him, and to-night he meant to find her and have a talk. He had only succeeded in getting half a dozen words at a time since the night of their first meeting on the slow train, when she had gladly recognized the peculiar brogue of her own country-side, as Johnny



Nora had a good sisterly work-basket ready.—Page 753.

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called the names of the stations, and Johnny's quick eyes had seen the tired-looking, uncertain, yet cheerful little greenhorn in the corner of the car, and asked if she were not the niece that was coming out to Mrs. Duffy. He had watched the growth of her business with delight, and heard praises of the cakes and buns with willing ears; was it not his own suggestion that had laid the foundation of Nora's prosperity? Since their first meeting they had always greeted each other like old friends, but Nora grew more and more willing to talk with any of her breathless customers who hurried up the steep bank from the trains than with him. She would never take any pay for her wares from him, and for a week he had stopped coming himself and sent his money for the cakes by a friend; but one day poor Johnny's heart could not resist the temptation of going with the rest, and Nora had given him a happy look, straightforward and significant. There was no time for a word, but she picked out a crusty bun and he took it and ran back without offering to pay. It was the best bun that a man ever ate. Nora was two months out now, and he had never walked with her an evening yet.

The shadows were thick under a long row of willows, there was a new moon, and a faint glow in the west still lit the sky. Johnny walked on the grassy roadside with his ears keen to hear the noise of a betraying pebble under Nora's light foot. Presently his heart beat loud and all out of time as a young voice began to sing a little way beyond.

Nora was walking slowly away, but Johnny stopped still to listen. She was singing "A Blacksmith Courted Me," one of the quaintest and sweetest of the old-country songs, as she strolled along in the soft-aired summer night. By the time she came to "My love's gone along the fields," Johnny hurried on to overtake her; he could hear the other verses some other time—the bird was even sweeter than the voice.

Nora was startled for a moment, and stopped singing, as if she were truly a bird in a bush, but she did not flutter away. "Is it yourself, Mister Johnny?" she asked, soberly, as if the frank affection of the song had not been assumed.

"It's meself," answered Johnny, with equal discretion. "I come out for a mout'-ful of air; it's very hot inside in the town. Days off are well enough in winter, but in summer you get a fine air on the train. 'Twas well we both took the same direction. How is the business? All the b'ys are saying they'd be lost without it; sure there ain't a stomach of them but wants its bun, and they cried the length of the Road that day the thunder spoiled the baking."

"Take this," said Nora, as if she spoke to a child; "there's a fine crust of sugar on the top. 'Tis one I brought out for me little supper, but I'm so pleased wit' bein' rich that I've no need at all for 'ating. An' I'm as tired as I'm rich," she added, with a sigh; "'tis few can say the same in this lazy land."

"Sure, let's ate it together; 'tis a big little cakeen," urged Johnny, breaking the bun and anxiously offering Nora the larger piece. "I can like the taste of anything better by halves if I've got company. You ought to have a good supper of tay and a piece of steak and some potaties rather than this! Don't be giving yourself nothing but the saved cakes an' you working so hard!"

"'Tis plinty days I'd a poorer supper when I was at home," said Nora, sadly; "me father dying so young and all of us begging at me mother's skirts. It's all me thought how will I get rich and give me mother all the fine things that's in the world. I wish I'd come over sooner, but it broke my heart whinever I'd think of being out of sight of her face. She looks old now, me mother does."

Nora may have been touched by Johnny's affectionate interest in her supper; she forgot all her shyness and drew nearer to him as they walked along, and he drew a little closer to her.

"My mother is dead these two years," he said, simply. "It makes a man be very lonesome when his mother's dead. I board with my sister that's married; I'm not much there at all. I do be thinking I'd like a house of my own. I've plinty saved for it."

"I said in the first of coming out that I'd go home again when I had fifty pounds," said Nora, hastily, and taking the other side of the narrow road. "I've got a piece of it already, and I've sent back more beside. I thought I'd be gone two years, but some days I think I won't be so long as that."

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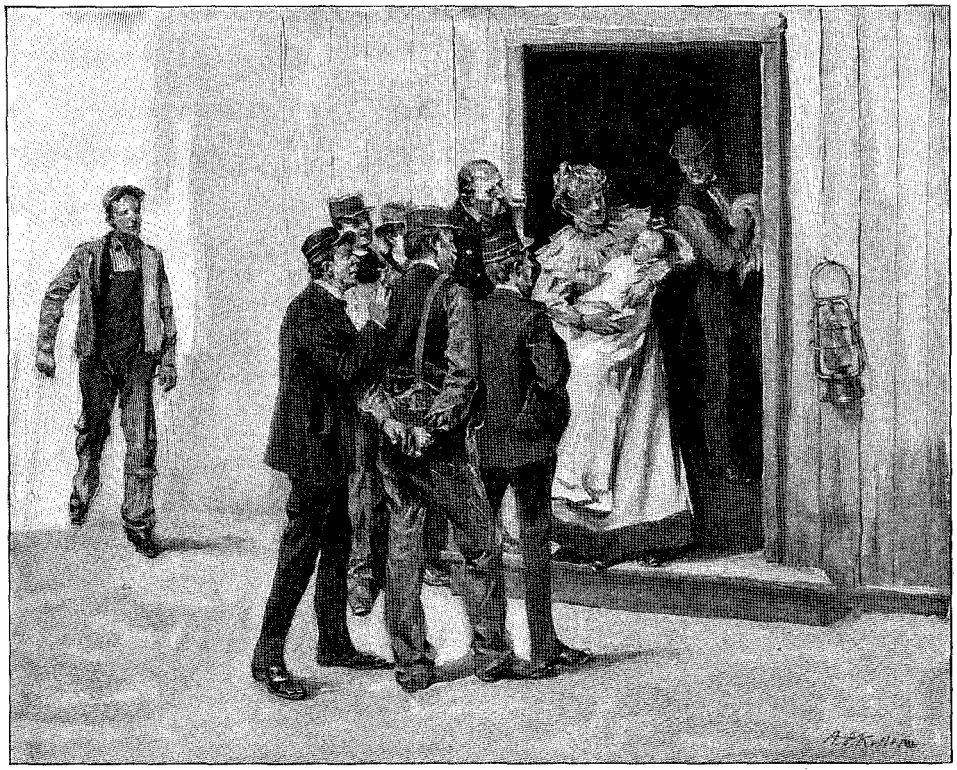

"Have courage, boys; 'twon't be long first; this one'll be selling them for me."—Page 753.

"Why don't you be after getting your mother out? 'Tis so warm in the winter in a good house, and no dampness like there does be at home; and her brother and her sister both being here." There was deep anxiety in Johnny's voice.

"Oh, I don't know indeed!" said Nora. "She's very wake-hearted, is me mother; she'd die coming away from the old place and going to sea. No, I'm going to work meself and go home; I'll have presents, too, for everybody along the road, and the children'll be running and skrieghing after me, and they'll all get sweeties from me. 'Tis a very poor neighborhood where we live, but a lovely sight of the say. It ain't often anybody comes home to it, but 'twill be a great day then, and the poor old folks 'll all be calling after me: 'Where's Nora?' 'Show me Nora!' 'Nora, sure, what have you got for me?' I 'ont forget one of them aither, God helping me!" said Nora, in a passion of tenderness and pity. "And oh, Johnny, then afther that I'll see me mother in the door!"

Johnny was so close at her side that she slipped her hand into his, and neither of them stopped to think about so sweet and natural a pleasure. "I'd like well to help you, me darlin'," said Johnny.

"Sure, an' wasn't it yourself gave me all me good fortune?" exclaimed Nora. "I'd be hard-hearted an' I forgot that so soon and you a Kerry boy, and me mother often sp'aking of your mother's folks before ever I thought of coming out!"

"Sure, and wouldn't you spake the good word to your mother about me sometime, dear?" pleaded Johnny, openly taking the part of lover. Nora's hand was still in his; they were walking slowly in the summer night. "I loved you the first word I heard out of your mouth—'twas like a thrush from home singing to me there in the train. I said when I got home that night I'd think of no other girl till the day I died."

"Oh!" said Nora, frightened with the change of his voice. "Oh, Johnny, 'tis too soon. We never walked out this way before; you'll have to wait for me; perhaps you'd soon be tired of poor Nora, and the likes of one that's all for saving and go-

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ing home! You'll marry a prittier girl than me some day," she faltered, and let go his hand.

"Indeed, I won't, then," insisted Johnny O'Callahan, stoutly.

"Will you let me go home to see me mother?" said Nora, soberly. "I'm after being very homesick, 'tis the truth for me. I'd lose all me courage if it wa'n't for the hope of that."

"I will, indeed," said Johnny, honestly.

Nora put out her hand again, of her own accord. "I'll not say no, then," she whispered in the dark. "I can't work long unless I do be happy, and—well, leave me free till the month's end and maybe then I'll say yes. Stop, stop!" she let go Johnny's hand, and hurried along by herself in the road, Johnny in a transport of happiness walking very fast to keep up. She reached a knoll where he could see her slender shape against the dim western sky. "Wait till I tell you; *whisper!*" said Nora, eagerly. "You know there were some of the managers of the road, the superintendents and all those big ones, came to Birch Plains yesterday?"

"I did be hearing something," said Johnny, wondering.

"There was a quiet-spoken, nice old gentleman came asking me at the door for something to eat and I being there baking; 'tis my time in the morning whin the early trains does be gone and I've a fine stretch till the expresses are beginnin' to screech—the tin and the tin-thirty-two, and the Flying Aigle. I was in a great hurry with word of an excursion coming in the afternoon and me stock very low; I'd been baking since four o'clock. He'd no coat on him, 'twas very warm; and I thought 'twas some tramp. Lucky for me I looked again and I said, 'What are you wanting, sir?' and then I saw he'd a beautiful shirt on him, and was very quiet and pleasant.

"'I came away wit'out me breakfast,' says he. 'Can you give me something without too much throuble?' says he. 'Do you have anny of those buns there that I hear the men talking about?'

"'There's buns there, sir,' says I, 'and I'll make you a cup of tay or a cup of coffee as quick as I can,' says I, being pleased at the b'ys giving me buns a good name to the likes of him. He was very hungry, too, poor man, an' I ran to Mrs. Ryan to see if she'd a piece of beefsteak, and my luck ran before me. He sat down in me little place and enjoyed himself well.

"'I had no such breakfast in tin years, me dear,' said he at the last, very quiet and thankful, and he l'aned back in the chair to rest him, and I cleared away, being in the great hurry, and he asking me how I come there, and I tolt him, and how long I'd been out, and I said it was two months and a piece, and she being always in me heart I spoke of me mother, and all me great hopes.

"Then he sat and thought as if his mind wint to his own business, and I wint on wit' me baking. Says he to me after awhile, 'We're going to build a branch road across country to connect with the great mountain-roads,' says he; 'the junction's going to be right here; 'twill give you a big market for your buns. There'll be a lunch-counter in the new station; do you think you could run it?' says he, sp'aking very sober.

"'I'd do my best, sir, annyway,' says I. 'I'd look out for the best of help. Do you know Patrick Quin, sir, that was hurt on the Road and gets a pinsion, sir?'

"'I do,' says he; 'one of the best men that ever worked for this company,' says he.

"'He's me mother's own brother, then, an' he'll stand by me,' says I; and he asked me me name and wrote it down in a book he got out of the pocket of him. 'You shall have the place if you want it,' says he; 'I won't forget,' and off he wint as quiet as he came.

"Tell me who was it?" said Johnny O'Callahan, listening eagerly.

"Mr. Ryan come tumbling in the next minute, spattered with water from the tank. 'Well, then,' says he, 'is your fine company gone?'

"'He is,' says I. 'I don't know, is it some superintendent? He's a nice man, Mr. Ryan, whoiver he is,' says I.

"'Tis the General Manager of the Road,' says he; 'that's who he is, sure!'

"My apron was all flour and I was in a great rage wit' so much to do, but I did the best I could for him. I'd do the same for anyone so hungry," concluded Nora, modestly.

"Ain't you got the Queen's luck!" exclaimed Johnny, admiringly. "Your fort-

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It seemed as if the return of one prosperous child gave joy to the whole landscape.—Page 754.

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"Oh, me mother, me mother!" cried Nora.—Page 755.

une's made, me dear. I'll have to come off the road to help you."

"Oh, two good trades'll be better than one!" answered Nora, gayly, "and the big station nor yet the branch road aren't building yet."

"What a fine little head you've got," said Johnny, as they reached the house where the Ryans lived, and the train was whistling that he meant to take back to town. "Good-night, annyway, Nora; nobody'd know from the size of your head there could be so much inside in it!"

"I'm lucky, too," announced Nora, serenely. "No, I won't give you me word till the ind of the month. You may be seeing another gerrl before that, and calling me the red-headed sparrow. No, I'll wait a little while and see if the two of us can't do better. Come, run away, Johnny. I'll drop asleep in the road; I'm up since four o'clock making me little cakes for plinty b'ys like you."

The Ryans were all abed and asleep, but there was a lamp burning in the kitchen. Nora blew it out as she stole into her hot little room. She had waited, talking eagerly with Johnny, until they saw the headlight of the express like a star, far down the long line of double track.

IV

THE summer was not ended before all the railroad men knew about Johnny O'Callahan's wedding and all his good fort-

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une. They boarded at the Ryans' at first, but late in the evenings Johnny and his wife were at work, building as if they were birds. First, there was a shed with a broad counter for the cakes and a table or two, and the boys did not fail to notice that Nora had a good sisterly work-basket ready and was quick to see that a useful button was off or a stitch needed. The next fortnight saw a room added to this, where Nora had her own stove, and cooking went on steadily. Then there was another room with white muslin curtains at the windows, and scarlet-runner beans made haste to twine themselves to a line of strings for shade. Johnny would unload a few clean pine boards from the freight train, and within a day or two they seemed to be turned into a wing of the small castle by some easy magic. The boys used to lay wagers and keep watch, and there was a cheer out of the engine-cab and all along the platforms one day when a tidy sty first appeared and a neat pig poked his nose through the fence of it. The buns and biscuits grew famous; customers sent for them from the towns up and down the long railroad line, and the story of thrifty, kind-hearted little Nora, and her steady young husband was known to a surprising number of persons. When the branch road was begun, Nora and Johnny took a few of their particular friends to board, and business was further increased. On Sundays they always went into town to mass and visited their uncles and aunts and Johnny's sister. Nora never said that she was tired, and almost never was cross. She counted her money every Saturday night, and took it to Uncle Patsy to put into the bank. She had long talks about her mother with Uncle Patsy, and he always wrote home for her when she had no time. Many a pound went across the sea in the letters, and so another summer came; and one morning when Johnny's train stopped, Nora stood at the door of the little house and held a baby in her arms for all the boys to see. She was white as a ghost and as happy as a queen. "I'll be making the buns again pretty soon," she cried, cheerfully. "Have courage, boys; 'twon't be long first; this one'll be selling them for me on the Flying Aigle, don't you forget it!" And there was a great ringingof the engine-bell a moment after, when the train started.

V

It was many and many a long month after this that an old man and a young woman and a baby were journeying in a side-car along one of the smooth Irish roads into County Kerry. They had left the railroad an hour before; they had landed early that morning at the Cove of Cork. The side-car was laden deep with bundles and boxes, but the old horse trotted briskly along until the gossoon who was driving turned into a cart-track that led through a furzy piece of wild pasture-ground up toward the dark rain-clouded hills.

"See, over there's Kinmare!" said the old man, looking back. "Manny's the day I've trudged it and home again. Oh, I know all this country; I knew it well whin ayther of you wa'n't born!"

"God be thanked, you did, sir!" responded the gossoon, with fervent admiration. He was a pleasant-looking lad in a ragged old coat and an absolutely roofless hat, through which his bright hair waved in the summer wind. "Och, but the folks'll be looking out of all the doors to see you come. I'll be afther saying I never drove anny party with so rich a heart; there ain't a poor soul that asked a pinny of us since we left Bantry but she's got the shillin'. Look a' the flock coming now, sir, out of that house. There's the four-legged lady that pays the rint watchin' afther them from the door, too. They think you're a gintleman that's shootin', I suppose. 'Tis Tom Flaherty's house, poor crathur; he died last winter, God rest him; 'twas very inconvanient for him an' everyone at the time, wit' snow on the ground and a great dale of sickness and distress. Father Daley, poor man, had to go to the hospital in Dublin wit' himself to get a leg cut off, and we'd nothing but rain out of the sky after that till all the stones in the road was floatin' to the top."

"Son of old John Flaherty, I suppose?" asked the traveller, with a knowing air, after he had given the eager children some pennies, and gingerbread out of a great package. One of the older girls knew Nora and jumped to the spare seat at her side to join the company. "Son of old John Flaherty, I suppose, that was there

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before? There was Flahertys there and I l'aving home more than thirty-five years ago."

"Sure there's plinty Flahertys in it now, glory be to God!" answered the charioteer with enthusiasm. "I'd have no mother meself but for the Flahertys." He leaped down to lead the stumbling horse past a deep rut and some loose stones, and beckoned the little girl sternly from her proud seat. "Run home, now!" he said as she obeyed; "I'll give you a fine drive an' I coming down the hill;" but she had joined the travellers with full intent and trotted gayly alongside like a little dog.

The old passenger whispered to his companion that they'd best double the gossoon's money, or warm it with two or three shillings extra, at least, and Nora nodded her prompt approval. "The old folks are all getting away; we'd best give a bitteen to the young ones they've left afther them," said Uncle Patsy, by way of excuse. "Och, there's more beggars between here and Queenstown than you'd find in the whole of Ameriky."

It seemed to Nora as if her purseful of money were warm against her breast, like another heart; the sixpences in her pocket all felt warm to her fingers and hopped by themselves into the pleading hands that were stretched out all along the way. The sweet clamor of the Irish voices, the ready blessings, the frank requests to those returning from America with their fortunes made, were all delightful to her ears. How she had dreamed of this day, and now the sun and shadows were chasing each other over these upland fields at last. How close the sea looked to the dark hills! It seemed as if the return of one prosperous child gave joy to the whole landscape. It was the old country the same as ever—old Mother Ireland in her green gown, and the warm heart of her ready and unforgetting. As for Nora, she could only leave a wake of silver sixpences behind her, and when these were done a duller trail of ha'pennies; and the air was full of blessings as she passed along the road to Dunkenny.

By this time Nora had stopped talking and laughing. At first everybody on the road seemed like her near relation, but the last minutes seemed like hours, and now and then a tear went shining down her cheek. The old man's lips were moving, he was saying a prayer without knowing it; they were almost within sight of home. The poor little white houses, with their high gable-ends and weather-beaten thatch, that stood about the fields among the green hedges, the light shower that suddenly fell out of the clear sky overhead, made an old man's heart tremble in his breast. Round the next slope of the hill they should see the old place.

The wheel-track stopped where you turned off to go to the Donahoe farm, but no old Mary was there to give friendly welcome. The old man got stiffly down from the side-car and limped past the gate with a sigh; but Nora hurried ahead, carrying the big baby, not because he couldn't walk but because he could. The young son had inherited his mother's active disposition, and would run straight away like a spider the minute his feet were set to the ground. Now and then, at the sight of a bird or a flower in the grass, he struggled to get down. "Whisht, now!" Nora would say, "and aren't you going to see Granny indeed? Keep aisy now, darlin'!"

The old heart and the young heart were beating alike as these exiles followed the narrow footpath round the shoulder of the great hill; they could hear the lambs bleat and the tinkling of the sheep-bells that sweet May morning. From the lower hillside came the sound of voices. The neighbors had seen them pass, and were calling to each other across the fields. Oh, it was home, home! the sight of it, and the smell of the salt air and the flowers in the bog, the look of the early white mushrooms in the sod, and the song of the larks overhead and the blackbirds in the hedges! Poor Ireland was gay-hearted in the spring weather, and Nora was there at last. "Oh, thank God, we're safe home!" she said again. "Look, here's the Wishing Brook; d'ye mind it?" she called back to the old man.

"I mind everything the day, no fear for me," said Patrick Quin.

The great hill-side before them sloped up to meet the blue sky, the golden gorse spread its splendid tapestry against the green pasture. There was the tiny house, the one house in Ireland for Nora; its very

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windows watched her coming. A whiff of turf-smoke flickered above the chimney, the white walls were as white as the clouds above; there was a figure moving about inside the house, and a bent little woman in her white frilled cap and a small red shawl pinned about her shoulders came and stood in the door.

"Oh, me mother, me mother!" cried Nora; then she dropped the baby in the soft grass, and flew like a pigeon up the hill and into her mother's arms.

VI

THE gossoon was equal to emergencies; he put down his heavier burden of goods and picked up the baby, lest it might run back to America. "God be praised, what's this coming after ye?" exclaimed the mother, while Nora, weeping for joy, ran past her into the house. "Oh, God bless the shild that I thought I'd never see. Oh!" and she looked again at the stranger, the breathless old man with the thorn stick, whom everybody had left behind. "'Tis me brother Patsy! Oh, me heart's broke wit' joy!" and she fell on her knees among the daisies.

"It's mesilf, then!" said Mr. Patrick Quin. "How are ye the day, Mary? I always t'ought I'd see home again, but 'twas Nora enticed me now. Johnny O'Callahan's a good son to ye; he'd liked well to come with us, but he gets short l'ave on the Road, and he's a good, steady job; he'll see after the business, too, while we're gone; no, I couldn't let the two childer cross the say alone. Coom now, don't be sayin' anny more prayers; sure, we'll be saying them together in the old church coom Sunday."

"There, don't cry, Mary, don't cry, now! Coom in in the house. Sure, all the folks sint their remimbrance, and hoped you'd come back with us and stay a long while. That's our intintion, too, for you," continued Patrick, none the less tearful himself because he was so full of fine importance; but nobody could stop to listen after the first moment, and the brother and sister were both crying faster than they could talk. A minute later the spirit of the hostess rose to her great occasion.

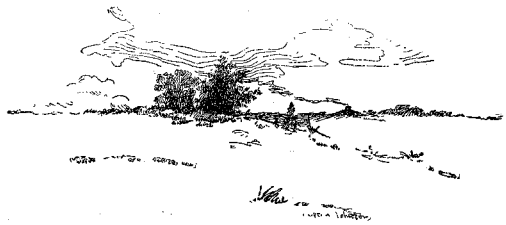
"Go, chase those white hins," Nora's mother commanded the gossoon, who had started back to bring up more of the rich-looking bundles from the side-car. "Run them up-hill now, or they'll fly down to Kinmare. Go now, while I stir up me fire and make a cup o' tay. 'Tis the laste I can do whin me folks is afther coming so far!"

"God save all here!" said Uncle Patsy, devoutly, as he stepped into the house. There sat little Nora with the tired baby in her arms; to tell the truth she was crying now for lack of Johnny. She looked pale, but her eyes were shining, and a ray of sunlight fell through the door and brightened her red hair. She looked quite beautiful and radiant as she sat there.

"Well, Nora, ye're here, ain't you?" said the old man.

"Only this morning," said the mother, "whin I opened me eyes I says to mesilf: 'Where's Nora?' says I; 'she do be so long wit'out writing home to me;' look at her now by me own fire! Wisha, but what's all this whillalu and stramach down by the brook? Oh, see now! the folks have got word; all the folks is here! Coom out to them, Nora; give me the shild; coom out, Patsy boy!"

"Where's Nora? Where's Nora?" they could hear the loud cry coming, as all the neighbors hurried up the hill.



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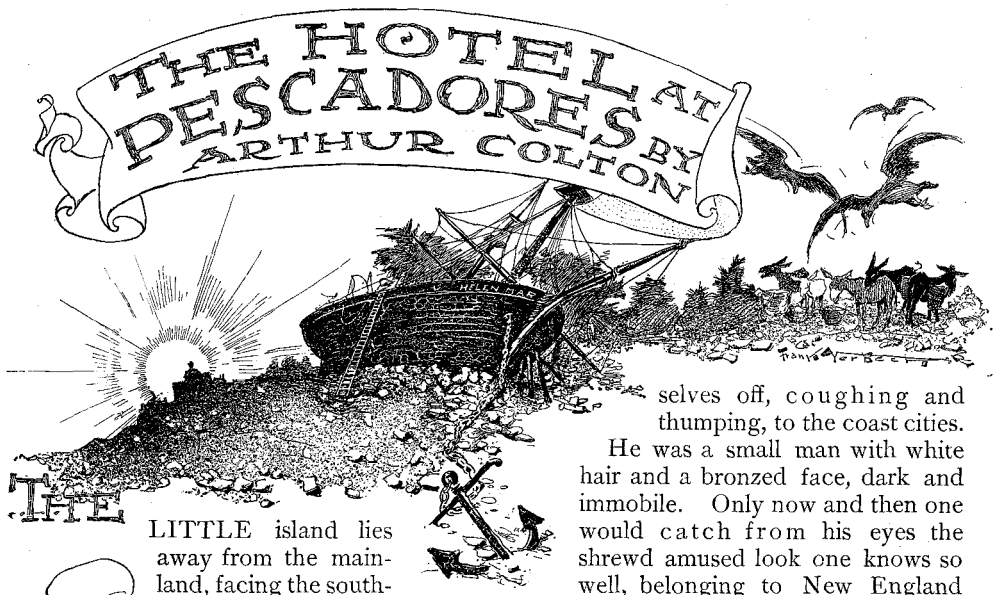
THE HOTEL AT PESCADORES

BY ARTHUR COLTON



THE LITTLE island lies away from the mainland, facing the southeastern sea. You cannot anywhere upon it escape the sea. You may creep into a hollow a mile from either shore, but the salt smell comes after and the rhythm of the sea runs underground. They whitewash the houses and tree-trunks; they build stone walls of one thickness that stand against the sky-line like a skeleton ship, and beside these skeleton walls grows a strange blue flower.

Captain Rand Buckingham.

We met on the southern bluffs every morning, the Captain and I, near the brick light-house, where the dismal fog-horn hooted in suitable weather. For he stayed at the Bayview House, and did two things daily—in the morning he came across the island to the south bluffs, and in the afternoon went down among the wharves to see the men come in from the fishing, and sometimes waited till the night steamers cleared at seven o'clock and took themselves off, coughing and thumping, to the coast cities.

He was a small man with white hair and a bronzed face, dark and immobile. Only now and then one would catch from his eyes the shrewd amused look one knows so well, belonging to New England and its western parallels. We came to the bluffs at nine o'clock punctually, saying:

"Good-morning, Captain."

"Good-morning."

"It's fair to-day."

"Um, aye, fair to-day."

And below the boats at the blue-fishing looked for all the world like a swarm of insects, with wings up, asleep on the flat sea.

He told me of different things which happened in his life, and I'm thinking some of them were true and some of them maybe not; but it did not seem right to ask him which of them were not. And as to this, now, anyone can make up his mind by the way.

It began with:

"Good-morning, Captain."

"Good-morning."

"It's fair to-day."

"Um, aye, fair to-day."

"You were telling me that on a time you kept a hotel. But maybe it was like the Bayview."

"Um, no, not like the Bayview."

"Sea-side?"

"Um, no, inland a bit."

"Summer hotel?"

"Um, aye, summer hotel. Always summer there."

"Oh! Then I suppose it paid money."

"Aye, it paid money. It was in South America."

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"Oh, South America."

"But she was put up in New Bedford. Smith & Morgan built her in New Bedford, and I ran her in South America."

"Look here—well, now, is it usual to build hotels for export to South America?"

"Um, no, not usual. Um, there ain't any real steady trade in 'em."

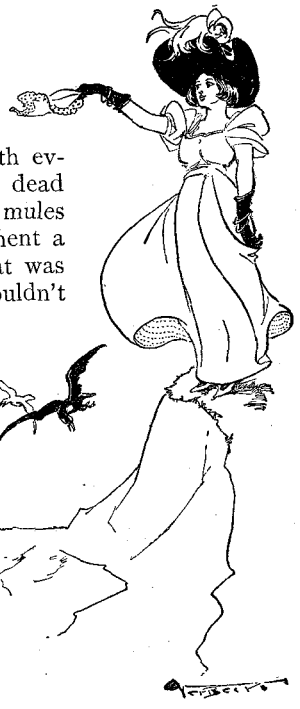
He was an interesting man, Captain Rand Buckingham. I never cared much whether his yarns were true or not.

"I was second mate," he said, "on the Helen Mar, merchantman, and that was in '53. I was a young 'un then, and I left a girl to wait for me in Guilford, like most when they're young 'uns and go to sea. I shipped second mate on the Helen Mar.

"She was a big clean boat. Most boats trading round the Horn to Peru in those days would take a charter on the Gulf Stream to clean 'em well, on account of carrying guano. Aye, I see guano forty foot thick on the Chincha Islands. But the Helen Mar wouldn't carry guano, and charged freightage according, being clean. Dry-goods she carried, linens and cottons, tinware, shoes. Um, there was an outfit and furniture for a Brazilian planter's house, including three baby carriages, and a consignment of silk stockings and patent medicines to Buenos Ayres. She carried variety to educate a dictionary, she did.

"And then in October we lay to at the harbor of a shiftless town named Pescadores, in Peru, a little city among the sand-bunkers. It was a good harbor, too, at the end of a pass over the Cordilleras, and a mule-road through the same. And over the mule-road they brought rubber gum and cocoa bark from beyond somewhere, beyond the mountains, brought it in packs on mules, strings of mules with bells on their collars. And there we came to anchor the 16th of October, '53.

"My partner in that hotel, Stevey Todd, he called it 'pesky Pescadores,' but it wasn't bad to lie in the harbor, with everything so lazy, so dead asleep. The pack-mules were due by agreement a week before, and that was why naturally they wouldn't come till a week after. Um, they say 'Mañana' down there when you want anything done, and they say that means 'to-morrow,' but it don't; it means next week or some other time. That's the way of it in South America with all but the politics and the climate. And the politics and the climate are like this. When they're quiet, they're all dead and dreamy-like; and when they ain't quiet, politics is revolutions and guns, and the climate is letting off stray volcanoes and shaking up earthquakes, and—good land! That's queer about South America.



"I left a girl to wait for me."

"Stevey Todd came out of the galley to tell him his mangoes were no good."—Page 758.

"Anyway, it was dead quiet in the harbor all those days. Captain Goodwin, he was master, and Stevey Todd was cook. Fifteen men there were, all told, on the Helen Mar, when they were all there, which wasn't often in the harbor of Pescadores.

"I don't know, it's a town of ten thousand maybe, and a valley comes down beside it. All the shore country on each side was bluffs like these, and sand-bunkers, and part of the town on the bluffs; but the valley was green and good for the eyes to look at. The Rio Pescadores came down it, good snow-water from the nearer Andes. You could look straight up it from

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"I never see a scareder cook."

the Helen Mar, with the river plumb in the middle, till it bumped into some low steep mountains; and what happened there wasn't clear to the Helen Mar at that time. But beyond were six peaks of the Andes, and four of 'em were white and two blue-black in the distance, with little white caps of mist over them. The biggest of the black ones was the Sarasara, which was a nasty volcano. A little old skinny boatman told us so.

"'Si, Señor. Oh, la Sarasara!'

"His name was Cuco. He sold us bananas and mangoes, and he was drowned afterward, I expect. The Sarasara was a gay old bird. Fifteen good men on the Helen Mar, and none of 'em are around anywhere now, barring me.

"I recollect it came the 23d of October, and Captain Goodwin and the rest, except Stevey Todd and me, were gone ashore; and Cuco came out in his boat, putting it under the side and crying up to us to buy his mangoes.

"If you sail much about the seas you find there's a difference in the nature of 'em. And my notion is, the Pacific is terrible old, and she's terrible big and lazy and slow. The Atlantic, if you notice, she's thin and long, and appears to keep hustling mostly. But the Pacific don't know where she begins or ends by some thousands of miles, and she don't care; and when you've sailed on her from year to year there's nothing like her. Um, she has tantrums on and off. Only I think of her myself like there in the harbor of Pescadores, looking lazy out to where the little waves are blinking at the sky-line, and Cuco a-calling up to buy his mangoes. Nice little Injun, he was. Stevey Todd come out of the galley to tell him his mangoes were no good, by way of conversation, because they were good enough. And Cuco laughed.

"'Si, Señor,' says he, 'look! ver' good.'

"Then he nodded toward the shore. 'La Sarasara! ah, la Sarasara!' laughing and holding up his mangoes.

"The mist-cap over the Sarasara was blacker than usual that day and uncommon big, it looked to me. And now it was a-going up and a-spreading out like it had a new idea.

"In a minute Stevey Todd gave a kind of grunt.

"'Aw,' says he, 'that's a-comin' it too strong. There's somethin' a-suckin' the water out o' the harbor.'

"And there was the Helen Mar, all of a sudden tugging at her anchor, with the water going by her like a mill-race. Cuco was gone, the poor little Injun, and on shore there were folks running away from the wharves and the river toward the upper town.

"She has tantrums on and off."

"I see the trees swaying, though there wasn't any wind, and a brick building fell down near the water.

"Then Stevey Todd whirled round and flung up his hands. 'Oh!' says he. 'Oh! oh!'

"I never see a scareder cook, for he dropped on the deck and clapped his legs around a capstan and screamed. And Lord! Lord! the whole Pacific Ocean was a-heaving out its chest, and a-coming on. Eighty foot high, they put it. I took an offhand

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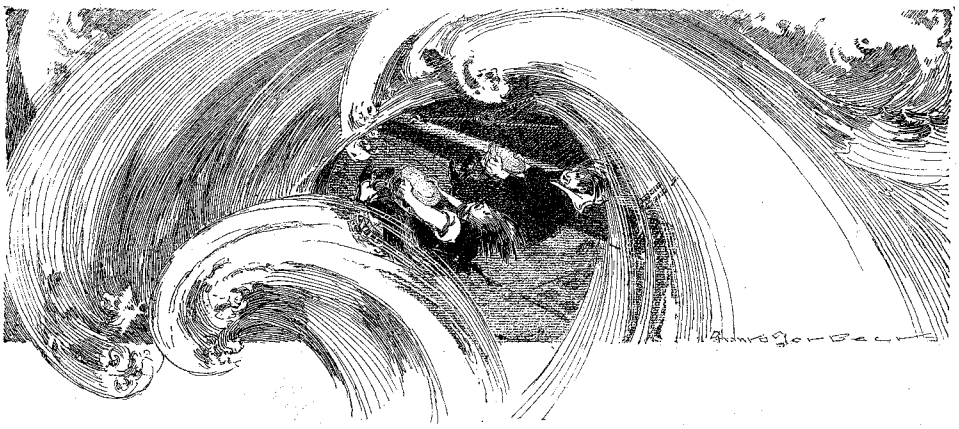


"We were bound for the Andes, sixty miles an hour."

guess, it was two hundred, and tied myself around another capstan, and I says to myself: 'It's good-night, my girl Annie, in Guilford.'

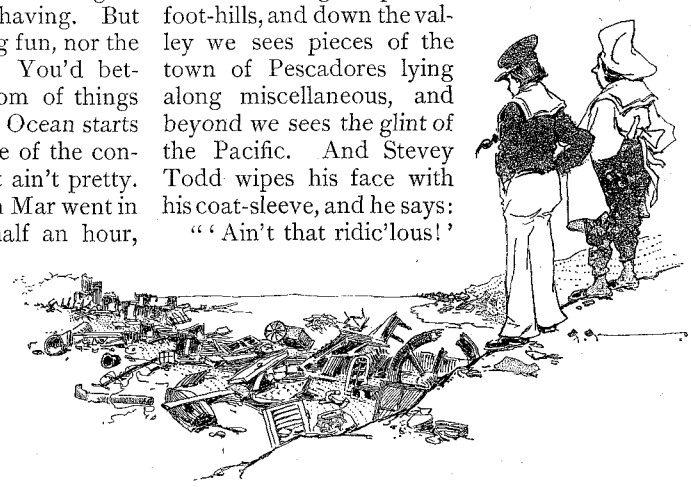
"That was a tidal wave, and you've heard about them before. She broke into surf about an eighth of a mile out, and came on us in a tumble of foam, hissing and roaring like a loose menagerie along with a lot of cannons and steam-whistles. And down she comes on the Helen Mar, and up goes the Helen Mar, climbing through the foam. Me, I hung onto that capstan.

"The next thing I knew we were shooting past the upper town, bow on, up the valley of the Pescadores, and there wasn't any more lower town; and we were bound for the Andes, sixty miles an hour, the crest of the wave a few rods ahead. The air was full of spray, but I see old Sarasara having a beautiful time, a-spitting things out of her mouth; and it looked to me like she was waggling her head and teetering on her toes with the fun she was having. But the Helen Mar wasn't having fun, nor the cook, nor the second mate. You'd better believe it, when the bottom of things gives a heave, and the Pacific Ocean starts cross lots a-visiting the inside of the continent, she raises Ned, and it ain't pretty.

"It was ten miles the Helen Mar went in twenty minutes, or maybe half an hour, seeing she went slow toward the end. And by and by she hit bottom, and keeled against a bunch of old willow-trees on the high bank of the river, and lay still, or swayed a little with the water swashing in her hold. Right ahead were the foot-hills of the Cordilleras, and the gorge where the Pescadores came down, and where the mule-path came down beside the river. The big wave went up to the foot of the hills, and paid its respects to the Andes, as you might say, and it was a-going back where it belonged peaceful. There was a great quiet suddenly everywhere, only the sobbing of the ebb among the tree-trunks, and then lower among the grasses and stones. The ground rose to the foot-hills there, and the channel of the river was some deep, with a sandy bank maybe twenty foot high on either side. And the Helen Mar was a-leaning confiding-like on them old willows, sort of leaving it to them whether she turned over into the river or not.

"By dusk there was no water around the Helen Mar, except in the river and some pools, but heaps of wreckage. Stevey Todd and me gets up, and we looks at the foot-hills, and down the valley we sees pieces of the town of Pescadores lying along miscellaneous, and beyond we sees the glint of the Pacific. And Stevey Todd wipes his face with his coat-sleeve, and he says:

"'Ain't that ridic'lous!'



"Ain't that ridic'lous!"

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"That was the way it happened so far as the tidal wave was in it, and the rest is how we set up in business, me and Stevey Todd.

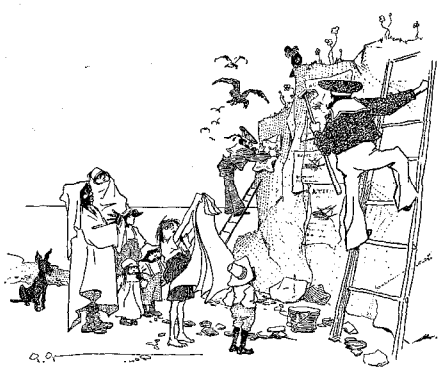
"If ever you fall into queer places with your nerves bad, you swab decks or sew buttons awhile, and pretty soon you see there ain't any real reason to be upset. That's a fact.

"We swabbed off the decks of the Helen Mar, and scuttled the bottom of her to let the water out. Afterward we went down to Pescadores, and found Captain Goodwin and the crew—that is, most of 'em—and buried 'em at last alongside the Helen Mar, except a man named Ricketts, who wasn't dead. He went north to Lima by and by, and shipped from there to California. We did up the ship's papers and the cash and bills in the Captain's chest, thinking them proper to go to the ship's Company. And Stevey Todd says to me:

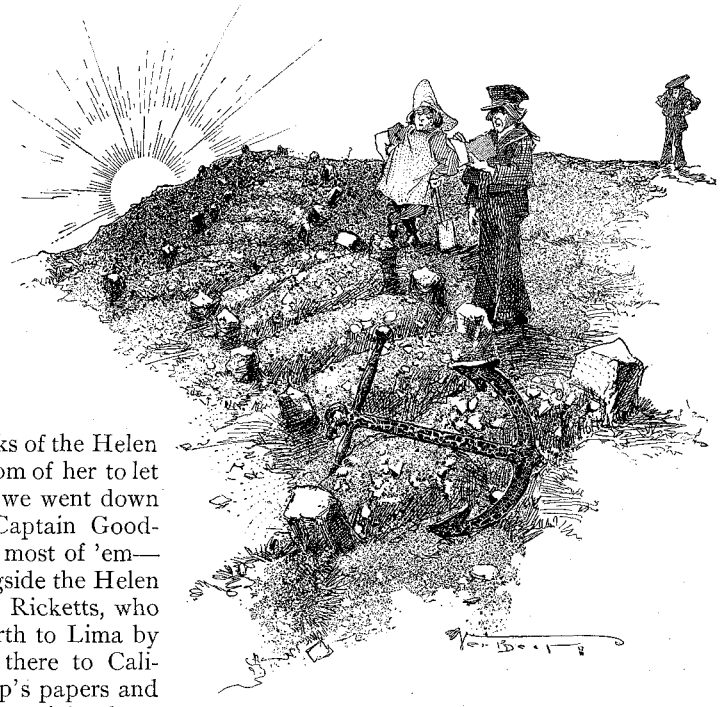
"'A wreck's a wreck,' says he. 'That there river ain't three foot deep. How they expect to float her out o' this? You tell me that.'

"I didn't tell him, not knowing; and I'm free to say, though the Company got their papers, we didn't hear from 'em for nearly a year. Till one day a man comes out, and looks at the Helen Mar, and he says:

"'I guess she belongs where she is. Running a hotel, are you? Well!' And he carried off nothing but mule-loads of rigging.



"Ads."



Except a man named Ricketts.

"Stevey Todd and me lived high on ship's stores, loafing round and making up our minds.

"It must have been near the end of that month, October. We woke up from sleeping on the shady side of the Helen Mar to hear the jingle of bells. And pretty soon the mule-train pulled up alongside, and the drivers, they weren't used to seeing ships in that neighborhood. They were expecting trouble from the Helen Mar for being two weeks late, but finding the Helen Mar up there looking for 'em, as it were, it bothered 'em. One of 'em speaks up in South American, and he says: 'What's up?' says he; and we put 'em up that night on the Helen Mar, and fed 'em, and charged 'em South American rates.

"That was the way it started, me and Stevey Todd keeping the Hotel Helen Mar. He ran it inside and I ran it outside. From November to June the mules kept jingling by most any hour from the inland valleys to the sea, and the drivers, they were terrible thirsty. They paid their bills some in gum rubber and Peruvian bark, which were as good as money. Tobacco planters stopped there, going down to Pescadores. Men from the ships in harbor came out and carried off ads. of

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the Hotel Helen Mar, and you bet they plastered the coast with 'em. I see an ad. of the Hotel Helen Mar ten years after in a shipping office in London.

"'Hotel Helen Mar, Pescadores, Peru, Mountain and Sea Breezes, Board and Lodging, Good and Reasonable. Sailors' Snug Harbor, Welcome Jolly Tar! Rand Buckingham and Stephen Todd.'

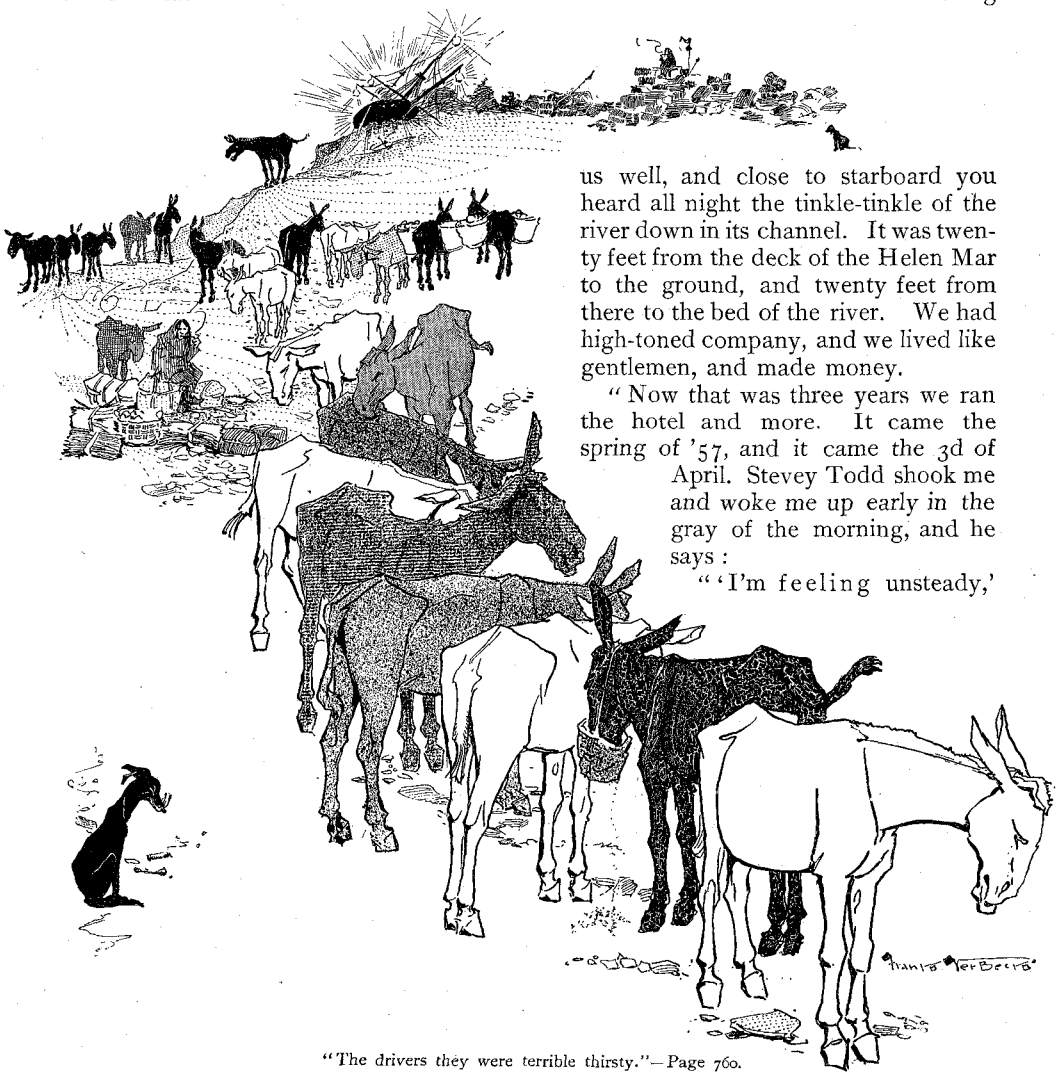
"Finished off with a picture of the place. That was for foreign patronage. The home ads. were in Spanish, and went up country with the mule-trains. Ay, up the Andes they knew more about the Hotel Helen Mar 'n they did about the Peruvian Government. We ran that hotel to surprise South America, Stevey Todd and me, and she paid money, um, aye, she did that.

"She was propped up behind first by the willow-trees, and by and by we bedded her in stones all round, and painted a sign across her forty foot long. We cut no doors in the Helen Mar, because seamen won't treat a ship that way, anyhow, and you had to climb ladders to the deck.

"But inside she was comfortable for anybody; and there ain't any hotel piazza now equal to the Helen Mar's deck on a warm night, with the old southern stars overhead, when a bunch of mule-drivers, maybe, would be forward talking in their soft voices, and me and Stevey Todd aft with a couple of Spanish planters, mighty dignified, and an agent or the officers of a warship, maybe, from England or the States. Over on the hill-side lay Captain Goodwin and the crew of the Helen Mar a-wishing us well, and close to starboard you heard all night the tinkle-tinkle of the river down in its channel. It was twenty feet from the deck of the Helen Mar to the ground, and twenty feet from there to the bed of the river. We had high-toned company, and we lived like gentlemen, and made money.

"Now that was three years we ran the hotel and more. It came the spring of '57, and it came the 3d of April. Stevey Todd shook me and woke me up early in the gray of the morning, and he says:

"'I'm feeling unsteady,'



"The drivers they were terrible thirsty."—Page 760.

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"Stevey Todd and me lived high on ship's stores."—Page 760.

says he. 'Seems to me the Helen Mar wobbled.'

"The only thing I had against Stevey Todd was, he was nervous and had bad dreams. He rid a tidal wave every two or three nights, according to account, which was bad; but it wasn't right either to be messing another man's sleep with tidal waves that didn't belong to the other man. I never set any tidal waves on him. I spoke up sharp to Stevey Todd that time, and went on deck. I see the Sarasara with a good-sized umbrella over her head, and I thought, maybe, there had been a little shake, after all, and maybe the old lady was out looking for trouble. The mule-drivers call the Sarasara 'the wicked grandmother,' which, I take it, is a pointed remark.

"It came on the middle of the morning. The drivers that put up with us that night were gone down the valley with their mules. And I hear Stevey Todd whoop down below, and he comes on deck, and he says:

"'She's wobblin' again!' meaning the Helen Mar, and she was just a slow swaying to and fro.

"We goes down the ladders quick and stands off to look at her.

"The Sarasara was a gay old bird."—Page 758.

"You ain't ever stood on solid land and felt it twisting like snakes under your feet? She goes up and she goes down, and she cuts figure eights, till the insides of you feel like soapsuds, and you lies down on your face and prays. That was the way with Stevey and me.

"And then of a sudden we sat up and looked at the Helen Mar. Eh, she was a-shaking and a-groaning like a live thing. We heard the willow-trees crack and snap behind her. She seemed to hang a moment, as if she hated to go, and over she went with a shriek and crash, and the water splashed and the dust went up. Stevey Todd and me ran to the bank, and there lay the Hotel Helen Mar, ridic'lous, bottom side up in the Pescadores River.

"Stevey Todd sat down and cried. Me, I was mad. It would make any man mad to see his hotel a-standing on her roof-garden, and think of the awful mess there must be inside. It wasn't so much of an earthquake either, just enough to cave in the bank and tip the Helen Mar over, and enough tidal wave to wash the streets of Pescadores, which needed it. I see the Sarasara shaking her old umbrella at us, and I was mad. I says to Stevey Todd, 'If you want to run your blamed old hotel a-standing on your head, you're welcome,' says I. 'I'm going to Guilford;' and I lit out for Pescadores. I left him sitting on the bank with the tears running down his face, like as if his heart was broke. It made

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me feel bad to leave him that way. But the last time I see the Helen Mar, he had a board fence round her both sides of the river, and was charging admission. And he printed a new ad., too, and sent it up country and over sea. It was like this: 'Unparalleled Spectacle! The Hotel Helen Mar On Her Chimneys, with Her Cellar in the Air! Built in the United States! Exported to South America! Freighted Inland by a Tidal Wave! Stood on Her Head by an Earthquake! Only **20** Cents!'

"Stevey Todd sat down and cried. Me, I was mad."
—Page 762.

"I heard tell after he tried to run her for a hotel, but she didn't work. They said she was inconvenient for housekeeping."

The Captain raised his hand and pointed to the brick lighthouse.

"That light was the first I see of home. I come on The Buzzard, bound for New London. Forty year ago, June 20th."

The wind was up off shore. It moved as if a steady hand were behind it, pushing it on quietly and easily.

"It's a good yarn, Captain," I said, doubtfully.

"Eh? Um, aye, good yarn. I stayed there in Pescadores three year, a-making money like a God-forsaken fool. And then I came home, and she was dead."

"Oh! Who was dead, Captain?"

"Under the grass in Guilford Church-yard. Who? My girl Annie. I was a young 'un then. Um, her name was Annie. Forty year ago."

There was only need to glance at the Captain's eyes, looking wide and gray over the sea, to know that the story was true—the last of it, after all, the truest thing in the world.

"Um, aye, my girl Annie. She died. And me a-making money like a God-forsaken fool, a-running a hotel in Pescadores."

A Peruvian Barker—Unparalleled Spectacle, only 20 Cents.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

EVERYBODY in the world belongs to one of two classes—to those who have joys in hand and troubles to seek, or to those who have troubles in hand and joys to seek. We see it everywhere—folks who have the luxuries of life in a quest for its difficulties, and folks who find difficulties in great store ready-made to their hand in search of its luxuries, aye, in passionate quest even of its necessaries. It is all so plain to the observant eye that the philosopher is certainly justified in assuring himself as he lays down his pen or his pick or his awl or his pill-case, or his law-book, that if it is the common lot, and the unavoidable condition of contentment to strain after something, it is more interesting and better sport to strain after something that is vitally important than after a thing which is of no particular consequence when you have got it. The struggle for bread finds an immense reward in the bread, if you manage to get it, for bread is truly important, albeit not the only good that life demands. The struggle for the ordinary luxuries of life, for education, solvency, a choice of work, reputation, and satisfactory maintenance, abounds in excellent hazards and chances which keep the mind alert and give a motive for maintaining all the faculties at the point of greatest efficiency. Just as soon as the satisfaction of all reasonable wants is assured, the need of a provision of new difficulties immediately become apparent. Nature orders it so. She says that men shall either work or rot. The rot may be dry-rot, or it may be the moister form. It may be intellectual or it may be alcoholic. In some form it impends over every idle person, and the fear of it, recognized or instinctive, tends to make the comfortable uncomfortable and goads the ought-to-be-contented into restlessness. It puts some men on horses and sends them over stiff fences; it sends others far into the woods to live on tea and bacon and try to shoot beasts; it drives others to golf, or to polo, or to stagger along under huge loads of business responsibility, and others it sends into politics or compels to busy themselves with founding colleges and promoting charities or scientific research.

A Christmas After War.

It is very much the same with nations. Countries where people have a hard time to keep alive, usually find occupation enough in trying to get richer; but growing rich—if they don't grow effete—they grow ambitious, or greedy, or benevolent, or develop some other form of uneasiness, and are liable from pure need of being stirred up to break out in some unexpected place.

We must not be impatient with our country if it undertakes some needless responsibilities and gets, perhaps, into some bad scrapes. As a nation we had come to be of the class that had its joys in hand and its troubles to seek. We were rich and strong, and possibly we needed a new experience. Many a rich man, with nothing in particular to do, has been respited from impending lethargy by a thoroughly bad stroke of business which worried him into new exertions and made his pleasures sweet again. Our foreign adventures and complications may have an analogous effect upon us. Let us take a bit of timely Christmas courage about ourselves and our prospects, rejoicing that whatever scrape we may be getting into, it was our benevolence that got us into it; hoping that we may get out whole, or if not, that out of our very indiscretions we may wrest a profit for ourselves as well as eventual benefits for our brethren.

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THE FIELD OF ART

SCHOOLS OF ARCHITECTURE AND THE PARIS SCHOOL

AN observer who has lived through two or three architectural phases finds it difficult to believe that the present phase is destined to more permanency than its predecessors. "This also will pass . . ." But while it lasts it invites some special remark. It is the first attempt that has been made in this country at a direct importation of Parisian architecture. Our vernacular colonial was really a colonial version of English, and our more pretentious buildings, if ecclesiastical, were classic, after the model of Sir Christopher Wren, and if civil, were classic, after the model of Sir William Chambers. The Greek revival, which came in at the end of the first quarter of the century, came in also by way of the mother-country, being instigated ultimately by Stuart and Revett, and immediately by the British attempts to apply the results of their researches. Our Gothic revival also, for the most part, followed the work of the "Victorian" revivalists. All these styles showed, in the form in which they reached us, traces of British influence, and, with the exception of the Greek, the British or Teutonic predilection for the romantic and the picturesque.

This is so deeply rooted that we may assume it to be an inveterate racial trait. To see how different it is from the orderliness and logic which attract the Gallic mind, it is necessary only to cross the British Channel, and, having the rambling and irregular picturesqueness of the country-seats of Surrey and Hampshire in mind, to contrast them with the rigid symmetry and formality of a modern Norman "manoir." The dependencies and the "offices" which in the one case are accepted, and more or less happily overruled into additional sources of picturesqueness, are, in the other, suppressed into a military exactitude of alignment and balance and made to subserve the purposes of a pompous "composition." The question which disposition is abstractly preferable would evidently be answered differently by an Englishman and a Frenchman; but there can be no question with which an American instinctively feels himself more at home. Indeed, the legendary Irishman criticised better than he knew, who, making his way up Broadway from Castle Garden, arrested himself before the City Hall with the exclamation that "That was never built in this country."

The present classic revival we are in the habit of attributing primarily to the Chicago Fair. But the specially French form it has taken is, without doubt, due to the zealous propaganda established here by the graduates of the École des Beaux-Arts. The returning students of that institution who formerly came "single spies" are coming now "in battalions," bringing with them a determination to Gallicize American architecture and to make American cities over again as nearly as may be into the similitude of Paris. The earlier Pilgrims were less ambitious. It is more than forty years since Richard M. Hunt came back from Paris, fresh from his work on the Louvre, and full of enthusiasm. But he did not endeavor to reproduce here literally what he had been doing there. It happened that his studies in France had coincided with the vogue of what called itself a romantic movement in French architecture, and was, in fact, a revolt against the academic mode. It was not, as we can now see well enough, of any great historical importance, but it was calculated to exert a powerful influence upon the young American, who was inclined to see in it the reconciliation between his inheritance and his training. It was in this, or in his own modification of this, that what was striking and significant in Hunt's early work was done; while in his ripest and most successful work he chose precisely that past phase of French architecture which is least conformable to the modern academic standard, and most congenial to the Anglo-Saxon temperament, the architecture of the great châteaux of the Loire, in which the essential design was as free and wilful as in the Middle Ages, and in which the classic element appeared only in the sportive application of imported Italian detail. Fifteen years later, Richardson

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appeared, imbued also with enthusiasm for the artistic atmosphere of Paris, but equally avoiding, after his very first essays—which were at the time neglected and are now quite forgotten—the reproduction of his academic prolusions (or those of others) in actual building. It may be best not to name living men, but there are other alumni of the Paris School who have pursued a like course with success, and have thereby gained such an approval of their work by foreign critics as is assuredly not granted to the Americans who imitate closely what they learned during their school-days in Paris.

That Paris is a handsomer city than New York is an indisputable proposition. But it does not follow that the way to beautify New York is to multiply examples of Parisian architecture. In the first place, what most constitutes the superiority of Paris is the fact that it is a city, an ordered and planned municipality, whereas New York is a mere agglomeration, constructed according to the caprices of its individual builders. It is in the enforcement of the ædilities that Paris so far surpasses us, the requirement of conformity both to a general standard and to the particular standard of a neighborhood. One can almost see the drill-sergeant at the street corner dressing the line of house-fronts. It is unlikely that we, in an American city, shall ever impose this conformity by official regulation. What is done toward it must be done by the voluntary deference paid by architects to their surroundings. Especially, one would say, this conformity is to be expected of architects trained in the capital in which the immense advantage of conformity is so manifest. And yet, as a matter of fact, some of the most glaring incongruities of our street architecture have been furnished by the propagandists. And, indeed, their work, leaving out of view important and detached public buildings and considering merely street-fronts, whatever intrinsic attractions it may have, distinctly lacks the attractiveness of congruity and conformity. From the point of view of *ensemble*, it is another blare added to the general discord. What would in Paris be merely a decorous and well-behaved front, becomes a freak when it is erected amid surroundings so alien to those in which it had its birth.

We seem here to touch the point of the matter. All our "styles" have failed of real currency because they have been remote from our vernacular building language. The Gothic revivalists wrought in a style that responds to our "ethnic" sentiments, but it was too remote, historically, for us to be in real sympathy with it. Its practitioners declared that the principles of Mediæval architecture were capable of producing new and modern forms. That would have been a fair contention if they had really modernized Gothic, but they never did. Let us grant that the French academic version of classic has become so naturalized and familiar in France itself that architects work in it, and people look at it unconscious of its origin, and that it is really vernacular—as vernacular, at least, as French tragedy. But it does not follow that this pompous and formal manner will ever domesticate itself with us. Our building vernacular anybody can observe in buildings that are not "architecturesque," or even in the unaffected backs of "architecturesque" buildings. The task of the architectural artist in America seems to be to "do something" with that, as he has not yet succeeded in doing. To undertake the direct importation of the result of long foreign tradition is to attempt the acclimatization of an exotic. When this is attempted by a band of zealous propagandists it has the air of a concerted endeavor to "expel nature." *Tamen usque recurret.* M. S.

THE significance of the architectural movement which M. S. has described as an attempt to Gallicize American architecture may, perhaps, be better comprehended if it is considered as an influence rather than as a specially modified classic revival.

During the untold centuries in which architecture has developed, architects, so far as we know, have learned their trade as the apprentice pupils of masters in active practice. Not until this century does the thought seem to have occurred to man that the principles of architectural design, and of practice in general, might be systematically taught in schools: nor of all the architectural schools which have arisen as the result of this thought can we name any other than that in Paris which has exerted an influence in any way comparable with the influences which other technical schools have exerted upon other allied arts. As a race, we are apt to think superficially and to judge hastily, and there is not a little danger that we may underestimate the value of this influence.

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We, in this age, find ourselves compelled by circumstances to build quickly, and to build on a large scale; we are urged by all the influences of our environment to construct in haste, to undertake great works without thorough consideration, to practise as architects before we have gained the thorough training which alone will enable us to build intelligently and artistically; and, moreover, our problem is more complex than any that has been presented to any other race, in the very fact that we, practically for the first time in the history of Architecture, have spread before us all historic types from which to draw inspiration, more than one of these types appealing to us in a way that has not been possible to the architects of the past. It is difficult for us for these reasons to avoid artistic intemperance and even architectural wantonness. It is no easy task to enforce upon us any measure of restraint, to teach us the truth that our architectural ancestors have wrought with difficult experiment through ages before they have brought to perfection the forms we find beautiful; any instrumentality which can do this for us in any degree should be cordially welcomed: and this the schools pretend to do, and, it may be well claimed, succeed in some measure in doing, the Paris school pre-eminently as its influence is pre-eminent.

We are wont, however, to overestimate the perfection of our schools in general, and of the Paris school in particular, and are consequently led to criticise too harshly on the one hand, and to praise too effusively on the other. We must remember that these schools are quite experimental in their nature. For thousands of years, as has been noted above, the architect has grown up under the apprentice system, learning from his master all that could be taught by word of mouth or by direction, and, in the process of practice under him, imbibing unconsciously much more which the master could not teach in words if he tried. Now we have formulated a new scheme, constructed a new device, invented a new machine, for the manufacture of architects out of hand. Is it surprising that the machine creaks a good deal, that it tends to turn out a fixed kind of product without individuality or interest, that when the material which is presented to it is unusual it now and again shows results which all recognize to be failures? We forget that the work of a school must be negative rather than positive, that the school is the home of science, and that the function of science in relation to art is not to create artists, but rather to tell of the experience of the past, to teach short cuts in the difficult process of artistic thought, to warn us of stumbling blocks and pitfalls which our ancestors have discovered and which have made their efforts toward their goal of no avail; to enable us to avoid wasting our time in experiments which they have already tried and found unsatisfactory. We have no right, then, to expect that our schools shall make men out of pigmies, and we should not allow ourselves to decry the machine because it turns out an inferior product if it happens to be fed with inferior raw material.

It were too much, moreover, to expect of us that our first essays in architectural schooling should reach anything like perfection. There must be creaking, and repairs, and experiments, with minor improvements, before any machine can produce its best results, and it will doubtless require many hundred years of careful pedagogical consideration before we shall produce anything like an ideal architectural school. We should expect therefore to find our architectural schools far from faultless; and, in fact, were there space at command, it would not be difficult to point out certain very serious defects in the system adopted in Paris, and so generally copied in this country to-day. On the other hand, the recognition of the tentative character of this, and of all other architectural schools in our day, should lead us to treat their faults leniently, to avoid wholesale condemnation of what they give us, and to acknowledge the great help the architectural world has gained from them. We should be led rather to careful consideration of, and altogether friendly criticism of, the best schools as they exist, that these, our first experimental devices, may be gradually perfected without destroying their influence and without discouraging the good work they are now doing. H. R. M.

IT has been said above that these schools of architecture are quite experimental in their nature. It has also been said, and with equal truth, that the school is, of necessity, the home of science, and that the function of science is not to create artists. If, therefore, architecture were a fine art, pure and simple, the experiment of the school of architecture would be condemned in advance as hopeless, and

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the attempt to teach architects in schools would be an admitted mistake. Architecture is, however, a fine art based upon utility; and is dependent for its very existence on wise and skilful building, according to the requirements and according to the knowledge of the time. It is that fact of the necessary and close alliance between building and architectural fine art which has made France always the first of lands for architecture, while she has not been the first of lands for sculpture or painting during the great epochs of the past. A strong sense of the nature of fine art existing beside, and in close admixture with, an instinct for good building, has made the French the great architectural people they have been from the time of Hugh Capet to the present day. From this point of view the architectural school would seem to be justified and its need fully established; for the elaborate construction of the present day, which is not going to become less elaborate, involves a scientific knowledge of the principles of construction which is of almost wholly modern creation. The experimental knowledge of building, which the great men of the past possessed, has been replaced by a theoretical knowledge, a knowledge founded upon experiment, indeed, but conveyed from master to pupil in terms of scientific theory. Such teaching as this can hardly be given except in the schools.

If, however, the school passes beyond the teaching of theory and science; beyond the knowledge of materials and of constructive principles; beyond the history of the past and its application in warning or in encouragement for the present, it is then found to be in imminent danger of trying to do the impossible, and in danger of doing infinite harm in the experiment. And the schools are always running this risk. The pupils demand that the fine art of architecture shall be taught them, and the masters are only too ready to comply. The pupils and their parents believe, and are excusable for believing, that they can learn of their teachers in school *how to design;* and the teachers are excusable too, in a sense; for without believing exactly that they can teach men how to design, they still try to teach them how designing is done and what designing is. As, however, we assume the truth of the saying that designing can never be taught, we are driven to the conclusion that the teaching of the schools must, in some way, be completed by a fine-art teaching to be found elsewhere than in the schools as they are generally carried on. Teaching in the studio is needed to give the true artistic touch even to him who has the gift, by nature. Teaching in the studio is also the only known means of getting rid of those who have not the gift, for the schools work and must work in the direction of equalizing the man of parts and the common-place toiler. Nor would there seem to be any serious difficulty in the way of this course of proceeding, because the experience of Paris-taught men is at hand in abundance to show how well work in a studio can be conducted as a recognized part of the School course.

The French, of all people, are the masters in applied science and in practised art. They may be thought to yield the palm to other nations for research, to other nations in invention, to other nations in political sagacity, to other nations in the frequency of that apparition which we call Genius; but they are first in the world in their steady production of excellent engineers, excellent surgeons, excellent artists who are not quite in the first rank of artists of all time. Better than all others, they know how to combine trained faculty with inspiration—science with enthusiasm. In spite of all this, however, there lingers around the École des Beaux-Arts and among its graduates the wholly mistaken belief that what the student has learned while still a student is all that he need learn, and that the well-taught man of the school is the thoroughly accomplished man, the finished artist—a heresy which no great leader of French architectural art could ever be got to approve. The pretensions of the École to be easily the first of the experimental institutions must be recognized; but what its graduates have learned is not the fine art of architecture.

R. S.

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